July 7, 1962

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THE NEW YORKER

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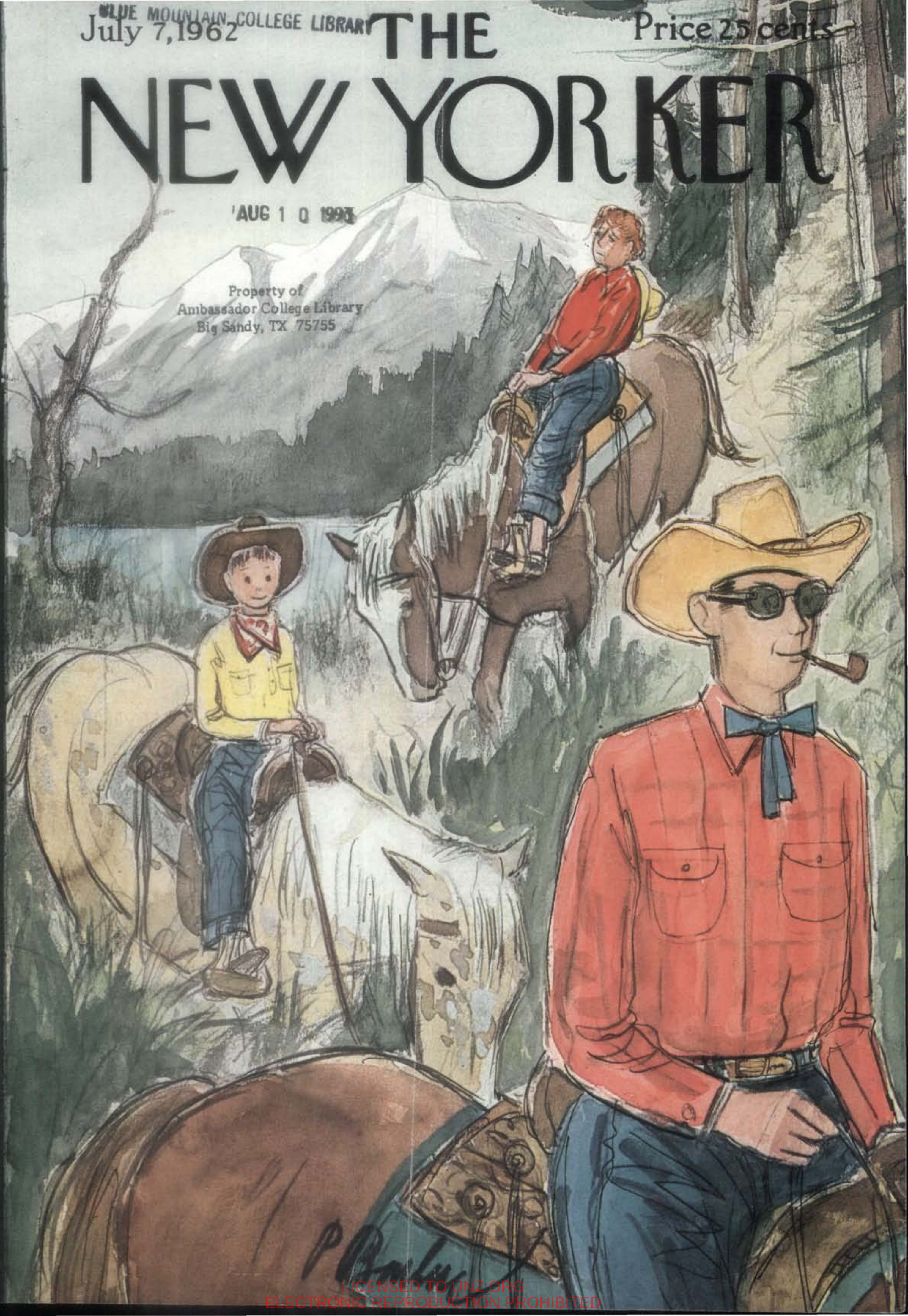

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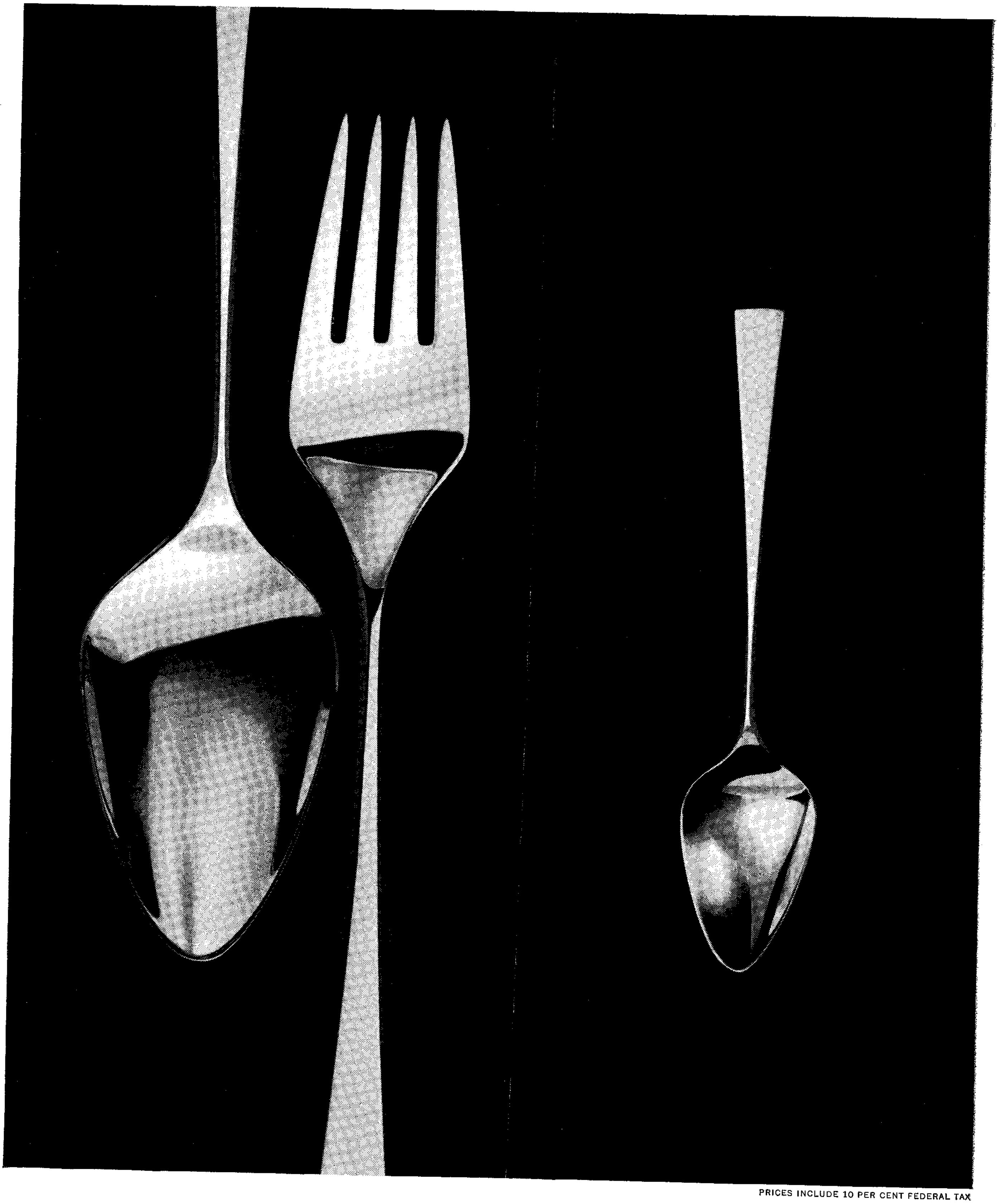

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—An English drama, by Robert Bolt, that is far and away the best play around. Witty, literate, and captivating, it outlines some high points in the career of the sixteenth-century Roman Catholic martyr Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart are of great help in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams occasionally gets in some telling dramatic licks in this play about a clutch of queer people holed up in a fleabag on the west coast of Mexico, but it is for the most part fragmentary and aimless. Margaret Leighton, Patrick O'Neal, Shelley Winters, and Alan Webb head the able cast. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Shot in the Dark—Harry Kurnitz's adaptation of Marcel Achard's "L'Idiote," which turns on the question of who murdered a Spanish chauffeur during a moment of dalliance with a steamy maid. The scene is the chambers of an examining magistrate in Paris, and while the question-and-answer business has a lulling effect at times, Julie Harris (the maid), William Shatner (the magistrate), and Walter Matthau and Louise Troy (Miss Harris's employers) are pretty droll when they get a chance. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Take Her, She's Mine—This comedy, by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, about the agitation of a West Coast father who doesn't quite know what his daughter is up to at an Eastern college, and suspects the worst, is as fragile as standard television stuff, but Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are attractive as the father and daughter. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—Jason Robards, Jr., as a fugitive from Madison Avenue who finds that he may have to go back to the cave of the winds if he is to continue to serve as guardian of a beloved twelve-year-old nephew. As written by Herb Gardner, this is a rather loose-hinged but funny enough affair, and it fortunately has splendid performances by Mr. Robards, Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** A comedy about a couple of young men who prefer play to the work (making artificial fruit) that their father wants them to do. With Hal March, Joel Grey, Lou Jacobi, Pert Kelton, and Arlene Golonka. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard substitutes for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in this Jean Kerr comedy about an estranged couple trying to get back together. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

Bravo Giovanni—A dreary account of the efforts of a Roman pizza-parlor proprietor to stave off bankruptcy when a powerful restaurant chain opens up a place next door. The play marks the Broadway début of the eminent basso Cesare Siepi. A. J. Russell wrote the book, Ronny Graham and Milton Schafer wrote the lyrics and music, and the cast is large but ineffectual. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel leading a lively cast through ancient Rome in a very merry show that was written by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, with an assist from Plautus. Mr. Mostel has the strong support of Jack Gilford, David Burns, John Carradine, Ronald Holgate, and, for that matter, every participant in the comedy. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Abe Burrows, Frank Loesser, and a couple of collaborators are responsible for this comic show about a young man determined to reach the top of the ladder in the business world. Robert Morse gives a galvanic performance as the ambitious youth, and Rudy Vallée is hilarious as the president of World Wide Wickets, Inc., a citadel of industry. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—Jerome Weidman has adapted his scathing, funny novel about the garment business into a musical that is just as scathing and funny. Harold Rome's songs are, with a couple of exceptions, tuneful, varied, and ebullient. The performances—singing, acting, and dancing—by all concerned are quite wonderful. Elliott Gould, Barbra Streisand, Harold Lang, and Lillian Roth head the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Milk and Honey—Eight widows, all eager to take another plunge into matrimony, on the loose in Israel. Their adventures are hardly enthralling, but there is a lot of boisterous folk dancing by the natives. The book was written by Don Appell, and the music and lyrics—pleasantly rendered by a cast that includes Robert Weede, Mimi Benzell, and Molly Picon—are the work of Jerry Herman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—A show that affords every conceivable treat for ear and eye. The songs (lyrics, too) are by Richard Rodgers; the settings—Paris and various spots *au bord de la mer*—are by David Hays; and the choreography is by Joe Layton, who also handled the direction. The only flaw is in the book, by Samuel Taylor, which deals, in part, with the literary frustrations of an expatriate novelist. Richard Kiley, as the writer, and Diahann Carroll, as a Paris *Vogue* model, make an appealing pair of lovers. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** How things were at the Round Table. With William Squire, Patricia Bredin, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **CARNIVAL:** Tent shows, jugglers, puppets, an embittered puppeteer, and a lovely waif. With Susan Watson, Jerry Orbach, Henry Lascoe, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MY FAIR LADY:** Michael Allinson and Margot Moser are the principals in this musical version of Shaw's "Pygmalion." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Jeannie Carson has replaced Martha Wright in this Rodgers and Hammerstein confection based on the escape of the famous Trapp family from Austria just after Hitler moved in. Donald Scott is Papa Trapp. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Anything Goes—This revival is youthful and merry enough to satisfy even the most stubbornly nostalgic old-timer, although he may object to the inexplicable addition of songs from other Cole Porter shows to a score that certainly doesn't need them. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

The Blacks—*Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning,* sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori,

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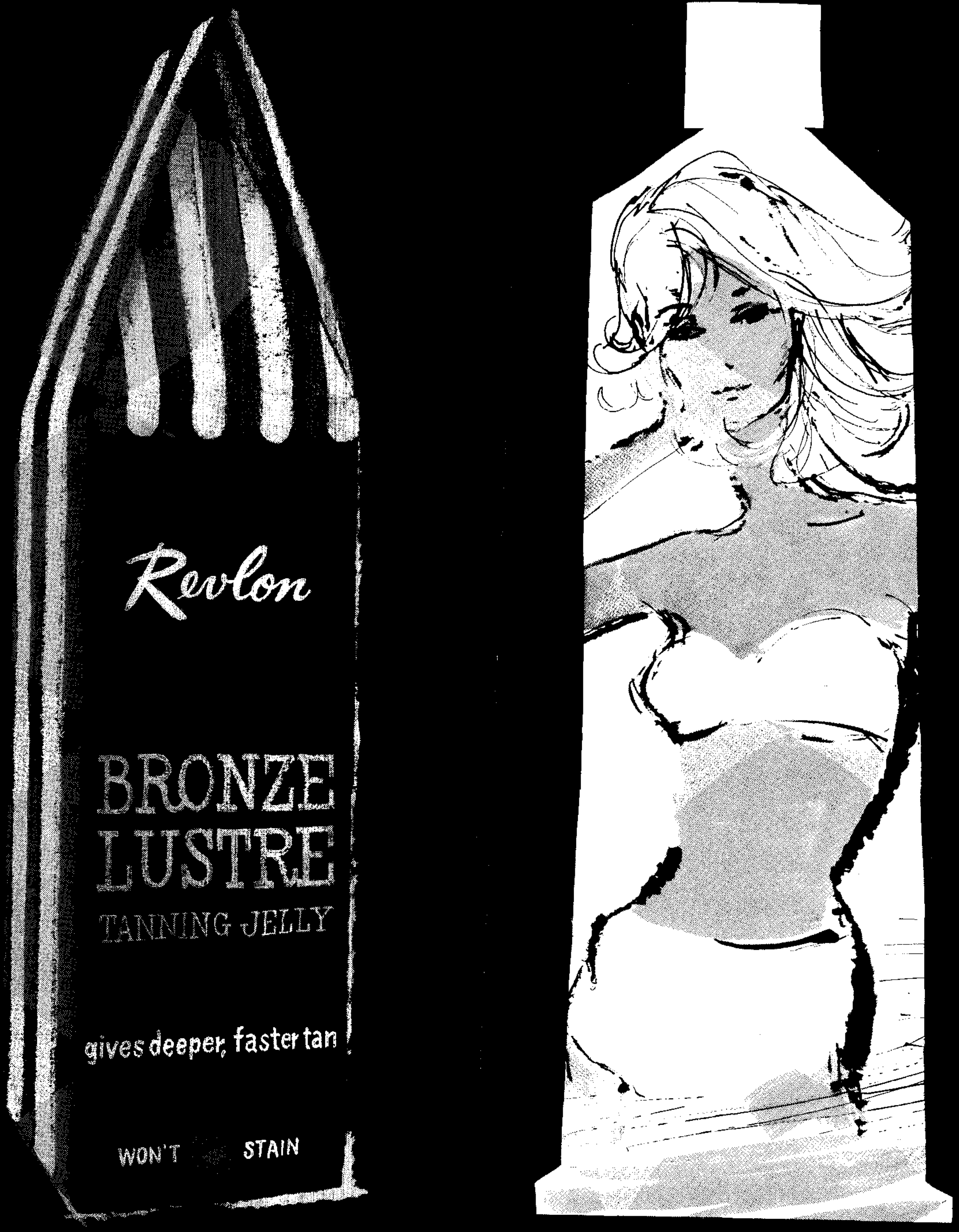
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Cat's Pajamas—A revue put on by two fellows, Richard Libertini and MacIntyre Dixon, who for some reason call themselves the Stewed Prunes. Sylvia Lord sings in it. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 10:30.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland leads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—A satire on old operettas that is much too amiable to achieve a great deal in the way of parody but is good fun all the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as a most plausible Stephen Dedalus. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather touching first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Rosmersholm—David Ross's distinguished production of Ibsen's poetic and surprisingly lively tragedy. Nancy Wickwire is very good as Rebecca West, the lady from the North who isn't quite so emancipated as she makes out. Mark Lenard, Patrick Waddington, and Bramwell Fletcher play Rosmer, Kroll, and Brendel, respectively, and play them well. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "The Merchant of Venice," with George C. Scott and Nan Martin. The first in a series of three plays to be presented by the troupe in its new amphitheatre. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8:30. Closes Saturday, July 7.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, Phil Wayne's hey-diddle-diddle threesome does dance music and Renato Rossini's guitar dreams of castles in Capri, Majorca, and Iviza. Mondays, another band replaces the whole deal.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room reopens on Monday, July 9, to the strains of Florian ZaBach's solo fiddle on the floor and Mark Monte's and Milt Shaw's dance bands in the pit. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's band, which does its dance tunes Manhattan style, is at work in the Grill, possibly on the theory that a lot of New Yorkers will be coming to town this summer. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—A summer place high up in the mountains, where everything is cool as cucumbers and right as rain (which is not permitted in this well-run climate). Dancing to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and the Jean Berleaza ensemble. Closed Sundays.

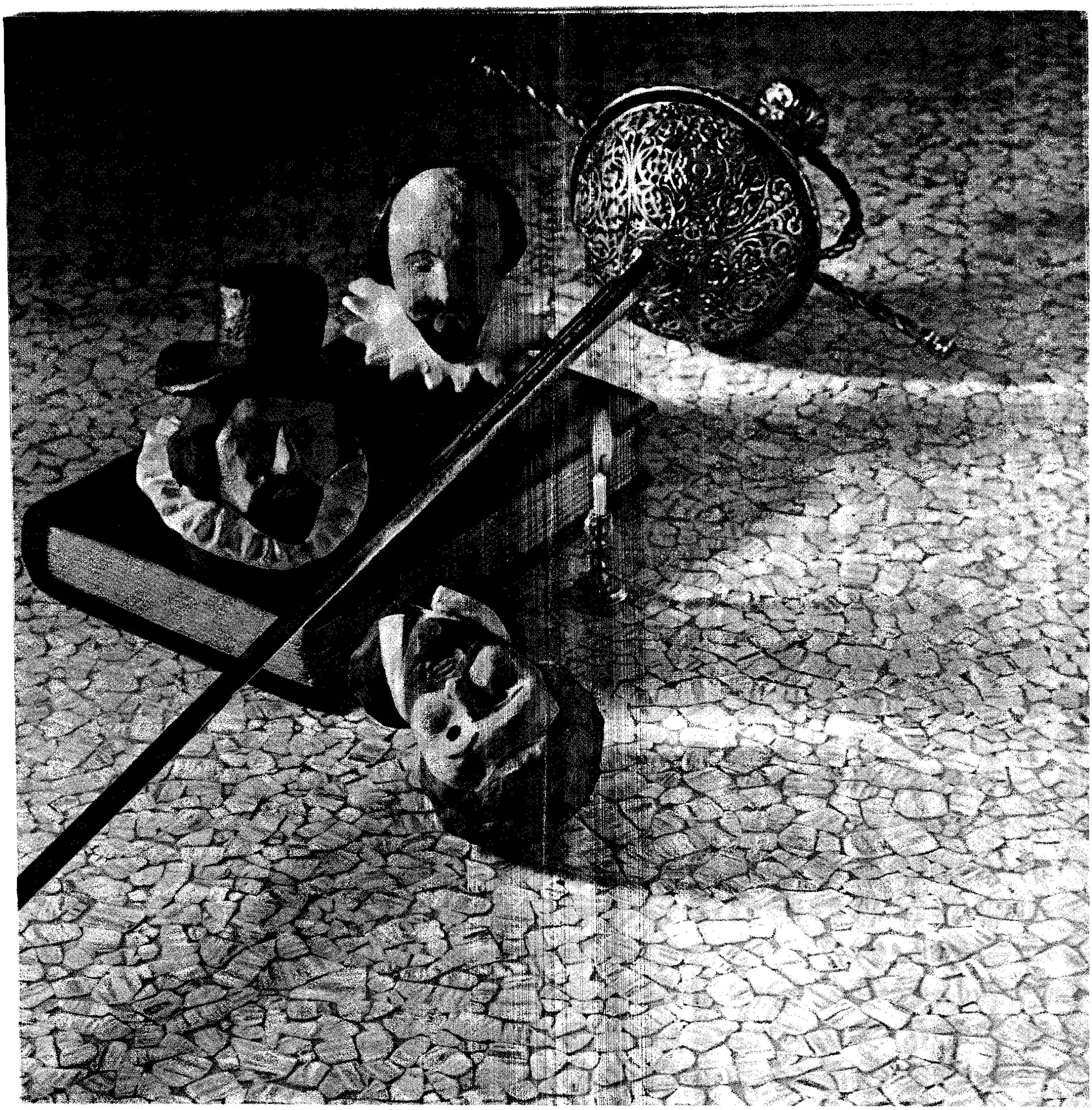
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Savoy Room, a dim and glorified forest of rosewood trees, Ray Hartley's piano parses the phrases of our favorite ballads in a grammar that is pleasurably his own. He's around from cocktails through supper every night but Sunday.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Joan Bishop, modest violet, toys with Peacock Alley's piano between five and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): Doctors, lawyers, merchant chiefs, and the rest of us sitting shoulder to shoulder at bar and table. Budd Gregg plays piano after eight. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): On Monday, July 9, Mr. Hawkins' playground for children of every age returns to life, or close to it (no activity Fridays, Saturdays, or Sundays), with the mixture as before—the romantic piano of Bob Printz from five-thirty to eight, the romantic piano of Wayne Sanders or Mr. Hawkins from eight until midnight; then busting-out-all-over double piano from Mr. S. and Mr. H. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): One end of the bower is presided over by a flourishing green bay tree, and the other by Cy Walter, who has an even-tempered clavichord at the tips of his eloquent fingers. His music is on tap at cocktails, dinner, and supper every day but Sunday. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A Florentine opera house when it's not busy being a Florentine *trattoria*. The principal boy is Aldo Bruschi, who doubles on piano, concertina, oboe, and basso profundo. His resolute little opera company lives a Puccini sort of *vie de bohème* every night, and his dance trio operates after ten Thursdays through Sundays. Closed Mondays, and small wonder. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): An almost incurable case of flamenco, done from the heart. Dancing for the customers, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A lot of water (and *vin du pays*) has flowed under the play drawbridge of this toyland since Norbert Faconi began circumnavigating the dining-room ta-



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Bacon. My thought exactly!

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Bacon. My thought precisely!

Jonson. Nay, sirs, 'tis a floor of foible and humours, a floor of stone trait.

Shakespeare. Prithee, Ben, abandon your prattle of humours and traits, and encompass the big picture . . . a sea of stone-like chips of vinyl, delicately coloured . . . such do I decree the noble Montina floor.

Bacon. [*Aside*] My thought most assuredly!

onson. Nay, Will, perforce my shortsighted eye doth eschew the big picture for the close dominant. I do find actual texture in a Montina floor, much in keeping with the stone trait.

Shakespeare. Stubborn Ben, canst thou not lift thy nose from the stone trait and see Montina also as a comely setting for princely furnishings and exalted deeds?

Bacon. Enough! Enough! Crafty Will, mine ear doth blench at thy plagiarisms. Thou dost poach my thoughts betimes before I have thought them!

Shakespeare. Strutting Frank, thou dost put me on overmuch! By my scabbard . . .

Jonson. Gentle sirs! Hold! Hold! ALARUM, EXCURSION, CONFUSION

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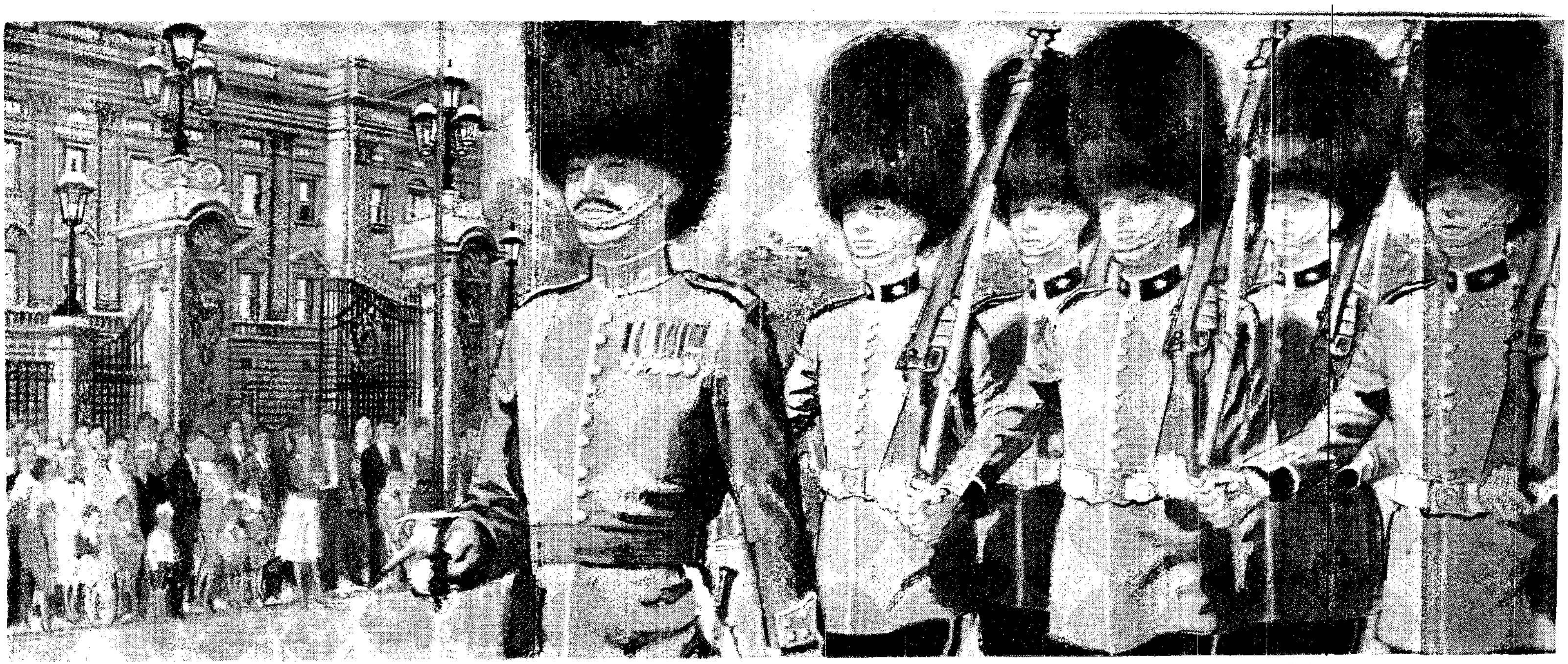
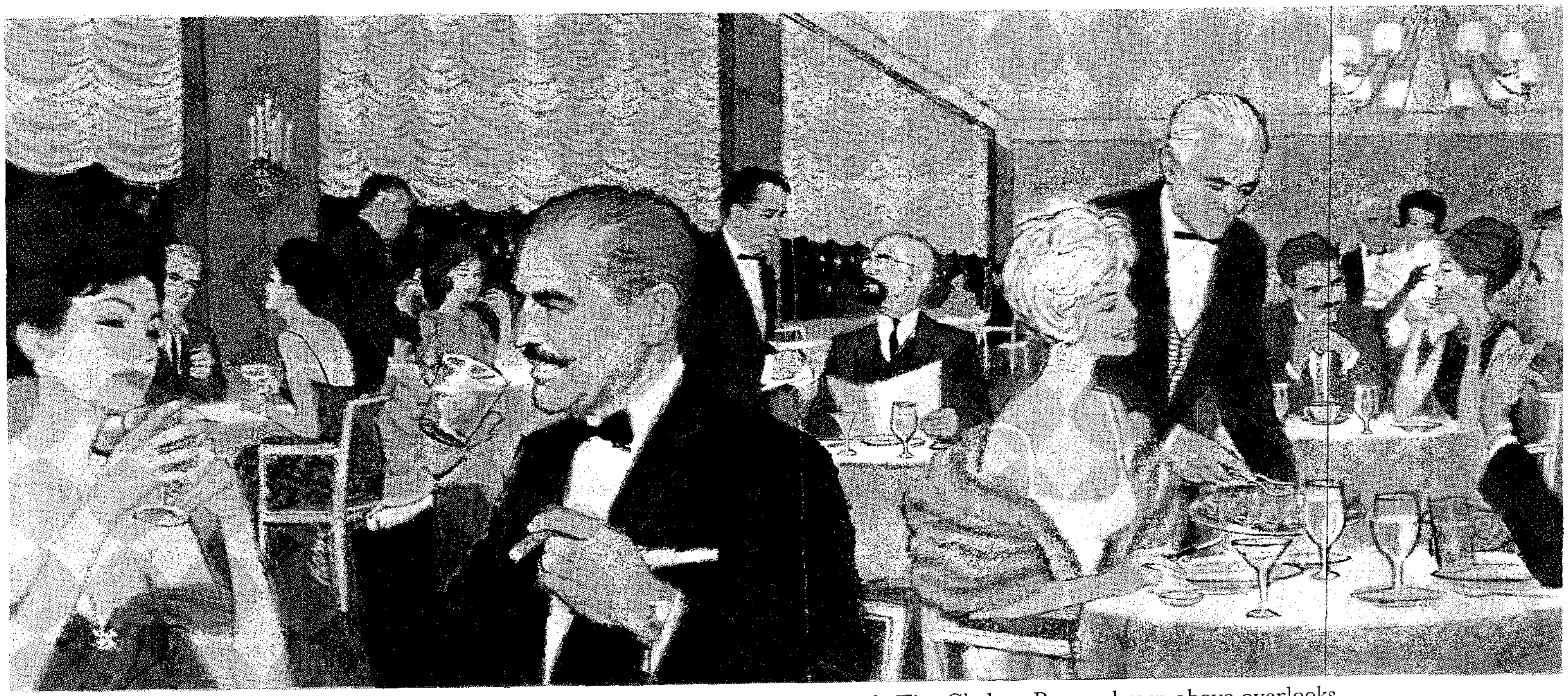


London is a city with an historic memory, alive with the cultures that have made it, aglow with a spirit that links its colorful ancestry to today's modern world.

London is enchanting



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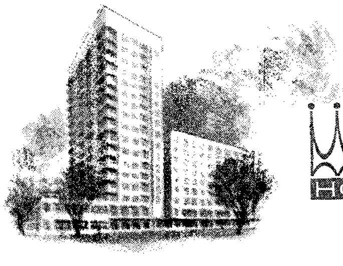

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bles with his Casanova violin. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A companion piece to the Château Henri IV (q.v. *supra*) and, like it, decorated in a fashion that is full of the oddest bodkins. From throne room to pavilion and back again, a violinist and a pianist are steadily on the go. No music Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The point of view can be summed up like this: Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Rome. Through the plaza wanders a stream of earnest violinists, trailed (at a respectful distance) by two accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Any number of three-hours-for-dinner clubs are apt to be in conference. To help the talk along, Jules Kuti plays conversational piano from five to eleven in the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Among those present are Woody Allen, an author turned performer, and (in his desperate young way) a notably amusing one, and Renée Roberts, who has looked upon the mannerisms of other sopranos and found them good. Tiger Haynes (sometimes known as Antic Haynes) and his Three Flames produce a plenitude of mock music and song. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A seat of the mighty, and suitably upholstered. The Cinzano-with-lemon-peel is interlaced, between eight-thirty and maybe two, by George Feyer's pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): On the quarter-deck of the ship-of-state bar in the Carlton House sits Victor del Monte, who placidly addresses his piano between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a sentimental gentleman, applies his piano to the London airs he brought over the ocean with him and to the tunes he's picked up in this country. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The "Tiber Rag" is what you'll hear from the musicians who course through these premises. They operate from six until two, and so does the chef. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Hard-core but soft-pedal Madrid, which doesn't really come to life (i.e., guitar, piano, song, and flamenco footwork) until long after sunset. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): No Spanish moss grows under the feet of the Andalusian singers and dancers who find their way to the tiny stage now and then. Between their eruptions, a piano muses in a corner. Thursdays and Fridays, there's dancing, too, and Sunday afternoons there's tea dancing from two to seven. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The Ximenez-Vargas Ballet Español is proving—with arms, legs, throats, and eyes—that all Spaniards are passion's playthings. The dancing of the customers, which is practically compulsory when Pupi Campo's band really warms up, is an extra dividend. The Sunday *thés dansants* defy both description and the law of gravity. . . . ¶ Off the bar is a retreat so tiny that thirty's a most matey crowd, and herein flamenco songs by José Moreno and flamenco guitar by Pedro Cortes thrive abundantly. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE**, Park Ave. at 50th St. (EL 5-2500): Fasts can be broken here in elaborate surroundings from six in the evening until one, and often to the tune of Marty Berns' warm-hearted piano. No music Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): A Far West greenroom and grill that's the setting (after ten) for Cal Bostic's rumpus piano and song and for Andy Hamon's rather soulful piano and song. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): *La dolce vita* in a climate so salubrious that the young ladies can go about in whatever they happen to have, or not have, on. Some of them—the Wallenda aerial ballerinas—float in midair; the rest are all down-to-earth. This approximation of Polynesia is also peopled by Ford and Reynolds, a brace of comedians who are not very Polynesian or (come to think of it) very funny, and by the customary first-rate tumbling act, the Tonelys. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): An old Condon alumnus, Tony Parenti, is running a quintet. Sammy Price, who's on piano, is another Condon graduate. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The ballads issue from Abbey Lincoln, who carries a torch that can be seen for miles on the cloudiest nights; the music issues from the Mal Waldron trio, which is *penseroso*, and the Al Grey-Billy Mitchell sextet, which is *allegro*. An extra session meets on Sundays from four-thirty to seven, but nothing doing Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, an exponent of everything-in-moderation, is filing her term paper on progress with the assistance of a trio that includes Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker. Howard Reynolds, the intermission pianist, never spoils the prevailing mood. No sound on Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Gene Krupa's band and Dick Ruedebusch's sextet are doing their best to blow the hall into smithereens. Guests take up the anvil chorus on Sundays. . . . ¶ Saturday night, there's Twist music, and the tribal rites that go with it, upstairs in the haymow. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, July 11, is the last night for Dinah Washington, a celebrated *vox pop*, and for Horace Silver's tremulous quintet; the following night Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (thunder and lightning) will come aboard. Extra-curricular sessions Mondays, when the regulars cut out. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Sonny Rollins' quartet and Mose Allison's trio, which are willing to let the audience in on what they are doing to American music, are at play on this vast stage. Tuesday through Sunday, July 10-15, a quintet billed as the Polish Wreckers will tell us what jazz sounds like on the other side of the Great Wall of Europe. Mondays, when all take their ease, are assigned to passing-through jazz groups. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): A small gin mill on the Floss, where Roland Kirk rules a quartet every night but Tuesday. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention-hall state of affairs. Jonah Jones' rampant quartet gives back as good as it gets from the front-row delegates. On Monday, July 9, Arvell Shaw's trio will be added. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB**, 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): From eight until two every night but Sunday, Herman Chittison plies his calm, steady piano in a twentieth-century sort of Gay Nineties bar.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through July 27. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

SCULPTURES—Monumental pieces for architecture and outdoor settings, by Jacques Lipchitz, Aristide Maillol, Fritz Wotruba, and other Americans and Europeans; through July 27. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

DRAWINGS AND WATER COLORS—At the **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: A summer show of works by (for example) Jacques Hnizdovsky, Noel Rockmore, and Rico Lebrun; through July 20. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **SMOLIN**, 19 E. 71st St.: Prints, drawings, and water colors of the thirties, by George Constant, Boris Aronson, Carl Holty, and others; through July 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BLACK**, 1062 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters, including William Merritt Chase, Everett Shinn, and Louis M. Eilshemius; through July 25. . . . **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Gallery artists (for instance Antonio Frasconi, Robert Gwathmey, and William King) in an exhibit

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints; through July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, drawings, and sculptures are Russell Cowles, Carl Morris, and George Rickey; through Aug. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Contemporary oils and water colors, by Aaron Bohrod, Stephen Etnier, and Luigi Lucioni, to mention a few; through Friday, July 6. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Aug. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Aug. 10. . . . **THIBAUT**, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Harold Baumbach, Philippe Hosiasson, Umberto Mastroianni, and others; through July 27.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, Hans Hartung, Asger Jorn, and other painters, most of whom live in Paris; through July 21. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Museum's collection of Greek and South Italian painted vases (dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.) may now be seen in a new chronological arrangement in four consecutive galleries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ In the Museum's sculpture garden, a tent houses "Design for Sport," a showing of more than a hundred examples of sporting equipment (boats, a glider, a racing car, a sulky, a bobsled, fencing and diving masks, kites, skis, and whatnot) gathered from seventeen countries; through July 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Hogarth's Views of London," a display of nearly sixty prints (mostly engravings), the earliest one dated 1721, by William Hogarth; through Jan. 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and others; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 33 E. 36th St.—"Charles Dickens," an exhibition commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his birth and consisting of autograph manuscripts, first editions, autograph letters, and original drawings for Dickens' book illustrations; through July 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with works by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 5: Vladimir Golschmann conducting, with Mischa Elman, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7: Roger Machado conducting, with José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 10: Franz Allers conducting an all-Gershwin concert, with Earl Wild, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; and Lawrence Winters, baritone. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11: Franz Allers conducting, with Ania Dorfmann, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft conducting an all-Stravinsky program; *no* soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: Franz Allers conducting a Gilbert and Sullivan program, with Jeanette Scovotti, soprano; Morgan Stuart, tenor; and Martyn Green, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St., JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 11. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Richard Franko Goldman conducting this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Central Park Mall. Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.)

JAZZ CONCERTS—Thursday, July 5: Blossom Dearie's trio. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 12: Jimmy Rushing and the Al Grey Octet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Bach programs. Friday, July 6, at 8: With Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; and Vronsky and Babin, pianos. Saturday, July 7, at 8: With Lukas Foss, piano; Richard Burgin, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; and Roger Voisin, trumpet. Sunday, July 8, at 2:30: Directed, in part, by Hugh Ross, with Richard Burgin, violin; Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Lukas Foss, piano; Ralph Gomberg, oboe; Joseph Silverstein, violin; and the Tanglewood Choir and vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 11, at 8: The New York Pro Musica in a program of early Renaissance French and Italian music. . . . ¶ Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony in three all-Mozart programs. Friday, July 13, at 8: With Claude Frank, piano. Saturday, July 14, at 8: With Ruth Posselt, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola. Sunday, July 15, at 2:30: With Vronsky and Babin, pianos. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Pete Seeger, folk singer. (Lenox, Mass. Sunday, July 8, at 8:30.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Alan Carter conducting the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, with Natalie Derujinsky, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Sunday, July 8, at 3.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Friday, July 6, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet, Gerry Mulligan's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

quartet, Coleman Hawkins, Harry Edison's quintet, Joe Williams, Carmen McRae, and Roy Eldridge. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 8:45: Louis Armstrong's All-Stars, the Charlie Mingus sextet, Max Roach's quintet, Abbey Lincoln, Jo Jones, Toshiko Mariano, Bunny Briggs, Baby Laurence, Carol Sloane, Yank Lawson, Coleman Hawkins, J. C. Higginbotham, and Father Norman O'Connor (narrator). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 3: Count Basie's orchestra, the Clara Ward Gospel Singers, Sonny Rollins' quartet, Oscar Peterson's trio, Jimmy Rushing, and Duke Ellington (narrator). . . . ¶ Sunday, July 8, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's orchestra, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Aretha Franklin, Jo Jones, Pee Wee Russell, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Marshall Brown, George Wein, Roland Kirk's quartet, Dave Lambert, Jon Hendricks, and Willis Conover (narrator).

NOTE—**JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL:** Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 7: Lupe Serrano and Royes Fernandez, Norman Walker and his company, and a restaged version of Ted Shawn's "The Kinetic Molpai," a work choreographed for nine men, with Mr. Walker in the Shawn role. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 10-14: The Santa Fe Opera Ballet, with Igor Youskevitch and Natalie Krassovska. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Erick Hawkins with his company, and Glen Tetley assisted by Linda Hodes and Robert Powell. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn. Saturday, July 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BASEBALL—At the Polo Grounds: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, July 6, at 8; Saturday, July 7, at 1 (doubleheader); and Sunday, July 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday and Friday, July 12-13, at 8, and Saturday, July 14, at about 2:45 (the Mets first Old-Timers day festivities start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings between members of the 1951 Giant and Dodger teams, among them Jackie Robinson, Pee Wee Reese, Bobby Thompson, and Monte Irvin).

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, July 7: Denny Moyer vs. Teddy Wright, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 14: Carlos Hernandez vs. Kenny Lane, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

FENCING—National Championships—Thursday, July 5, at 6: Men's sabre team. . . . ¶ Friday, July 6, at 7:30: Men's individual sabre. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 7, at 12:30: Men's three-weapons team. (Hotel Park Sheraton, Seventh Ave. at 55th St. CI 7-4413.)

GOLF—New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Canoe Brook Country Club, Summit, N.J. Thursday through Saturday, July 5-7.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Bonnie Briar Country Club, Larchmont. Monday and Tuesday, July 9-10.) . . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Public Links Championship. (Sheridan Park Golf Course, Tonawanda, N. Y. Monday through Saturday, July 9-14.) . . . ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 12-15.)

POLO—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase: Sundays at 3:30. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Jericho: Sundays at 4.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 28. The Tremont, Saturday, July 7, and the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 14. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N. J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 4. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 14. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 12:20, and Saturdays at 11:48. A boat leaves Battery Park at 10:45, and

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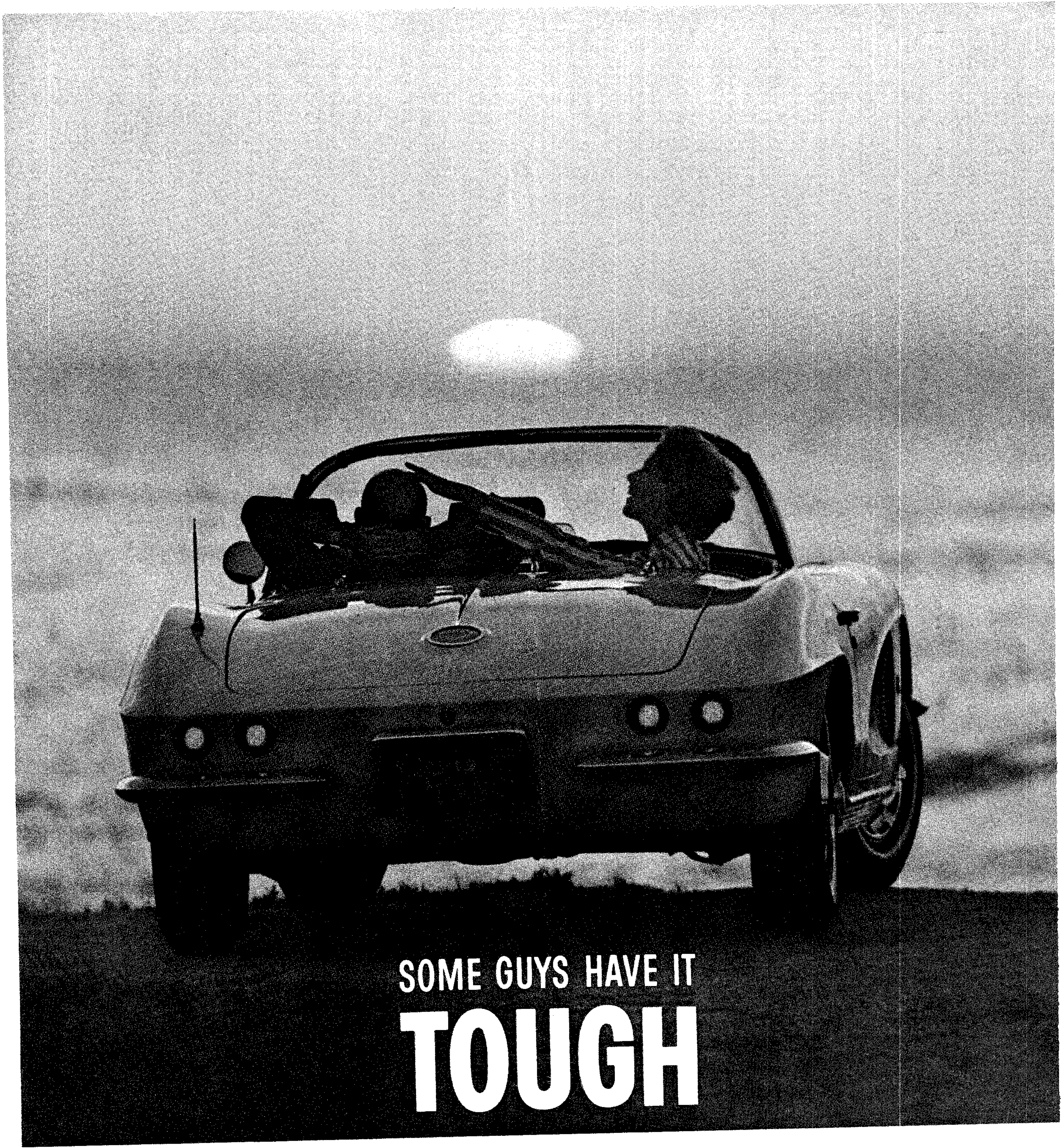

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Soccer—International Soccer League: Elfsborg vs. M.T.K. and Real Oviedo vs. Belenenses. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, July 8, at 2:30.)

Tennis—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside. Through Sunday, July 8.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:20; through Tuesday, July 31. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 5-6, at 1:30. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport, R.I. Through Sunday, July 15.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Starting Saturday, July 14.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Leonie Adams reading from her own works. (New School Courtyard, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, July 8, at 8:30.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Baseball—At the POLO GROUNDS: July 15-16, July 18-19, Aug. 1-5, and Aug. 14-15. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: July 20-22, July 24-29, and Aug. 6-12.

Golf—New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Glens Falls Country Club, Glens Falls, N.Y. July 18-22.) . . . ¶ National P.G.A. Championship. (Aronimink Golf Club, Newtown Square, Pa. July 19-22.) . . . ¶ Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Woodmere Club, Woodmere. July 26-29.) . . . ¶ Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Wykagyl Country Club, New Rochelle. July 26-29.) . . . ¶ Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale. Aug. 9-12.)

Horse Shows—Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 7-11.) . . . ¶ Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 11.)

Racing—At SARATOGA: July 30-Aug. 25. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 6-Oct. 2.

Soccer—International Soccer League at Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: July 15, 22, and 29, and Aug. 1, 5, and 12.

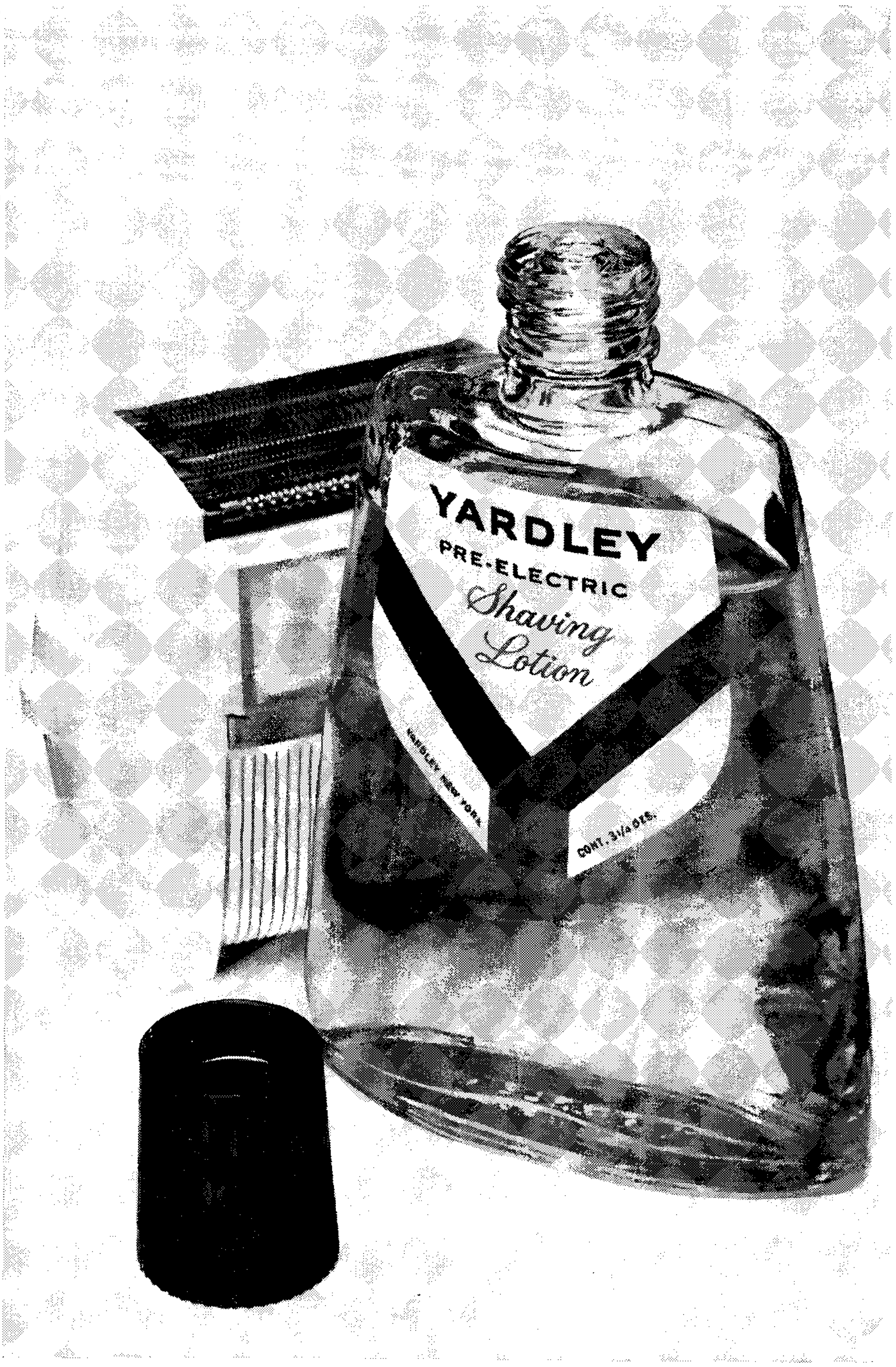
Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: July 15. . . . LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Aug. 4.

Tennis—Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. July 30-Aug. 5.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Aug. 6-12.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Aug. 13-19.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Aug. 1-Sept. 29.

Yachting—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Aug. 15.)

Music—The Lewisohn Stadium concerts will present, among others, Rudolf Firkusny, piano, July 17; Joan Sutherland, soprano, July 23; Eugene Istomin, piano, July 26; Roberta Peters, soprano, and Jan Peerce, tenor, July 28; Michael Rabin, violin, July 31; Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Joseph Schuster, cello, Aug. 1; Gary Graffman, piano, Aug. 2; Roberta Peters, soprano, Aug. 4; and Lorin Hollander, piano, Aug. 8.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—Otto Preminger's richly upholstered and exceptionally well-acted adaptation of the famous novel. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Five Day Lover—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Or so this racy comedy would have us believe, with the help of the acrobatic Jean-Pierre Cassel and the doting Micheline Presle and Jean Seberg. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 7.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—Stanley Kramer has produced and directed a slam-bang inquiry into the meaning of justice, as practiced directly by Nazis judging Jews and Americans judging Nazis, and indirectly by young post-Nazi Germans judging their American conquerors. Spellbinding, and with crafty performances by Spencer Tracy, Richard Widmark, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—Alain Resnais, who made "Hiroshima, Mon Amour," is apparently trying to find out how far you can go with a camera in depicting states of mind, and the evidence of this exquisite film is that you can go pretty far. Delphine Seyrig is the lovely heroine, and the man who either is or is not her lover is played by Giorgio Albertazzi. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Hilarious samples of the handiwork of an early master builder of sight gags. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Lolita—No longer a study in sexual perversity yet somehow faithful to the comic spirit of the novel and wonderfully acted by James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Miracle Worker—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted with passion and purpose by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through July 10, tentative.)

Only Two Can Play—An underpaid librarian in a small town in Wales can think of hardly anything except making love, preferably not with his wife, and since Peter Sellers is the troubled thinker, this turns out to be a very amusing picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through July 11, tentative.)

Stowaway in the Sky—A romantic travelogue of France, supposedly seen through the eyes of a child in a balloon, and ideal for children not in balloons. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

A Taste of Honey—The rites of passage of an ugly, lonely girl in the slums of Manchester. It may seem strange to say so, but this is extremely funny as well as touching, thanks in large part to superb direction of Tony Richardson. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—A romantic farce, nimbly designed to accommodate the joint gifts of Doris Day and Cary Grant. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—Tolstoy's celebrated dictum about unhappy families is spelled out in bleak beauty by Ingmar Bergman, who wrote and directed the picture, and Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård, who enact it. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Viridiana—The Spanish director Luis Buñuel gives a shattering account of how evil flows out of good. His camera has a Gothic gusto, and the picture is sometimes literally hair-raising, as well as always beautiful. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 11, tentative.)

West Side Story—Lots of young men in tight pants leaping over fences and caterwauling to beat any band. Far too loud and long, but the New York settings are wonderful and so are the songs, which you no doubt remember from the Broadway show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Sundays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturday, July 7, at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Chaplin Comedies—"Dough and Dynamite," "His Trysting Place," "Caught in a Cabaret," and "His Prehistoric Past," all one-reelers from the silent past. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 9.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 9.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

From Here to Eternity (1953)—A screen adaptation of James Jones' novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. With Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 10.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire singing and dancing to Cole Porter's "Night and Day." (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through July 9.)

General della Rovere (1960)—Vittorio De Sica and Hannes Messemer in a melodrama laid in Italy during the Second World War. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; July 5.)

The Green Mare (1961)—Love among the peasants in a French film that is coarse and comical. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 7.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; starting July 6.)

It Happened in Broad Daylight (1960)—Heinz Ruhmann as a police inspector who dedicates his life to tracking down an insane murderer of little girls. A Swiss film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 10.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—Labor conditions on the docks of New York, written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. With Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Eva Marie Saint. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 10.)

The Rainmaker (1956)—A confidence man loose in the prairie belt convinces a homely maiden that she is really quite a belle. Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 11.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 10, tentative.)

Rosemary (1960)—A sardonic view of some get-rich-quick operators in post-Nazi Frankfurt. A German film, based on a true story and starring Nadja Tiller. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

The Rose Tattoo (1955)—Tennessee Williams' adaptation of his own play. Anna Magnani is the dishevelled Italian lady of the bayous, and Burt Lancaster is the truck driver who catches her eye. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting July 11.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 11.)

Tiger Bay (1959)—Hayley Mills as a lively small fry who witnesses a murder in Cardiff. An English film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 10.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through July 7: "Ceiling Zero" (1935), with James Cagney and Pat O'Brien. . . . ¶ July 8-10: "The Road to Glory" (1936), with Fredric March and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Starting July 11: "Bringing up Baby" (1938), with Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (Showings at 3 and 5:30 and Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through July 10: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.
From July 11: To be announced.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 11 (tentative): **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 10 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.
From July 11 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 10 (tentative): **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and "Whistle Down the Wind," Hayley Mills, Alan Bates.
From July 11 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE MIRACLE WORKER.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
ADVISE AND CONSENT.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 7: "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.
July 8-10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From July 11: "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 11 (tentative): "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
STOWAWAY IN THE SKY.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
To be announced.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Counterfeit Traitor," William Holden, Lilli Palmer.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Road to Hong Kong," Bob Hope, Bing Crosby.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 10: "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.
From July 11: "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From July 11: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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8	9	10	11			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 5: "Nosferatu" and "Metropolis" (both silent German films).
July 6-9: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From July 10: **THE LOVE GAME** (in French), revival; and "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 7: **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and **THE GREEN MARE** (in French), revival.
July 8-10: "The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine; and "Inherit the Wind," revival, Spencer Tracy, Fredric March.
From July 11: "Sweet Bird of Youth," Paul Newman, Geraldine Page; and "Invasion Quartet," Bill Travers.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 11 (tentative): **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From July 11: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 10 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Back Streets of Paris" (in French), revival, Françoise Rosay.
From July 11 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "A Weekend with Lulu," Bob Monkhouse, Leslie Phillips.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Important Man" (in Spanish), Toshiro Mifune.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
July 5: **GIGI,** revival; and "Les Girls," revival, Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor.
From July 6: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH,** revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From July 11: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 9: **DETECTIVE STORY,** revival; and **THE GAY DIVORCÉE,** revival.
From July 10: "The League of Gentlemen," revival, Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 10: **ON THE WATERFRONT,** revival; and **FROM HERE TO ETERNITY,** revival.
From July 11: **THE RAINMAKER,** revival; and **THE ROSE TATTOO,** revival.

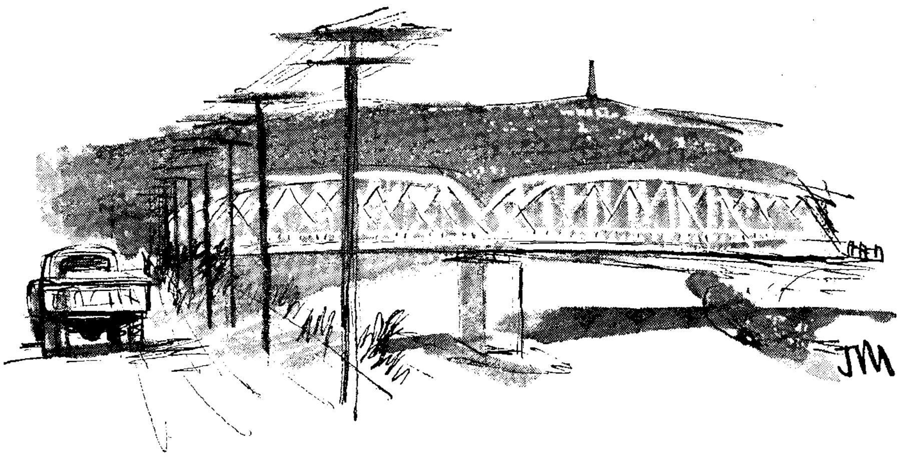
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 5: A program of short films on the dance—"Graduation Ball," "Death and the Maiden," and others.
July 6: **ROSEMARY** (in German), revival; and "The Eighth Day of the Week" (in German), revival, Sonja Ziemann.
July 7: **GENERAL DELLA ROVERE** (in Italian), revival.
July 8: "The Idiot" (in Russian), revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
July 9: **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent); plus ten Disney cartoons.
July 10: **TIGER BAY,** revival; and **IT HAPPENED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT,** revival.
July 11: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** and **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (both in French and both revivals).

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through July 10 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.
From July 11 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 10 (tentative): **MURDER SHE SAID;** and "Portrait of a Sinner," Nadja Tiller, William Bendix.
From July 11 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through July 10: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," John Wayne, James Stewart; and "Forever My Love," Romy Schneider, Karl Boehm.
From July 11: "Hell Is for Heroes," Steve McQueen, Bobby Darin; and "Escape from Zahrain," Yul Brynner, Sal Mineo.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 10 (tentative): "Tales of Terror," Vincent Price, Basil Rathbone; and "Burn Witch Burn," Janet Blair.
From July 11 (tentative): "The Three Stooges in Orbit;" and "Mothra," Jelly Ito.



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE NOTE: Astor Wines & Spirits, of 12 Astor Place, which sponsors some brands of its own, now bottles Astor's All American Vodka.

Dip Into Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS was born in 1812, and the Morgan Library is celebrating his consequent hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary with a pleasant summer exhibition of Dickens manuscripts, first editions, and letters. We went over there on a recent afternoon, and when we gained the marble entrance hall of the Library—air-conditioned for the first time since Charles Follen McKim erected it—we realized that exuberance in advertising is nothing new, for there, in the program for a dramatization of "A Christmas Carol" that was produced in London in 1844, we read, "The Only Dramatic Version sanctioned by Mr. DICKENS. The Immense Sensation created by the Representation of the Original CHRISTMAS CAROL! Is beyond all precedent;—it is certainly the most popular Drama ever produced in this Theatre."

Not beyond all precedent, perhaps, but certainly an attractive feature of the exhibition is the critical commentary, transcending the ordinary technique of dates and synopses, that Mr. Herbert Cahoon, the Library's curator of autograph manuscripts, has provided, on cards, for some of the items. Of "Oliver Twist" (1838), we read, "From the points of view of characterization and plot, this is one of Dickens' most successful books;" of "Sketches of Young Couples" (1840), "Published anonymously, this potboiler added little to Dickens' reputation;" of "The Cricket on the Hearth" (1846), "Aside from a few passages of description of domestic life [it] is a weak book;" of "The Haunted Man" (1847), "The last and poorest of the Christmas books. . . . It suffered because Dickens kept the idea before him of writing something that could be successfully adapted for the stage;" of "Great Expectations" (1860-61), "Technically Dickens' most successful first-person narrative; it contains his best portrayal (in Pip) of a developing character;" and of "Our Mutual Friend" (1864-65), "A fine although not completely successful book." Among the successes and failures on view, holograph pages of "A Christmas Carol" and "Our Mutual Friend" bear a network of deletions and additions, while a page of "Nicholas Nickleby" is relatively clean. We turned from these to a first edition of "American Notes for General Circulation" (1842), based on the first of the two visits Dickens made to this country, and read, in a description of pigs on the streets of New York:

> He is in every respect a republican pig, going wherever he pleases, and mingling with the best society, on an equal, if not superior footing, for every one makes way when he appears, and the haughtiest give him the wall, if he prefer it.

Dickens himself mingled with the best society, at least on occasion, as some six hundred Library-owned letters written by him between 1839 and 1866 to Miss (later Baroness) Angela Georgina Burdett-Coutts attest. Of these, a handful are on display. All told, the Library owns fourteen hundred Dickens autograph letters, along with the largest American collection of Dickens manuscripts, Dickens checkbooks, and original drawings and engravings, by various hands, for illustrations of Dickens books. One of the last, "Steerforth and Mr. Mell," engraved by Phiz for "David Copperfield," has caused the Library to include an autograph of Alec and Evelyn Waugh's father, for its steel plate is accompanied by a statement from Chapman & Hall, Dickens' publishers:

> It has been preserved ever since the artist's death in the strong room at the disposal of the firm of Chapman & Hall Limited, by whom its authenticity is hereby guaranteed.
>
> For Chapman & Hall Ltd.,
> ARTHUR WAUGH,
> *Chairman & Managing Director*

Let us conclude with a Cahoon critique to which, on rather scanty evidence, we are inclined to take exception. "Dickens' third play," Mr. Cahoon writes under a copy of "Is She His Wife?," which enjoyed a short run in 1837, "was an ineffective piece with an elaborate comic intrigue based on a series of misunderstandings among all the characters, and including a somewhat strained scene between a bored husband and a nagging wife only recently married." The book is open to the first page, where, in a breakfast-table scene between this couple, we read:

> LOVETOWN (*L. H. of table, yawning.*)—Another cup of tea, my dear—O Lord!
>
> MRS. LOVETOWN (*R. H. of table.*)—I wish, Alfred, you would endeavour to assume a more cheerful appearance in your wife's society. If you are perpetually yawning and complaining of *ennui* a few months after marriage, what am I to suppose you'll become in a few years? It really is very odd of you.
>
> LOVETOWN: Not at all odd, my dear, not the least in the world; it would be a great deal more odd if I were not. The fact is, my love, I'm tired of the country; green fields and blooming hedges and feathered songsters are fine things to talk and read about and write about, but I candidly con-

fess that I prefer paved streets, area railings, and dustman's bells after all.

Sounds mighty effective to us, but then we're a sucker for dustman's bells. The trouble with exhibitions of books is that you can't turn the page.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: According to the business letterhead of a Mr. W. L. Shaffer, of Greeley, Colorado, he has a new occupation—that of Nuclear Survival Consultant.

Congo: II

IN our survey of new African nations, we arrived recently at La République du Congo (Léopoldville), which is so vast and complex that we'd scarcely managed to dispose of its geography and resident flora and fauna when we had to call a halt; this week we launch a second safari into the "Heart of Darkness," as Joseph Conrad entitled his famous story about that troubled corner of the world. Troubled, and no wonder, for the Congo is immensely rich in natural resources, and though it gained its independence in 1960, plenty of outsiders are eager to go on having a finger in the pie. Notable among its resources are the two-hundred-and-fifty-mile-long Katanga copper belt, which spills over the border into Northern Rhodesia; the kimberlite region of South Kasai, where a series of ancient volcanic cataclysms left innumerable "pipes" of kimberlite, a diamond-carrying rock, in the earth; the tin zone, which stretches for some six hundred miles along the lake region of the eastern frontier; and the Kilo-Moto gold fields, up in the northeast corner of the country, near Lake Albert. As more than one observer has pointed out, it's a remarkable coincidence that the semi-autonomous provinces of South Kasai and Katanga correspond closely to the land grants held by, respectively, Forminière, the company that mines most of the non-industrial diamonds in the Congo, and the Union Minière du Haut-Katanga, a combine that controls everything from dairies and flour mills to copper, cobalt, and zinc mines, along with all the hydroelectric power in the Congo. Above these great powers stands the supreme power of the Société Générale de Belgique, a venerable holding company that dominates almost every aspect of the country's economic life.

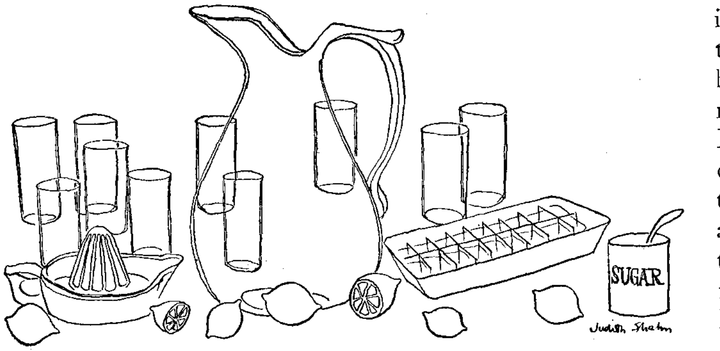
The Congo produces sixty per cent of the free world's natural industrial diamonds, sixty per cent of its cobalt, eight per cent of its copper, two per cent of its gold, and considerable amounts of its tin, manganese, tungsten, lead, zinc, silver, pyrites, bismuth, beryllium, cadmium, platinum, and monazite (a rare earth used in rocketry). Katanga's famed Shinkolobwe mine used to produce most of the world's radium and more than half of its uranium, but the exhaustion of its deposits brought its operations to a close in 1960. Chromium and vanadium have been mined in the Congo, and large deposits of bauxite, oil, and methane gas are suspected to be buried there, too.

To exploit all this mineral wealth profitably requires lots of electrical energy, which the Congo potentially has in fantastic abundance; in fact, its hydroelectric potential is estimated to be one-sixth of the potential of the whole world. At the moment, only a tiny fraction—six hundred thousand kilowatts—of this amount is being produced, but engineers are planning to harness the Lower Congo River at the Inga Rapids, some twenty-five miles in from the seaport of Matadi; a dam is to be built that will produce fifteen times as much electric power as our own Hoover Dam. This formidable project is temporarily stalled for lack of money—the Republic is running at a deficit of some twenty million dollars a month—but once it is brought to completion, it's expected to turn the region around Inga into a Central African equivalent of the Ruhr.

Even as things stand, the Congo is second only to South Africa as the most thoroughly industrialized country in Africa. It boasts some thirteen thousand factories, turning out such products as bricks, tiles, cement, fertilizers, fuel, paint, explosives, clothing, shoes, beer, perfume, candy, phonograph records, macaroni, and ice. It has many substantial textile mills; a number of coffee-, tea-, and rubber-processing plants; some soap, palm-oil, and sugar refineries; and three tobacco factories. For all this industrialization, however, three-quarters of the population of the Congo lives on and works the land. Most of the crops that the Congo farmers raise are not indigenous, having been brought in over the centuries by people who were eager to take advantage of an agreeable climate and a rich soil. The Portuguese introduced oranges, limes, maize, peanuts, tobacco, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and manioc, not to mention Muscovy ducks, while the Arabs were probably responsible for bringing in bananas, rice, onions, and several grains, among them Indian pulse. In descending order of value, the Congo's most important agricultural exports today are coffee, palm oil, cotton, rubber, timber, cocoa, tea, manioc, and peanuts.

In earlier times, the most valuable commodity exported from the Congo was, of course, neither vegetable nor mineral; it was human. No sooner had the Portuguese begun to explore the western reaches of the country, in the fifteenth century, than Portuguese missionaries hastened in to convert the natives, and hard on the heels of the missionaries came the slavers. (Some of the missionaries themselves kept slaves, and even dealt in them, and the Portuguese Bishop of Loanga used to sit at the edge of the harbor there and bless the batches of natives being shipped off in chains to the Americas.) The Portuguese way of life made surprising headway during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The capital city of Mbanza Congo was renamed San Salvador, many native chiefs turned Christian, thousands of natives were educated in mission schools, and it became the correct thing for everybody to go about, no matter how uncomfortably, in European dress. The Kings of the Congo learned to sit on a throne covered with red velvet, eat off gold and silver plates, and rule their country in feudal fashion, with an assortment of Bantu dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, and barons.

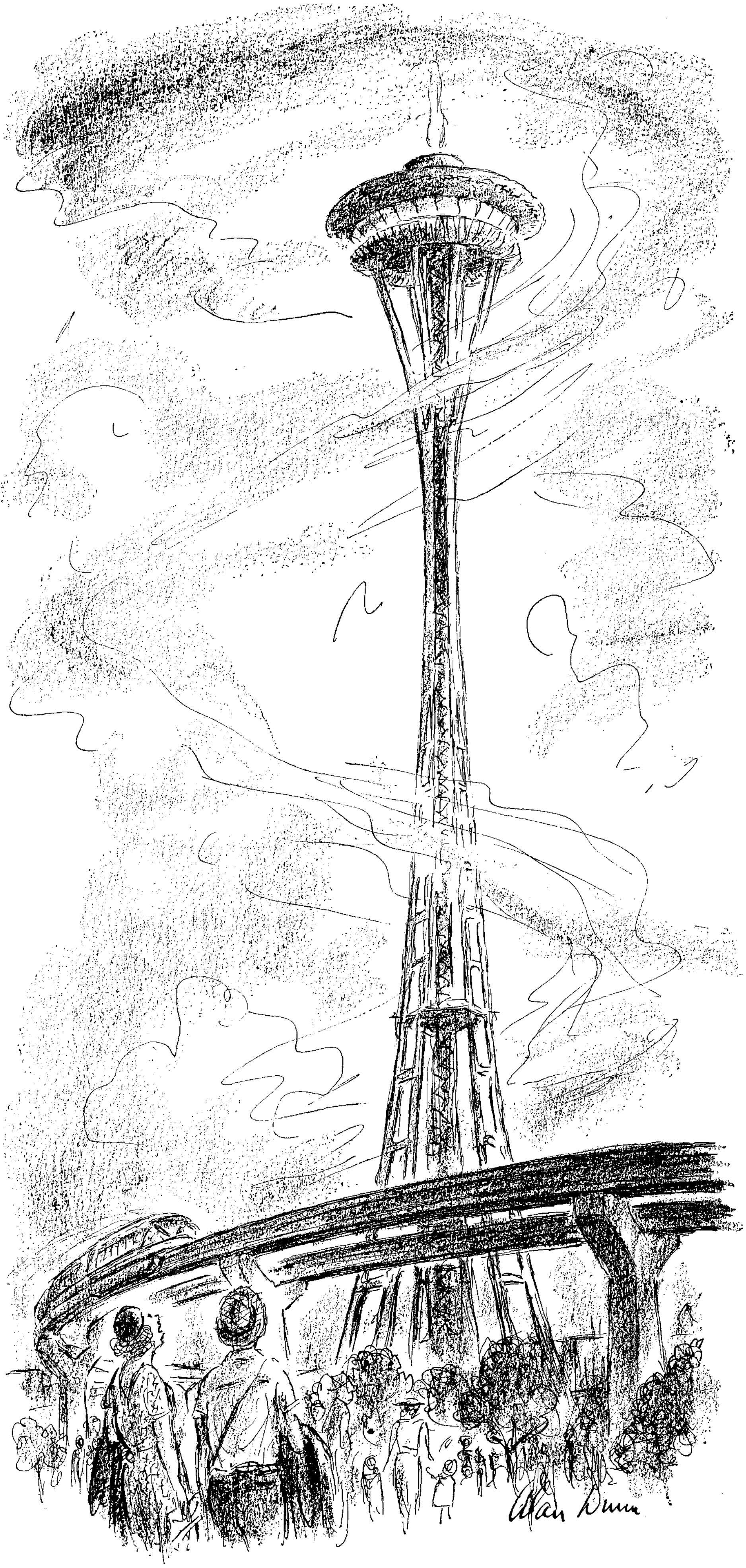
Toward 1600, prompted by an increasing number of civil wars among the natives and by the incursion of a bellicose "foreign" tribe from the east, Portuguese missionaries and businessmen began drifting south into what is now Angola. The outbreak of war in 1657 between the Portuguese and the Dutch, who were muscling in on the slave trade, further isolated the Congo, and by 1684 not a single priest remained in San Salvador. Explorers who reached the city in the eighteen-seventies found in it the ruins of a cathedral, whose high altar was covered with small ferns. They also found Dom Pedro V, the last King



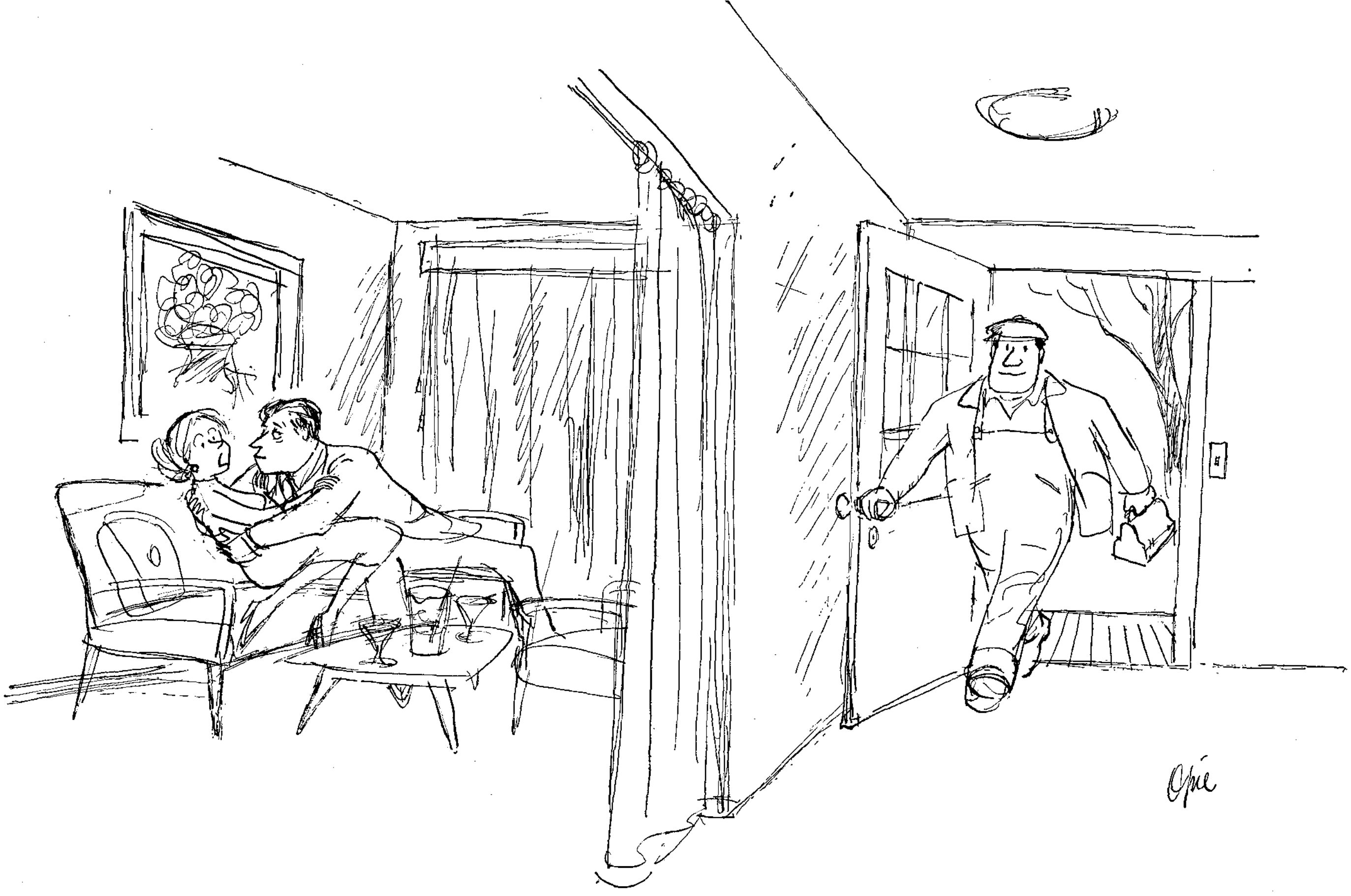
of the Congo, whom they described as a very fat man dressed in a variegated jersey and a mantle of scarlet cloth, with an old pith helmet on his head and a crucifix and a sceptre in his hands. Dom Pedro V was a thorough pagan, but in his capital at least one rite had come down over two centuries from a Christian past; on feast days three ancient life-size wooden statues of Capuchin monks were carried three times around the ruined cathedral while a passage of gibberish was "read" aloud from a nonexistent book. Some vestiges of Portuguese civilization still turn up in the Lower Congo, among them crosses, and statues of the Madonna and Child, both used as fetishes; statues pierced with knives and spikes, and obviously inspired by the Crucifixion; and a wooden cross that is smeared with the blood of the quarry after a successful hunt. A number of Congolese secret societies may have evolved from Catholic congregations that gradually went native; the Nkimba society, for example, is said to be based on the Society of Jesus and to use a secret language sprinkled with Latin and Portuguese.

Slave trading, a Portuguese monopoly in the Congo throughout the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, became a highly competitive international operation during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early nineteenth, with English, Dutch, and French agents scouring the coast for supplies and being forced to penetrate farther and farther inland as the supplies gave out. Most European nations had prohibited the slave trade by the middle of the century, but in 1850 warehouses full of captives still lined the Congo estuary, and as late as 1877 an appalled British consul saw the bodies of drowned slaves floating in the river. Unfortunately for the Congolese, as slave trading petered out in the West it increased in the East. Arab traders from Zanzibar filtered into the Congo from Tanganyika around 1800, and by 1860 they had established a large and prosperous slave-trading capital called Nyangwe in Kivu Province. This Eastern traffic was at last brought to an end in 1894, largely through the efforts of the Belgian Anti-Slavery Society; by that time, it is thought, the total number of Congolese who had been exported as slaves had reached the astounding total of fifteen million.

The two most celebrated explorers of the Congo were Livingstone and Stanley; much less celebrated but no less interesting was a British naval officer named Verney Lovett Cameron, who travelled across Central Africa between



“I’m not that hungry!”



"My God! It's Harry! He's begun the five-hour day!"

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1873 and 1876, and claimed the entire Congo basin for Queen Victoria on December 28, 1874. Apparently, she was not amused, for the British Colonial Office, to its subsequent regret, refused to back up Cameron's claim. A few years later, Stanley renewed the suggestion that the British take over the Congo, but the Colonial Office still said no. The road was thus left open to that exceedingly greedy and unscrupulous monarch Leopold II, King of the Belgians, who was convinced that he and his people needed a nice, money-making colony *some*where in the world. In 1876, having considered extending Belgian "protection" to Fiji, the Solomons, Formosa, and the Philippines, and even to parts of Asia Minor and China, he focussed his attention on Central Africa, as a result of a series of articles on German discoveries being made there. Since Leopold had an insignificant army and no navy to speak of, his chief assets were the fact that he was related to most of the royal families of Europe and that he had the ear of several enterprising European and American bankers. With truly royal nerve, he invented a number of societies and investigative bodies, some good and others evil, which were hard to distinguish at a distance. One of them was headed by the ubiquitous Stanley, who in 1884 handed the Congo over to Leopold, lock, stock, and barrel. In 1885, by the terms of the General Act of Berlin, thirteen European nations and the United States officially recognized Leopold's skillful appropriation of the Congo. He called it the Congo Free State, though in fact it remained his personal fief until 1908, when Belgium took it over from the royal family at a good price. (Leopold is thought to have drawn twenty million dollars out of the Congo during his twenty-three years of private ownership.) Katanga never belonged to Leopold, but in an act of characteristic generosity he ceded it to the Compagnie du Katanga in 1891, to keep it from falling into British hands. Msiri, the reigning King of Katanga, was himself a wily and aggressive outsider, from a non-Katanga tribe, and had made a fortune trading in copper, ivory, and slaves. When the Compagnie du Katanga sent an armed expedition against him, he protested that he would never accept the authority of the Congo Free State, and drew his sabre, whereupon a Belgian captain pulled out a revolver and shot him dead. One of Msiri's grandsons, Godefroid Munongo, is Katanga's present Minister of the Interior. In May of last year, it was reported that he had walked up to a Belgian in a bar, slapped his face, and shouted, "I haven't forgotten that you Belgians executed my grandfather!"

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INFLATIONARY sign in a luncheonette on East Eighty-third Street: "All 5c Candy Is 6c."

Host

A FRIEND of ours who gets around has told us that one of the most active large-scale-lunch hosts in town is Mr. Hal K. Negbaur, a real-estate broker who specializes in the leasing of midtown space for offices. Since the spring of 1960, he has entertained some seven hundred and fifteen people at twenty lunches, which featured informal talks by such guests of honor as Mayor Wagner; Mrs. Caroline K. Simon, New York's Secretary of State; George Alpert, president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad; Charles L. Patterson, chairman of the New York City Transit Authority; and a pride of city and state Commissioners, including Dr. Leona Baumgartner (Health), Newbold Morris (Parks), William S. Hults (Motor Vehicles), Joseph H. Murphy (State

Tax), William E. Boyland (City Tax), Stephen P. Kennedy (Police), and Michael J. Murphy (also Police). "Modest young fellow, Negbaur," our informant said. "Conducts these affairs without fanfare, helped by his charming wife."

Eager to learn more, we called Mr. Negbaur up and invited him to lunch.

He sounded rather startled. "I belong to a little lunch club in the Pierre, near my office," he said. "Perhaps you'll—"

"Nonsense," we said. "Be our guest."

We picked him up at his office, on Madison Avenue, and found him to be a boyish, easygoing, low-pressure man of thirty-three with a frank and casual air. We admired some vividly colored Currier & Ives prints, mostly patriotic in theme, on his walls, and he said he had inherited two hundred and fifty such prints from an uncle. "Most of them are stored in Kansas City, Missouri, where I was born and reared," he said. "I went to the University of Missouri, and during my senior year my father, who had retired from the wholesale rug business when I was eleven, asked me, 'What would you like to do in life?' 'Nothing,' I replied. 'You can't do that,' he said, so after completing my military service I went to Columbia Business School and then into the real-estate business. I was with Huberth & Huberth for a while, and in 1959 I went into business for myself, with my wife, Babette—I call her Bab-E—as a partner. She comes from Denver. We met in 1949 at the University of Missouri, and I didn't see her again for ten years. Then I ran into her here in New York, where she was working. We confine our business to the area between Fortieth Street and Sixtieth Street. There are fifty million square feet of office space in that area—more than in all of Chicago."

We guided Mr. Negbaur to Carlton House and asked him to explain the philosophy of his lunches.

"In Kansas City, all the businessmen are interested in what is going on in the city, and I thought there might be a similar interest here," he said. "I thought I might help myself, and also the community, by giving a series of lunches at which the guest of honor would discuss his particular field and answer questions. I felt, and Bab-E felt, that this was a nice thing to do. I found out that some people in New York don't want to meet anyone unless they already know him. We send out a good many more invitations than are accepted, but there's no real trick to getting twenty-five or thirty guests, which is what we generally aim at. We got over seventy acceptances to a lunch for Harold M. Lewis, a consulting engineer and city planner, and had to move it from the Columbia University Club to the Commodore. We've also used the Carriage Club and the Sherry-Netherland for our lunches. We started out by giving two a month, but that got to be too much for Bab-E, who acts as hostess, and then she became pregnant, so we've given only three since last fall. We had a baby girl on St. Patrick's Day."

Mr. Negbaur fished around in his pocket and handed us a few lists of people who have been invited to attend the lunches. These included Walter D. Binger, engineer; Miss Helen Hall, director of the Henry Street Settlement; Ely Jacques Kahn, William Lescaze, Frederick J. Woodbridge, Arthur C. Holden, and Walker O. Cain, architects; Serge Obolensky; Peter A. Knize, the clothier; John Mosler, the safe manufacturer; Jack Rosenthal, a vice-president of Chock full o' Nuts; Edward L. Bernays; Alfred A. Knopf; John H. G. Pell, of Wall Street; and Judge Edward R. Finch, formerly of the Court of Appeals.

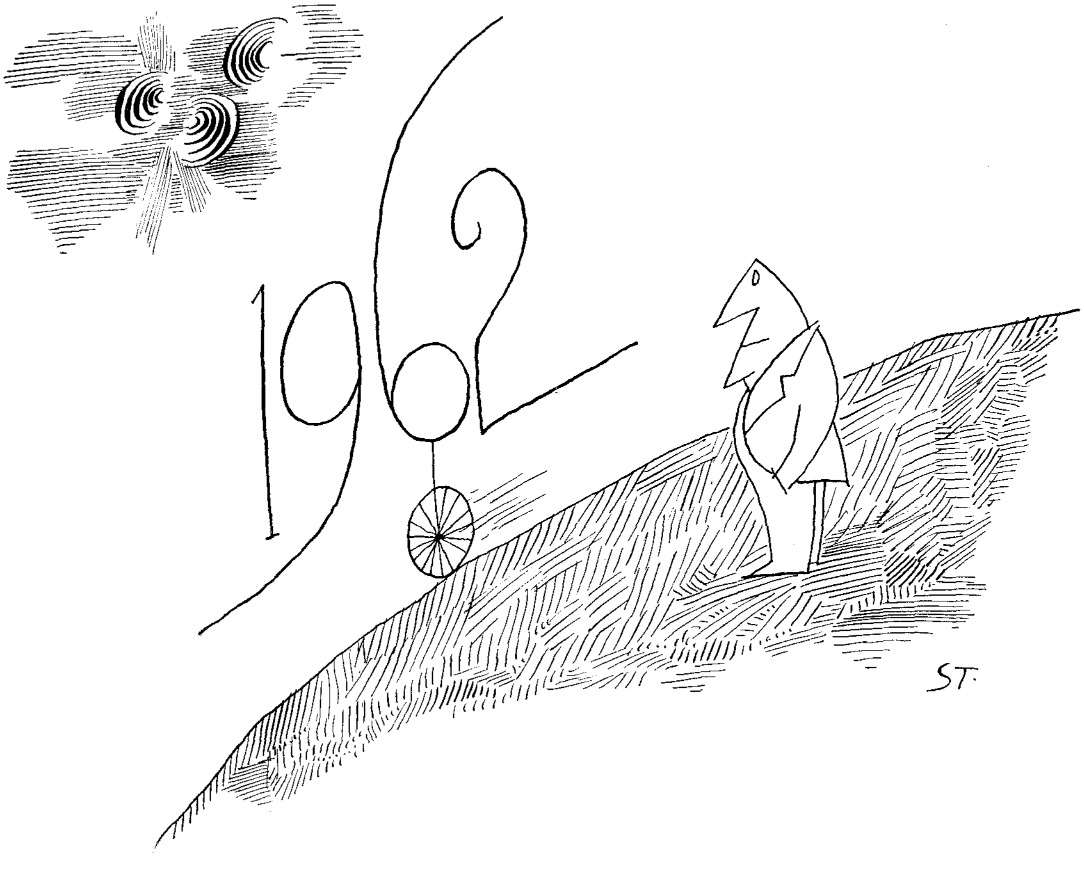
We asked Mr. N. whether it was hard getting such speakers as the Mayor and the Police Commissioner, and he looked astonished. "I think they're pleased," he said. "They like the opportunity to talk off the record. Besides, they might otherwise be having lunch at their desk."

We asked how New York seemed after Kansas City.

"Wonderful," he said. "There are so many different things to do here, and the place is alive at all hours of the day and night. I love the perpetual motion, and the fact that the best of everything is here—in music, art, and the theatre. Bab-E and I like to walk along the streets on a Saturday and just look at the shops. We have a house on the Jersey shore, and we occasionally go to Washington for the weekend, spending it in the National Gallery and in Georgetown, but sometimes we spend a whole weekend on Madison Avenue. People say New York is expensive, but look at what you can get here for nothing!"

Air-Minded

A WELL-HEELED acquaintance of ours who commutes from his country home to the city on a commercial airline recently asked a stewardess how high they were flying. "Gee!" she replied. "They told us in class last week, and now I've forgotten."



NOBODY KNOWS THE MUGGIN' I'VE SEEN

With the simplest of props, Anne [Bancroft] can make people see what isn't there. One day on the film set of *Miracle Worker*, she prowled around examining the furniture, much of it authentic antiques. . . . Now she spied a crib that bewitched her. The stage carpenters told her it had had a few broken slats, which they had repaired, so it had cost only five dollars.

"I'll give you six," she said instantly.

"What do you want with it?" they asked. "You haven't got a baby to go in it."

"I'll find one," she said. "Somebody in my family is always having a baby. Six-fifty?"

"It's impractical," insisted one stagehand, who was a father. "Too low. You'd break your back."

"Nonsense," Anne retorted. She seized a folded pink blanket, cuddled it, crooned to it, and lowered it gently into the crib—and for a hushed moment, everyone stood still, caught in the age-old wonder of woman and child. One man breathed, "Jeepers," and the actress looked up, wrinkled her nose, and said, "See?" triumphantly. . . .

She would like very much to do a musical soon. One day, between matinee and evening performances, she and a friend went to a health-food store and took dinner back to the theater. Suddenly, Anne began singing, and her friend looked up, astonished. "I didn't know you could do that," she said. "It's great." To which Anne replied gently, "I know," not in boast but simply as she might acknowledge that the sea is salt. It is a fact, one more thing to live with.—*From an article in McCall's.*

THE diesel-powered railroad car that had borne me up along the Delaware River lurched into Glover's Grange, deposited the sole other passenger, a vinous brakeman who had been intoning gems from "Rio Rita" without surcease for the past hour, and wallowed on. I reopened the timetable and, laboriously deciphering the asterisks and double daggers, estimated that we had less than a five-minute run to my destination, No Sparrow Falls. If Basil Woolwine met me there, as his agent had faithfully promised, I had a full afternoon to devote to our interview and, with luck, could be back in New York for dinner. Everything was working out just as planned. I settled down into the gritty plush and, chin cupped in hand, gave myself up to pleasant reflection.

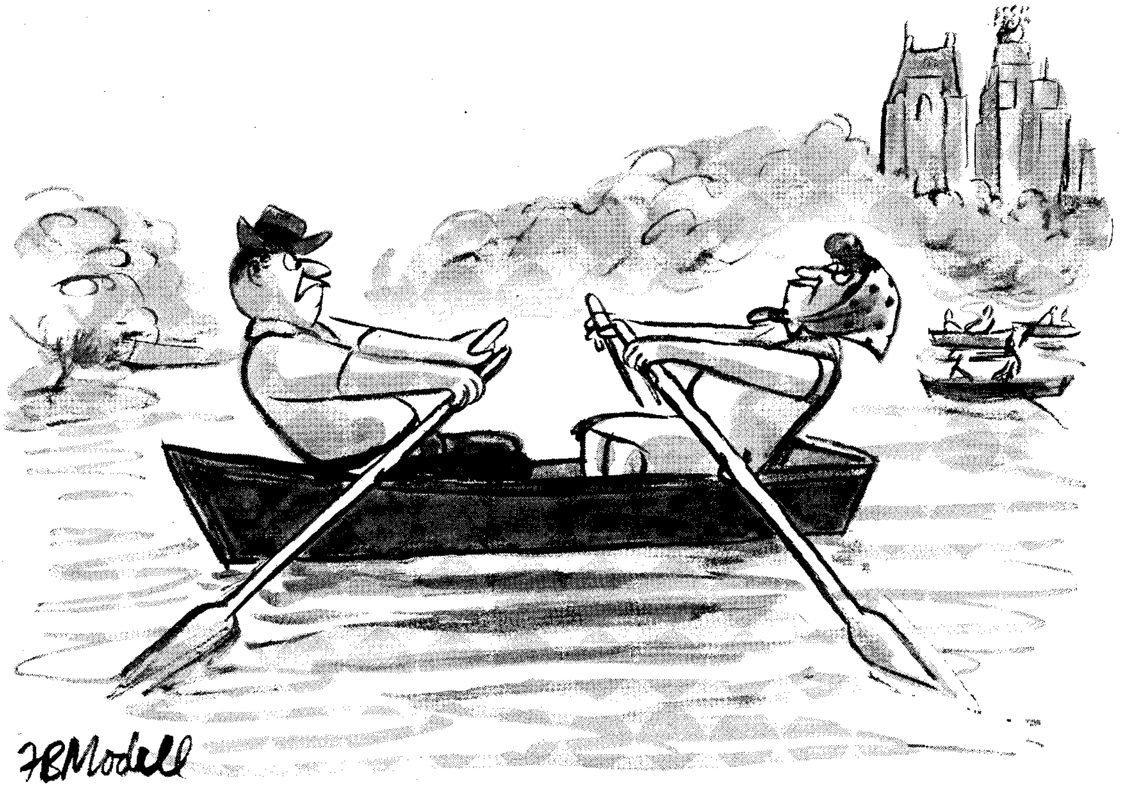
Yes, I thought, I really had scored a coup; this project of mine, if fruitful, might very well turn into a ringing journalistic triumph for the *Proscenium Review*. That a neophyte like me, a young associate editor fresh from an obscure Midwestern faculty, should presume to seek an audience with an actor of Woolwine's eminence was incredible enough; no member of the press, let alone an avant-garde periodical such as ours, had ever been able to pierce his isolation. The man abhorred publicity, I was told—immured himself in his country retreat to escape it. But when, after Machiavellian intrigue and pleas this side of tears, word came that Woolwine had consented to receive me, what a change my colleagues underwent, how unconcealed their adulation. Even Mr. Urquhart, my chief—a person so immersed in dramatic theory that he never attends the theatre—deigned to compliment me. "Good work, Schmidlapp," he said, and then hesitated anxiously. "You *will* be careful not to make this too lucid, won't you? I mean, don't write anything *hoi polloi* will understand." I assured him that I would be turgid to the point of unintelligibility, and he positively beamed.

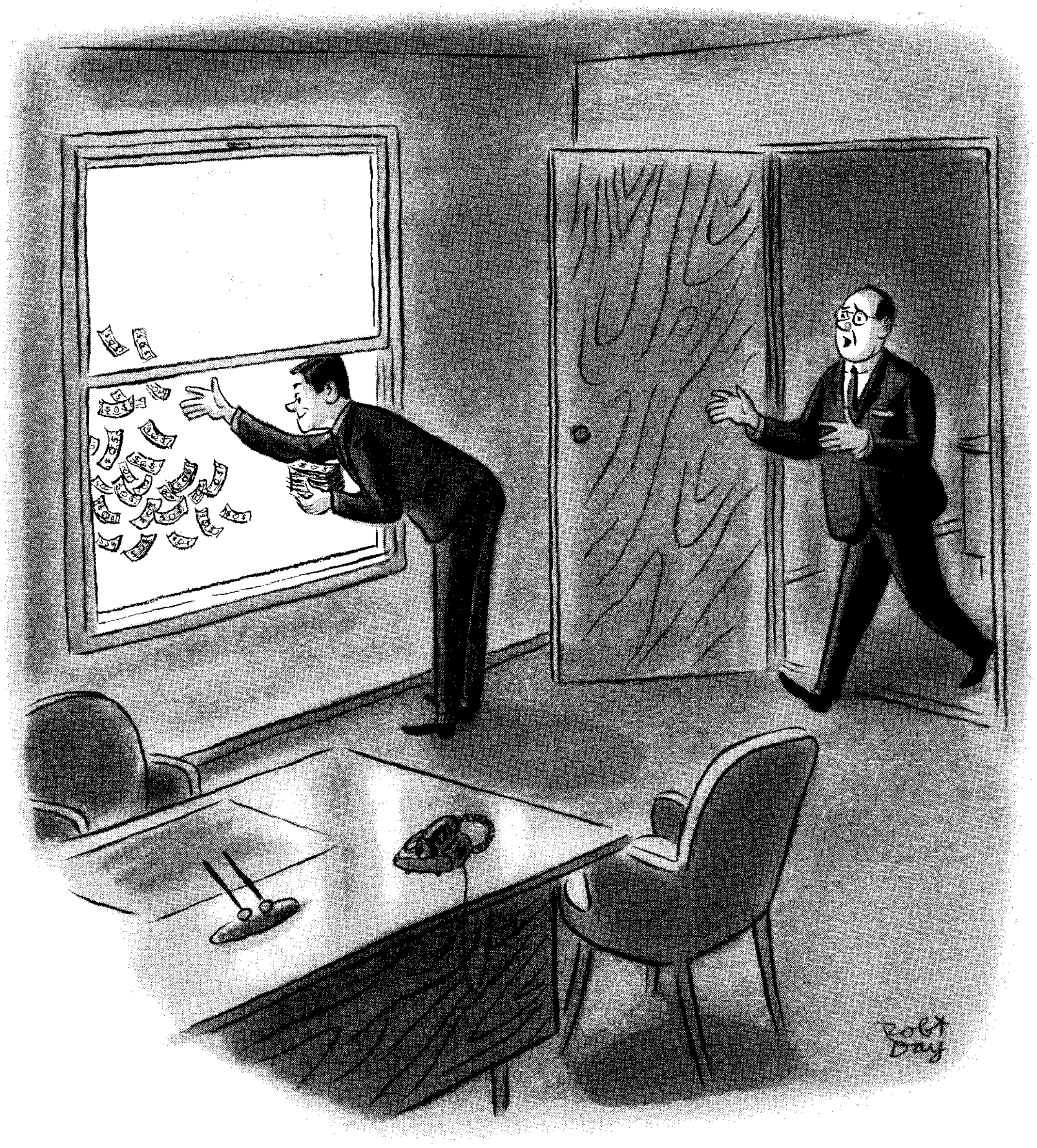
A montage of decaying brick warehouses, lumberyards, and used cars flicked past my window, and a second later the diesel slowed to a halt beside a mouse-colored depot writhing with Victorian curlicues. Except for a telegrapher languidly draped over a sheaf of waybills, the platform was deserted. I explored the adjacent parking area, but there was no sign of Woolwine or anybody resembling an emissary. Oh, well, I decided, perching myself on a baggage truck, one didn't expect actors to be punctual, especially a star of his lustre. Obviously, the prospect of appearing in a highbrow publication piqued his vanity or he wouldn't have asked me down, so it behooved me to be stoical. . . . Then, as the minutes ticked away, I began to feel a tide of irritation welling up inside me. The least you deserved for a tedious three-hour journey to the hinterland was to be met promptly. It was hardly good manners—in fact, it was a rotten imposition—to maroon me out in the middle of nowhere, and I proposed to tell Woolwine so. Needless to say, my resentment evaporated the instant he hurried up to the platform, contrition writ large on his features. The man's charm was overwhelming; his personality—driving, restless, magnetic—engulfed one as turbulently as Niagara does a straw.

"Schmidlapp?" he inquired breathlessly. "I say, forgive me, will you? Such a morning—everything topsy-turvy. Have a good trip down?"

"Excellent—" I started to say.

"Tommyrot," he interrupted. "It was a tedious three-hour journey to the hinterland, and you felt the least you deserved was to be met promptly. A rotten imposition to maroon you out in the middle of nowhere,





"Just a minute, young man. That's not quite the way we do things here at the Ford Foundation."

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you were thinking, and you proposed to tell me so. Am I right?"

"Jiminy fishhooks, Mr. Woolwine!" I exclaimed, flummoxed at the accuracy with which he had divined my thoughts.

"Yes, I happen to be psychic," he admitted. He said it without arrogance—almost wistfully, as if beseeching your friendship even though he was a demigod. "However, enough of this tawdry *ambiente*—shall we get along to my place? I hope you don't mind riding over in this old crate."

"Which one?" I asked uncertainly.

"Here," he said, tapping the baggage truck. "My own car's in the shop at the moment, but, given a simple little prop, Thespian guile can ofttimes create a startling illusion." He withdrew a sports-car cap from his pocket and, tilting it over his eyes at a rakish angle, swung up on the truck. "Come on, shake a leg," he said impatiently, as I clambered up beside him. "All set? Watch out for the gearshift. . . . Roger—away we go!"

That theatrical witchery can perform miracles we know; the most insensitive among us has felt his spirit liberated, his soul take wing, at the magic of stagecraft and sensuous language. But to be completely whisked out of reality in broad daylight, to feel oneself swept at dizzying speed along a rural highway, deafened but exhilarated by the throb of horsepower incalculable—that demands a histrionic gift verging on the hypnotic. So cunningly did Woolwine reproduce the sound of hammering cylinders and the screech of gravel under our wheels, indeed, that time and again I cringed in terror lest we hurtle into the ditch. Nor was I the only one to succumb to his legerdemain; as my pilot struggled to hold our vehicle to the road, the telegrapher, carried away by the verisimilitude of the scene, shouted above the roar of the exhaust, "Consarn ye for scorchin' around the countryside! You've just slaughtered half my chickens, durn ye!"

With a squeal of brakes, Woolwine pulled up sharply, leaped down, and, extending his hand, helped me back onto terra firma. While awe-struck at his virtuosity, I could not help noticing that we were precisely where we had started—a reaction that must have communicated itself to him, because he clucked sympathetically. "A bit shaky, are you?" he queried. "You'll be tiptop by the time we get home. It's a stone's throw from here—hardly four miles."

Considering that he had disrupted his schedule to see me, it would have been uncouth to demur, so I smiled assent and we struck out. The vivid green of early summer mantling the Pennsylvania hills, the sleepy canal threading the meadows, and the quaint covered bridges evoked some deep strain of poetry in my host, and as we wended our way he recited bucolics he had composed that bore comparison with those of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Gray. I was about to compare them when some deep strain of tact warned me not to, and instead I sought his opinion of various acting techniques—the Method, the Stanislavski system, and the like. To my chagrin, he was averse to any exegesis whatever on the subject.

"Look, Clyde," he said. "I'm just an instinctual mummer—a genius, if you will—but I don't know from formulas. I'm sort of a brilliant alchemist—I transmute the basest metals into gold through the wizardry of my temperament. Rules and schools I don't abide by."

"You draw your raw material from life itself," I said understandingly. "From the harsh interplay of passions—from greed, lust, avarice—"

"Also from the Shuberts, Bloomgarden, and David Merrick," he specified. "With me on the marquee and those birds on the adding machine, we've got it made."

My conjecture was accurate; like all major artists, Woolwine scorned easy recipes for success, deriving sorcery from no ingredient but his God-given power to inflame the imagination. How prodigious this was I realized a few minutes thence, when we stopped off at a crossroads store to buy the wherewithal for lunch. Despite my fervent protest that a salad or cold cuts would be adequate, Woolwine strove to force a Lucullan repast on me.

"Let's have a real gourmet spread!" he urged, with a mischievous glint reminiscent of one of Murillo's urchins. "What about a tureen of rich, golden fettuccine laden with butter and Parmesan, accompanied by a bottle of chill Soave and followed by heaps of tiny wild strawberries? Or, better still, a delicately crisp veal scallopine, flanked by tender new asparagus and toothsome home-fries? Whichever way, we must have an antipasto—tasty minuscule shrimp, pepperoni, chick-peas that melt in the mouth—"

So graphic an image did he summon up by word and gesture (and I flatter myself that I am not impressionable) that, for an instant, all our paltry surroundings—the shelves piled with detergents and tinned goods, the anarchy of pretzels, shoe polish, and hardware—receded into thin air, and we were in some chic *ristorante* in Ischia or Capri, a pair of hedonists lapped in sybaritic luxury. Around us swirled the wealth and fashion of Roman society, creating and destroying reputations with a witty phrase. The illusion was enhanced by the storekeeper, who, visibly kindled by Woolwine's rhetoric, whipped a mandolin from underneath the counter and burst into a full-throated rendition of "O Sole Mio." The final plangent chords, of course, brusquely recalled me to earth, yet with such a conviction of having dined to satiety that I lacked only a toothpick for complete bliss. Woolwine generously purchased a whole box of them—largely, I thought, to mollify the storekeeper, whose imagination he had perhaps overinflamed—and we proceeded on our way.

It was doubtless youthful naïveté, but, in view of Woolwine's professional stature, I had preconceived his home as a typical country gentleman's estate—a palatial fieldstone residence amid a complex of neat outbuildings, a cathedral-like barn adorned with hex signs, and an opulent swimming pool. I was, therefore, somewhat chapfallen to behold the actuality, a squat oblong structure of cement block, the bleak façade of which strikingly resembled that of a wayside liquor shop. Its situation, halfway up an eroded gully under a frowning cliff, combined the precarious and the sinister, and it was landscaped with a series of swollen concrete rock gardens full of chlorotic vegetation.

"Not quite what you foresaw, is it?" Woolwine chuckled, his clairvoyance quick to perceive my dismay. "I don't blame you for being taken aback—it's an abomination. But, you see, to anybody who lives in a world of utter make-believe, externals are meaningless. I'm anesthetic to this suburban monstrosity; I create my own background and characters as the need arises. For example—"

He dove into his pocket, extracted a set of mutton-chop whiskers, and in a trice was transformed into the simulacrum of a dignified English butler. With naught but a few cents' worth of crêpe hair, he had become the embodiment of generations of servitors obsequious yet haughty—a portrayal so richly evocative that I stood rooted to the spot in enchantment. As if by the wave of a necromancer's wand, the mean little dwelling vanished and we were in the hall of some fabled baronial castle. Fascinated, I marvelled at the rows of ancestral armor, the battle pennons, the massive fireplace on whose spit an ox slowly roasted. . . . I abruptly became aware of a hand twitching my sleeve, and awoke with a start to find myself back in vernal Pennsylvania. Woolwine, who, it appeared, had taken advantage of my daydream to procure several bottles of beer, smiled indulgently as he uncapped one for me.

"When you sink into a reverie, bud, you sure submerge," he commented. "Now then, as my guest, you're free to do as you please, naturally, but I'm going to make a suggestion. Instead of rubbering through the interior of this house, which is ugliness personified, why don't you crouch down right there on your hams while I limn it for you in winged words?"

Gratified that my presence seemingly inspired him, and eager to see how his conception differed from mine, I complied, and was rewarded with a truly protean performance. In a series of lightning characterizations that included a humorous old coachman named Uncle Cudgo, a courtly Southern planter, and the latter's dissolute, willful granddaughter, a creature that was purest Tennessee Williams, Woolwine re-created the very essence of an ante-bellum mansion. Hand in hand with them, I roved among the spacious rooms, lingering over the daguerreotypes in the faded albums, the family portraits and silver, even testing the keys of a lovely rosewood spinet. What did it matter that the music was simulated, that Woolwine was merely humming through tissue paper stretched over a comb? The fantasy was all that mattered, and it held me spellbound.

The afternoon shadows were lengthening, and perhaps I was a trifle unsteady from too much beer and fantasy, when my host escorted me to the border of his demesne and, at my insistence, cast a horoscope for the theatre of tomorrow. "I see an entirely fresh new concept of drama knocking at the door," he said, a faraway look in his eyes. "A theatre without plays in the conventional sense, devoid of scenery and untrammelled by actors. I would strip away all the fakery and abracadabra that clutter up the modern show shop—the lights, the costumes, maybe the audience itself—"

"But, suffering catfish, Mr. Woolwine," I protested. "You can't do that! What would be left?"

"Just me," he returned calmly. "Face facts, Schmidlapp—the day I donned greasepaint, a whole profession became obsolete. When the historians of the future compile their record, who do you think will be remembered—all those ineffectual, no-talent bastards in Actors' Equity beating out their brains, or one lone genius with a pocketful of props?"

There was no possible answer, and I attempted none. Instead, I wrung the hand he proffered me, shouldered my coat, and set out to retrace the four miles to the station. It was a more hazardous journey this time, in that I knew I dared not stumble, for I bore a burden infinitely fragile, infinitely precious—a chalice filled with wisdom. But, of course, that too may have been illusion.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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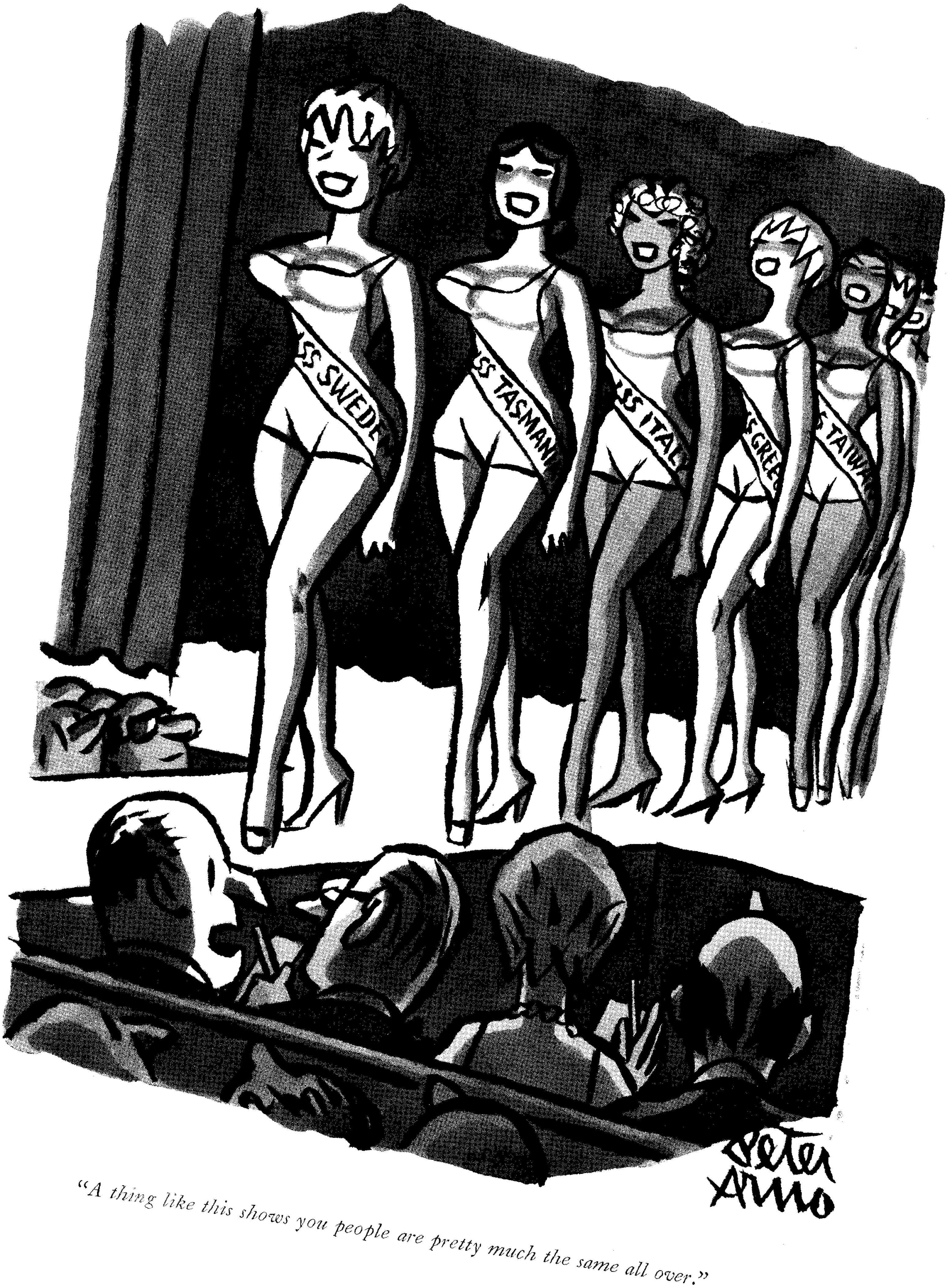
"People ask me, how did I feel after I'd walked up 20 yards in front of an elephant and shot it, and I said, 'Delicious!' You see, I've always been a great animal lover—and still am."—*Earl Wilson, quoting Mrs. James Stewart, in the Post.*

Any other questions for Mrs. Stewart?


SS SWEDE
SS TASMANI
SS ITAL
S GREE
S TAIWA
Peter Arno

"A thing like this shows you people are pretty much the same all over."

WHOSE LITTLE GIRL ARE YOU?

AS the cab stopped in front of the hospital, the woman in the brown-and-white seersucker dress turned to the fair-haired little girl on the seat beside her. "Well, here we are again," she said, handing the driver a bill.

The little girl pointed one finger at her mother. "And don't forget, Mommy," she said. "*First* we buy the present for the baby."

"Yes, indeed," her mother said. "But would you just hop out?"

"*Hop!*" The little girl moaned and struck her forehead. "You must be nutty. It's too hot to hop. Gee, I'm about to melt." She put slim white fingers on the door handle, opened the door, and stepped down into the colorless sunlight of a summer morning. Her mother followed, and turned toward the driver for her change.

"Oh, boy!" the child said with a gasp. "It sure is hot in New York today. Will I ever be glad to go home again! Can we go swimming this afternoon?" Her mother, still busy with the driver, did not answer. The child tugged at the tight belt of her red shirtwaist dress and fanned her face with her hand, pushing her blond bangs back off her forehead. "*Now* I suppose my bangs will stick up," she grumbled. "And of *course* I forgot my comb. I can't seem to *remember* in hot weather."

"Why don't you try loosening that belt?" her mother said as the cab drove off. "It's much too tight. I don't see how you can breathe."

"I don't breathe with my *stomach*," the little girl said. "But it does itch," she admitted. "Anyway, Jean wears her belt too tight. You even said! So I guess it's stylish."

"Listen," her mother said. "Your sister is only fifteen, you know. And you are only ten. Maybe I still know a little bit more than either of you. And I don't wear *my* belts tight."

"Sure, but you're too fat!" The little girl put her hand to her mouth and shook in a small convulsion of laughter.

"*Some* people call it pleasingly plump," her mother said. "And I just want to see your figure after you've had several miserable, insulting children."

They turned and started up the hospital steps. "*Can* we go swimming when we get home?" the little girl asked. "Can I take a friend?"

"Don't ask me to talk until I get up these steps," her mother said.

They pushed through the revolving door into the lobby, moved to one side away from the door, and paused there staring at each other and smiling as breezes from the lobby fans swished coolly past them.

"And *now*," the little girl said, "the present for the baby." They set out toward the gift shop, at the far end of the lobby.

"Take a good long look, will you?" her mother said. "The gift shop is air-conditioned. Naturally, that's so you'll buy more."

"*Say*," the little girl said, "that's an idea. Let's buy lots of presents. We could live in there for a while, like our own little house."

They stopped in front of the gift-shop window, and the child looked over the window display carefully. "The sunsuit I liked is gone," she said.

"Maybe it's inside," her mother said. "Let's go in where it's cool."

The little girl looked up at her mother and reached out and squeezed her hand. "I'm scared, Mommy," she said. "Even if they have it, I'm afraid she's not going to like that one."

"We'll look at all of them," her mother said.

They opened the door of the gift shop and went in. A woman in the green uniform of the hospital volunteers was standing behind the counter. The little girl walked over to her.

"May I help you?" the volunteer said.

The little girl found she was standing alone at the counter and looked around. Her mother was examining some bubble-gum cigars that stuck out of a red jar on a table near the door. "Please, I'd like a present for a baby," the little girl said. "It's a sunsuit, like you had in the window the last time I was here."

The volunteer reached under the counter and pulled open a drawer. She removed a small stack of baby clothes and put them on the counter. "It's probably one of these," she said, "unless it's already been sold."

"No, here it is," the little girl said happily. "It's the one with the writing on it, on the you-know, the back."

The volunteer held the frilly pink sunsuit up and studied it. "Whose Little Girl Are You?" was stitched in red on the seat. She read it aloud and smiled. "This one's darling," she said.

The child put her hand on the pink cotton sunsuit, ran her palm lightly over the rows of ruffles, and then turned to her mother, who had joined her at the counter. "Mommy, are you *sure* she won't think it's corny to have writing on it?" she said.

"Oh, please," her mother said, "haven't we been through this before?"

The volunteer laughed. "Don't worry," she said. "People are always corny about babies."

"We have this friend, and she has eight babies," the little girl said. "Of *course*, they are all children now, except

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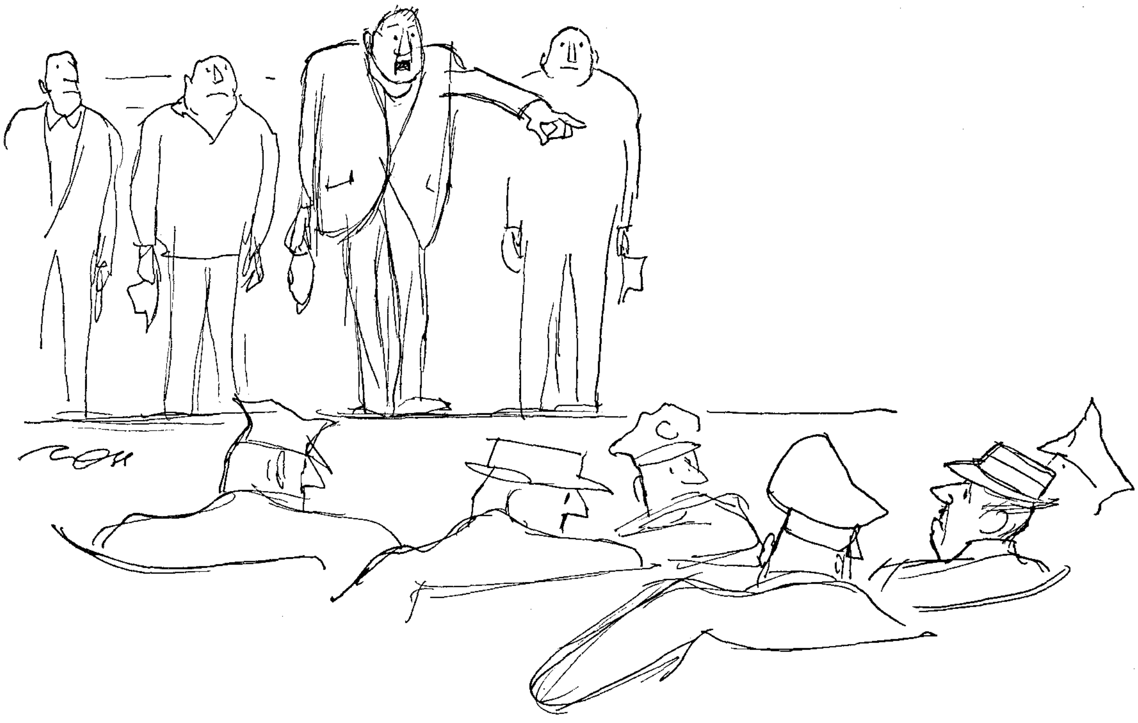
NO MORE TRADING STAMPS FOR 275 MILES
CLAUDE



"That's him! That's the man who was slugged and robbed by me!"

• •

the baby, and she's a little girl, too—I mean a girl baby. My mother says the trouble with babies is they grow up and become children." She looked up slyly at her mother.

"I got sick of being a Brownie leader," her mother explained to the volunteer. "Have you ever had to eat Girl Scout American Chop Suey?"

"*No*," the volunteer said. "I never even heard of it. Oh dear, tell me, have I missed something?"

The little girl looked sidewise at her mother, who turned her head away and shuddered slightly. Then they all looked at the sunsuit again. "If that's the one you want, then let's buy it and go," her mother told the little girl. "And here, I have some bubble-gum cigars for the boys."

"*Ugh*," the little girl said. "She means my brothers."

The volunteer folded the sunsuit in a gift box lined with tissue paper and tied a ribbon around the box. She handed it to the little girl, who held it against her cheek and sighed. "I'm going to have ten children," she told the volunteer.

"Don't expect me to help you take care of them," her mother said. "Now, we *must* go."

THE little girl and her mother left the gift shop and walked down the long, high-ceilinged hall that led from the lobby. At the end of the hall, they turned left down another long hall. The child reached for her mother's hand and squeezed it, then turned around and began to walk backward, examining her mother's face. "The trouble is, what if she *does* think it's you-know-what to have writing on it?" she said.

"Don't worry, she's too little to read," her mother said desperately.

The little girl pinched her mother's hand. "Come *on*, Mommy," she said. "You *know* I don't mean the baby, I mean Dr. Loomis." She paused, let her mother's hand go, and walked facing the direction in which they were going, keeping in step by her mother's side. "Now, *that's* funny," she went on. "I never thought about that before. I never thought about lady doctors *having babies*. Just like other people."

"You haven't known many lady doctors, have you?"

"No, not any, up till now. I like the way they dress up. They wear pretty dresses, even if they do have to put those white coats over them. And beads. Why don't you wear beads more?"

They turned left again, following a sign with an arrow pointing to another sign that said "Clinic."

"Why don't you say something *nice* to me for a change?" the little girl's mother said.

"O.K. You're nice. That's nice, isn't it? Gee, there sure are a lot of kids here today."

Most of the chairs in the waiting room outside the window of the clinic office were occupied by adults. Children were clustered around a volunteer who had just wheeled in a gift cart wound with crêpe paper and hung with balloons. Two little boys were banging each other over the head with balloons and laughing wildly. The little girl and her mother went through the office door and showed their credentials to the nurse at the desk—the limp, worn clinic card and the appointment slip. It was a large office. Three doctors sat at a long table with their heads bowed over charts; above them, tacked to the wall, were sheets of paper covered with rows of figures. A technician came out from the laboratory next door to the desk every minute or so to add new figures to the sheets. Farther on was a room with three beds in it. Around a corner were the examining rooms. In the office, doctors stood talking to parents, and children hung around their mothers and fathers or simply stood staring at each other. A nurse's aide in a blue uniform came over. "Hello, honey," she said to the little girl. "Don't *you* look pretty today! That's a new dress, I'll bet. Want to give your mother that package and come and get weighed now?"

The aide took the little girl over to the scales in the corner of the office, weighed her, and put a thermometer in her mouth. She came back to the desk and reported weight and temperature to the nurse there, who entered the information on a record sheet spread in front of her.

"Now, dear, you can go on to the lab and get your finger stuck," the aide said. "There are only two or three ahead of you."

"See you," the little girl's mother said, nodding. "And take the present along. Maybe you'll see Dr. Loomis there."

She went downstairs to the cashier's office, paid for the clinic visit, picked up her receipt, and went back upstairs to the waiting room. Several children came out of the office, each holding a finger dabbed with cotton pointed out from the hand—little white flowers on pink stems. The girl's mother lighted a cigarette, and as she got rid of the match she noticed that the standing ashtrays were already beginning to fill up with discarded cotton from the morning. She stood with her back against the wall and waited, and then a woman she knew as Janie's mother came out of the office and walked over to her. "How are *you*?" Janie's mother asked. "There are so many new people here it's nice to see a familiar face. I haven't seen you for weeks."

"We just got here," the little girl's mother said. "We've been coming in two or three times a week. I wondered about you."

"Janie's been fine," her mother said. "But today her hemoglobin is down. They're going to transfuse her—just a supportive measure till we see if this new medication takes hold. I think it will, because she responded so well to the others. She's in bed now, looking at a comic, so I thought this was a good time to slip out and telephone my sitter to say we'll be late. It takes so long for them to get the blood down from the blood bank upstairs—but then I ought to be glad they're so careful about checking."

The little girl appeared at the office door and walked over to them, holding a piece of cotton to one finger.

"Well, here's your child now!" Janie's mother said. "And doesn't she look pretty! I'll bet that's a new dress."

The little girl shrugged with pleasure and nodded. She looked up at her mother. "I saw Dr. Loomis, and she told me we can go in now for my checkup," she said. "And, Mommy, she *liked* the present for her baby. She said her baby doesn't have *any*thing nice to wear to the beach, and she's going home on her lunch hour and show her what a lucky little girl she is. She *said* she had never seen one with writing on it and it was very unusual."

"Say hello to Janie, if you have a chance," Janie's mother said. "She's getting a transfusion."

"I hope I won't have to have one," the little girl said. "They're so boring. And I want to get home."

They went back into the clinic office and found an empty examining room. There was one big window; the room was painted light blue and there were decals of Humpty Dumpty on the walls. The little girl took off her clothes and climbed up on the examining table. She frowned and sighed. "I can't make up my mind whether to have ten babies or to be a ballet dancer," she said to her mother. "What do you think?" She lay down, pulled a sheet up to her chin, and looked up at the ceiling.

"I thought you were going to be a famous pianist," her mother said.

Dr. Loomis strolled in, waving a flashlight.

"Hello, Dr. Loomis," the little girl said.

"You know, there is never a flashlight here where it should be," the doctor said, pointing her flashlight at the little girl, "so I *stole* this. I know you won't tell anybody. And I'm going to keep it in my pocket. Every man for himself in this busy place. Nobody is going to get the chance to borrow it, either. Look, it even works!" She flicked the switch, and a bright round beam passed over the little girl. "Now, how are you today?"

"Fine," the little girl said doubtfully.

"Troubles?" the doctor asked, looking surprised.

"She has a problem," the child's mother said. "She can't decide whether to be a mother or a ballet dancer."

"Well, I can't help you there," Dr. Loomis said. "But just don't be a doctor. The work's too hard. Now, what'll I start looking at? Eyes, ears, nose, throat, feet—you have a choice, Madam."

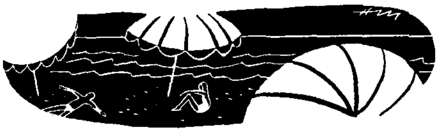
"I don't care," the little girl said patiently.

Her mother walked over and looked out of the window. "This is a scorcher," she said. "And no sign of rain. Isn't it a hot summer!"

"I haven't noticed, what with my work here, and a lot of reading to do, and then that baby," Dr. Loomis said. "I do hope my mother understands how to take care of babies."

"She took care of *you*, didn't she?" the little girl said.

Dr. Loomis folded her stethoscope and tapped her head with it. "Good heavens," she said. "I never thought of that." They all laughed, and then Dr. Loomis said, "Now, young lady, the head man wants to see you this morning. I'll go get him; I think he's with another patient now, but it won't be long."



"I hope he hurries," the little girl said. "I want to go home and go swimming with my friend."

"I'll see what I can do," Dr. Loomis said, and went out.

"I guess I wouldn't want to be a ballet dancer in the *summer*," the little girl said.

"Where is she, in here?" they heard the head man say. The door opened and he came in rapidly, nodding to the little girl's mother. "Hi!" he said to the little girl. "I saw you outside getting weighed, and you had a new red dress on. Been doing your school shopping already?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I suppose *girls* think it's more important to buy new dresses than notebooks and pencil boxes," he said, with pointed condescension.

"I don't buy *pencil boxes* any more," the little girl said. "I'm too old for that."

He rolled his eyes. "Of course you are. Well, how do you feel today, old lady?"

"Fine," she said.

"Good. Mind if I borrow your mother a minute?" he asked. "Why don't you get dressed while we go look at all those charts the people here keep."

The little girl's mother went out of the room with the doctor and into another examining room, which had just been vacated. He closed the door.

LOVE IN THE CITY

Kicking a leg and looking at her nails
With a thoughtful frown . . .
She sighs—the lightest veils
Are falling, one by one.
Outside it's getting dark, and rain
Splatters the roof. It lightens and it thunders.

The moon is a voyeur.
The moon and I make certain observations.
Much have we seen of love. We know
How these pale women grow
Large; and she removes a stocking,
Balanced on one leg like an ocean bird.

Insistently the rain
Lashes the roof, beats on the windowpane.
I say . . . It doesn't matter what I say.
Blind Eros blunders
From chair to bed, and yet
The night and I have certain reservations.

—Louis Simpson

• •

"Well, I don't much like the way things are going," he said, frowning at a paper that he took from his pocket. "Her white count is very low this morning, and the platelet count has been going way down. I suspected this was going to happen from the tests we did two weeks ago."

They straightened their shoulders and faced each other, their arms folded. The little girl's mother watched the doctor carefully.

"I'd like to keep her here today," he continued, thoughtfully. "I hate to hospitalize her. With that low white count, which *can* be due to the new medication, she's apt to pick up anything, and in general home is better than the hospital, as far as picking up infections goes. On the other hand, I'd rather have her here in case of an emergency. How do you feel about it?"

"If you think there might be an emergency, she'd better stay," the little girl's mother said. "But she'll be very unhappy. She had plans at home . . ."

"I think we'd better keep her," the doctor said. He glanced at the decals of Little Boy Blue and Little Bopeep as if he had just noticed them. Then he looked at the little girl's mother and said quietly, "You understand, of course, that we're getting close to the end of the line. She may slip away from us any time."

The little girl's mother looked at Little Bopeep; the toe of her slipper had been peeled away.

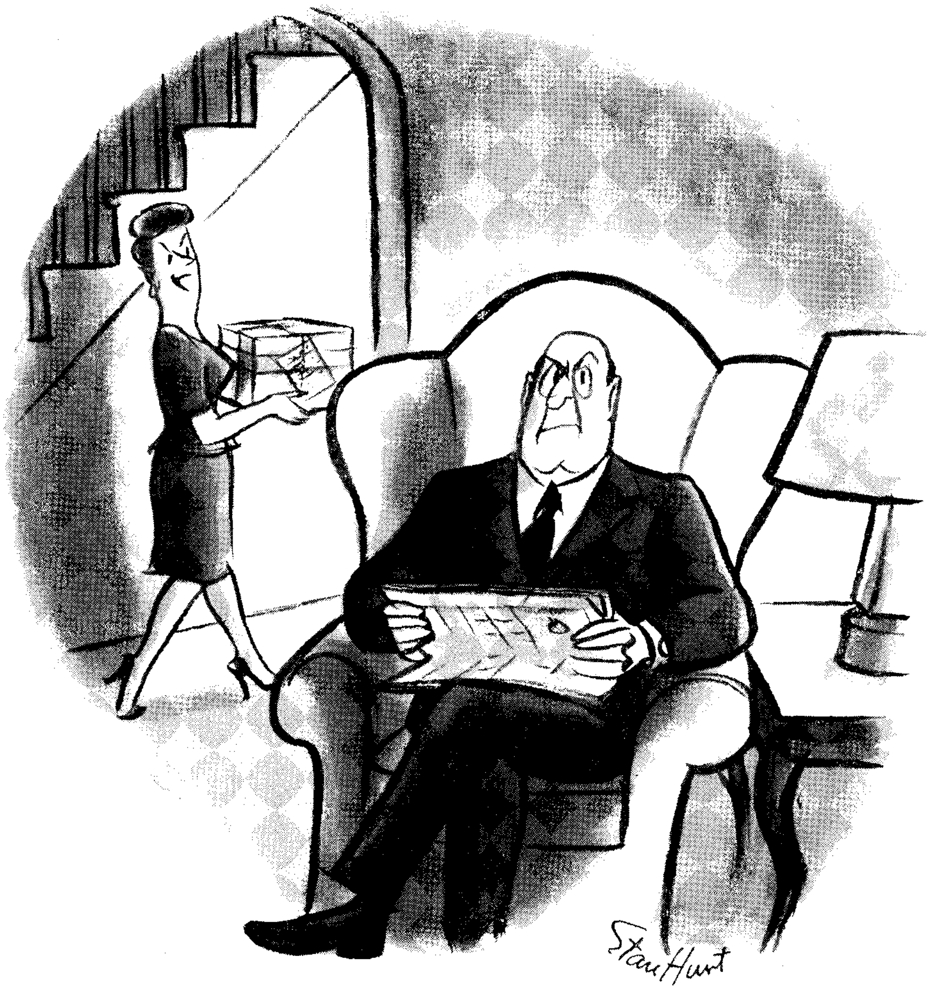
"Yes," she said. "Will *you* tell her that she's to stay?"

"Of course," he said. "We'll telephone upstairs and tell them she's being admitted." He hurried away.

". . . as far as I know, only for a few days," he said to the little girl. "Some of those tests we can do better with you right here than if you went home and had to come back every day."

She put her forehead against her mother's arm. "It sounds like a good idea," her mother said. "We'll get this all over with before the summer's over, so you won't have to come in any more. And remember, carrot sticks and olives with lunch and dinner, and if you don't like what's on the menu you can always have a hamburger."

The little girl put a hot, dry hand in her mother's hand. "I'm not hungry," she said.



"Your stuffed shirts are here."

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THE woman in the brown-and-white seersucker dress and the little girl in the red shirtwaist went out of the office and down the long hall to the elevators, and then up to the third floor. When they got off the elevator, they turned right and went through some doors to the children's ward. A tall, rangy nurse met them and blocked their way. "Now, just a minute," she said, holding up her hand. "You've been here before; you know the rules. It's Monday, and no dishwater blondes are admitted here on Monday."

The little girl kept her eyes on the floor, but one corner of her mouth quivered.

"Oh, *well*, I suppose I'll have to let you stay, now that you're here," the nurse said. "I wouldn't want you to feel that you're not welcome. Take the lady you brought with you and go stay in the front lounge until I can find a bed for you—something terribly uncomfortable, with lumps in the mattress." Then she turned to two small boys in pajamas and robes who were rolling marbles down the hall and said, "Tommy and Jake, *if* you don't get those marbles off the floor before I count three, I'm going to blow my stack. You want somebody to fall down?"

The boys snickered hoarsely.

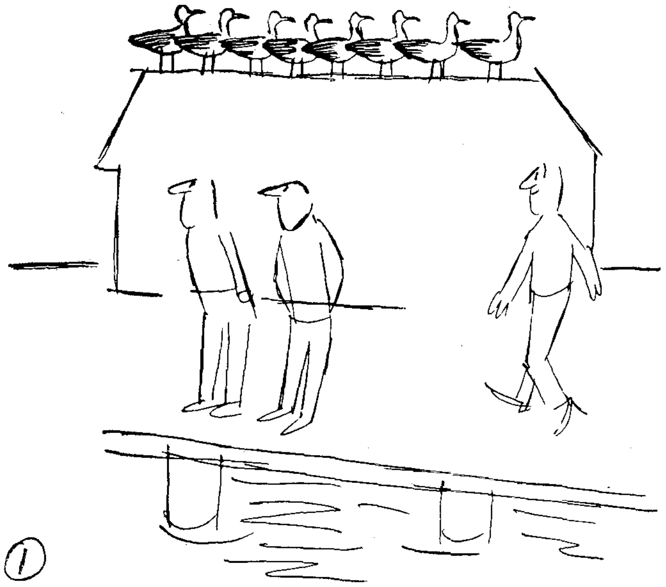
"Yes, I know," she said. "You want *me* to fall down. I'm starting to count. One, two, two and six-eighths . . ."

The little girl and her mother went on ahead into the lounge. A man and a woman and a boy the same size as the little girl were sitting there. The boy was tanned and bright-eyed; he put one finger in his crew-cut hair and scratched abstractedly when he saw the little girl. Then he yawned and looked away. The little girl's mother went over to a coffee urn and poured some coffee into a cardboard cup. She turned to her daughter. " 'Thy soul and God stand sure,' " she said. "And the coffee here is always the same."

"What are you *talking* about?" the little girl said. "I don't get it."

The man, who wore a short-sleeved checked sports shirt and slacks, looked at his wife and raised his eyebrows. She was dark-haired, slim and pretty. She wore a bright printed cotton dress, and her hands held on to a straw bag ornamented with colored shells. As she did not look at her husband, he turned to the little girl's mother. "You been here before?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," the little girl's mother said. "We've been here many times. Some



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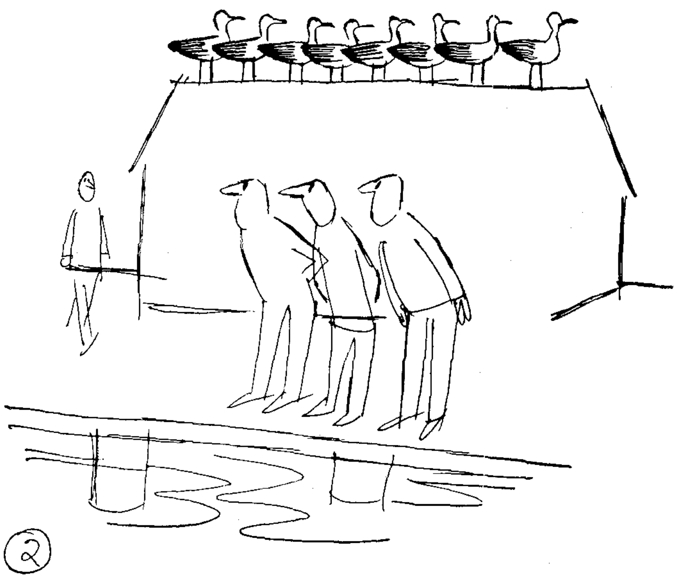

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of the bugs you pick up these days take a long time to get rid of."

"Oh," the man said. "Well, this is our first time. Tod just got sick."

The pretty woman in the bright summer cotton got up abruptly, put her handkerchief to her face, and walked out of the room. "My wife . . ." the man began hesitantly, scratching his throat. "My wife has terrible hay fever. This is a bad year for it, too. I mean, these last few weeks." He paused. "If you've been here before, you must know the ropes," he said to the little girl. "I hope you'll be nice to Tod here. This is all new to him."

As there was no answer from the little girl, her mother said, "Of course she will. Anyway, he'll have a great time here. He'll meet lots of kids. Have you seen the playroom?"

"Not yet," the man said. "They told us to wait here until they had a room ready— I guess they've got one now." A nurse stood at the door, smiling at the boy. They got up and went out.

The little girl glared at her mother. "Why did you say I'd be nice to that boy?" she demanded.

"He's new here. You always try to be helpful with new kids."

She thrust her chin out. "I won't be nice to him unless he's nice to me first. Boys are supposed to be nice to you first. You want him to think that I think he's handsome or something?"

Mrs. Johnson, who ran the kitchen, put her head in the door. "Hello, dear," she said. "I heard you were back with us for a bit. I guess your room isn't ready yet, but lunch is. Why don't you go down to the playroom and eat, and see if any of your old friends are down there."

"Yes, go ahead and have lunch," the little girl's mother said. "I have to go down to the admitting office anyway, or they'll be sending a policeman after me. And I can't stay here for that sacred naptime after lunch. See you soon."

She went downstairs and telephoned the little girl's father. Then she went into the admitting office and signed some papers. Afterward, she went down the hall to the coffee shop and drank some coffee. Then she went into the main lobby and sat on a slippery leather couch and watched the clock. When the naptime was over and she could go up to the children's ward, she went to the coffee shop, bought a six-pack carton of grape soda, and took the elevator back to the third floor. An aide told her which room the little girl was in.

It was a double room, divided in half by a glass screen. The bed near the door was made up and the sheets were turned back, but there was no one in it. The little girl was alone in the room, in the bed on the far side of the screen. She lay with her head back on two large pillows, and she was looking at a book called "The Story of Rocks and Minerals." She wore a short pink hospital gown. A little piece of stained cotton showed in one nostril.

"Well, what happened to *you*?" her mother asked. "Get into a fight with some other girl over Tod?"

The little girl put the book down and raised her head. She reached for her mother's hands and spread them, with the cool palms down, against her cheeks. "I had a funny feeling about this nosebleed," she said. "I had a feeling that this one was never going to stop."

"You were wrong, weren't you?" her mother said. "Wrong again."

"It's still leaking, sort of," the little girl said.

"You mustn't get so upset over things like that," her mother told her. "I suppose the reason you do is that you've never really been sick before. For instance, you've never had your tonsils out; now, that *is* something. That's an operation!"

She put the carton of grape soda on the window sill. "I brought you your favorite drink," she said. "Let's not start getting dehydrated right away."

"Please don't use that word," the little girl said. "I get sick of it. Maybe I *want* to get dehydrated." She looked around at the other bed. "Listen, Mommy," she went on. "Do you want to hear something?"

Her mother took a bottle of grape soda out of the carton and opened it. She put two straws in it, handed it to the little girl, and sat down in the chair by her bed.

"This girl, my roommate," the little girl began, in a low, confidential voice. Then she stopped, and took her mother's hand. "I'd better whisper, in case she comes back and I don't hear her," she said. "And you'd better bend over close. They just took her down for a picture and they'll be bringing her back. I don't want her to know I'm talking about her. This girl has red hair and she comes from London, England. Can we go there sometime?"

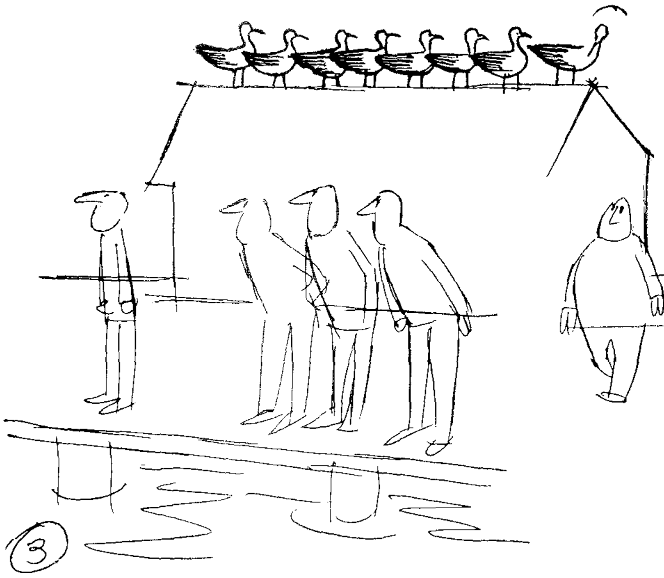
"Maybe," her mother said. "We'll have to ask your father. He'll be up to see you pretty soon."

"Listen, Mommy," she said softly. "This girl is my age—ten, you know, or, rather, ten and a half. And she cries a lot. You know why?"

Her mother shook her head.

"Well, she cries a lot because she told me she has these terrible pains in her leg. Now, *listen*. You want to know something scary?"

"No," her mother said. "Well, anyway, not too scary."



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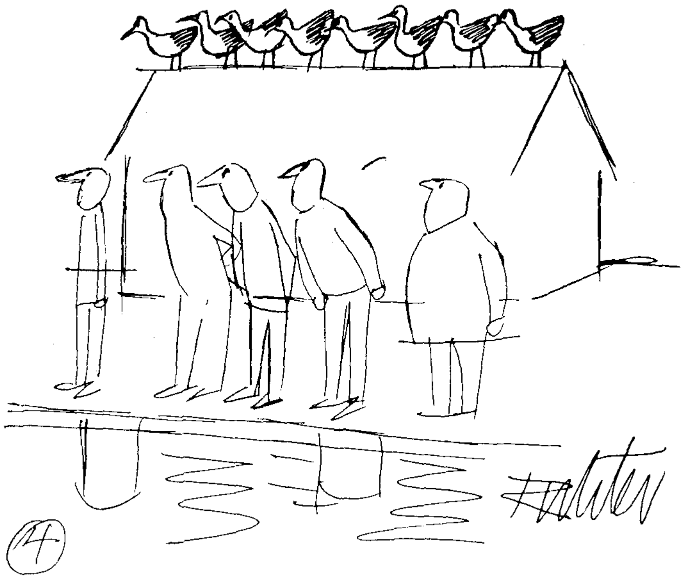

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"Well—she has these pains in her leg, and she doesn't even *have* a leg. There was a lump on it and the doctors took her leg *off*, but they will get her a new one, which will be better. Now—how can you have a pain in something when it isn't there?"

"Maybe she's just imagining it," the little girl's mother said. "Or maybe the pain is really in the other leg."

"No," the little girl said firmly. "*The pain is in the leg that is not there!* Boy, wait till I tell my friends at home about that."

The tall nurse appeared at the door and bowed. "O.K., Your Majesty," she said. "Your court is waiting for you in the treatment room." She rubbed her hands together. "I've been in there sharpening the needles." She winced.

"Oh, all *right*," the little girl said. "Somebody here is always interrupting."

"So sorry, Princess," the nurse said.

As they went out, the little girl's mother heard her say to the nurse, "Listen, Nancy, how can you have a pain . . ."

WHEN they had gone, the little girl's mother got up and wandered down the hall to the front lounge, removing a package of cigarettes from her purse. Tod's father was sitting on a slippery leather chair, his head in his hands. He looked up as she came in, and nodded.

"Tod settled down?" she asked. "He'll like it here; he'll have a good time."

"A *good time*," the man whispered.

"Yes," she said. "He'll be all right."

"All right," he said. "*All right!* Christ in Heaven, lady, you know what he has?"

The little girl's mother looked at the open door and put a finger to her lips. "So do a lot of the children here," she said "So does my little girl."

He swallowed. "Jesus," he said. "And you just *stand there* like that!"

"We've been here before," she said. "We've been coming here for a long time. They can do a lot now. They get new things all the time. Someday they'll get *the* thing. Maybe today or tomorrow."

He blew his breath away. "Lady," he said. "You don't understand. A baby across the hall just died."

"Yes," she said. "I thought so. She was a cute baby. About two. Her name was Susy."

"Look," he said. "I don't care what her name was. I *saw* what happened. I saw them come out of that room. Her mother and father, I mean. They just came out without looking at anybody, and they were carrying a big brown paper bag. Like in the supermarket. You know what I mean?"

The woman nodded.

"Listen," he said. "You know what was in that bag? You know those white shoes little kids like that wear? And those petticoats that stick out all around? And those dresses that tie in back? And you know what else? That's how I could tell. I saw it. Right on top, with its head sticking out, was one of those big fuzzy animals those little kids like. You know, when they're little you take those glass eyes out so they won't choke on them? That was all they had to take home. She died. Don't you understand? *Died!* She's dead . . ." He put his hand to his mouth and pinched his lips. "Listen, lady," he said, and he got up and stood by his chair. "Tell me. *How am I going to go back in that room where my boy is?* You tell me."

The little girl's mother walked over to the coffee urn and turned the spigot completely around. "Empty," she said.

The man moved close to her. "You know what I think about you, lady? I'll tell you." He stood in front of her with his fingers curled tightly in his hands. "I think you're a *damned cold fish!*" He turned and went out and down the hall.

The little girl's mother waited until he was out of sight. Then she went on back to the double room, but there was no one in it yet. She crossed the room and stood frowning at the bed. She put her hand on a wrinkle in the middle of the bed, but it was a solid wrinkle. She went to the foot of the bed and cranked the head down, after first cranking it up by mistake. She removed the pillows and pulled at the sheet, and the wrinkle disappeared. She cranked the bed up again, but the wrinkle was right there. She replaced the pillows and sat down. Her eyes moved around the room, looking for something to look at, and stopped. There were no closets or hangers in the room, and on top of the radiator cover the little girl's red dress lay, neatly folded. Her mother smiled suddenly, simply as one smiles at the tidiness of a young child. Then she looked down at her hands, which were lying palms up, shallow and empty, in her lap. She turned them over deliberately, and placed one hand on top of the other. And then she sat there and waited for the little girl to come back.

—KATINKA LOESER

•

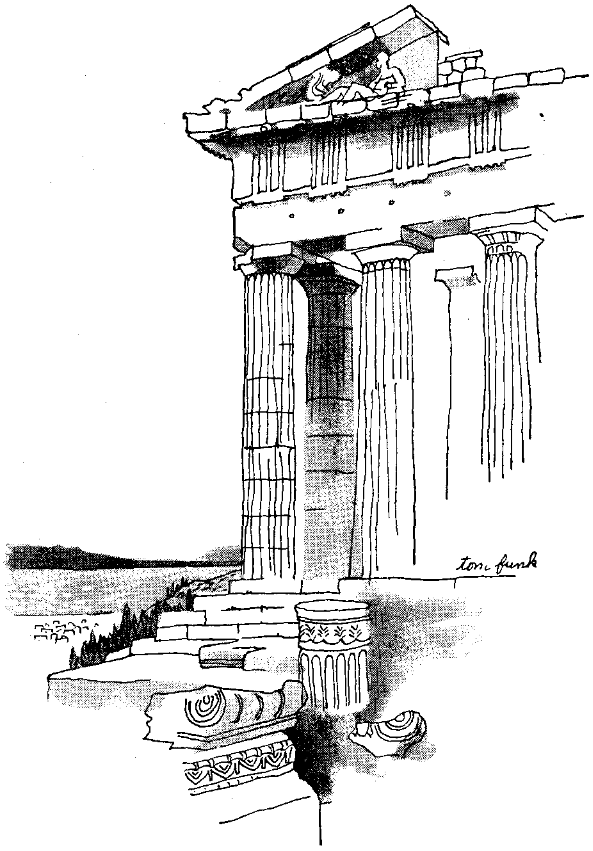
She has studied at Corcoran, Otis Art Institute in California, Bozart's at Fontainebleau in France, and at American University here.—*Washington Post.*

She ever know a chap over there named Max Eames?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GRECIAN CALENDAR

I—ATHENS



NOT long ago, I spent a year in Greece, making Athens my center of operations while occasionally travelling about the country or staying for a while at some spot in its outlying regions. To reach Athens, I could have flown direct from New York, but flying is much the same everywhere. I could also have got there from Western Europe by either train or car through Yugoslavia, but while this offers some gorgeous scenery, the going is slow and, if one is driving, rough into the bargain. Anyhow, I favored a sea approach, which to me seemed the most fitting, because in a sense Greece is an amphibious nation, consisting of what are sometimes referred to as Dry Greece (the mainland) and Wet Greece (the many islands, which have been nourishing the national life since before the time of Ulysses). Having selected the town of Brindisi, on the lower east coast of Italy, as my jumping-off point, I journeyed there and, late one January afternoon, boarded the Greek ship Angelika, a stately vessel built in Glasgow almost half a century before and full of old reddish-brown panelling and monumental plumbing. The Angelika sailed at dusk and headed southeast across the Adriatic bound for Piraeus, with several scheduled island stops along the way. At dawn the next day, I rose to find that we were off the coast of Albania and nearing Corfu, the northernmost of Greece's Ionian Islands. Long, low, black, and sharply outlined, it lay silhouetted against a cloudy horizon that was tinged with red from the rising sun, while overhead there were stars still visible in a clear, pale-blue sky.

The Angelika docked at Corfu, where her passengers—a mixed lot of tourists and businessmen of various nationalities—were cleared by Greek customs officials. By midmorning, when we put to sea again and began sailing south along the Greek coast, the open deck space that constituted the Angelika's third-class accommodations was teeming with passengers of an entirely different sort—part of the multitude of peasants, of both sexes and all ages, who are forever moving about on the shipping lanes of Wet Greece, carrying with them all sorts of things, including sacks, baskets, chickens, and demijohns of wine. (The chickens are usually cooped up in crates when they are brought aboard, but their owners soon let them loose—for exercise, I suppose—and they scramble about the decks along with the peasants' children.)

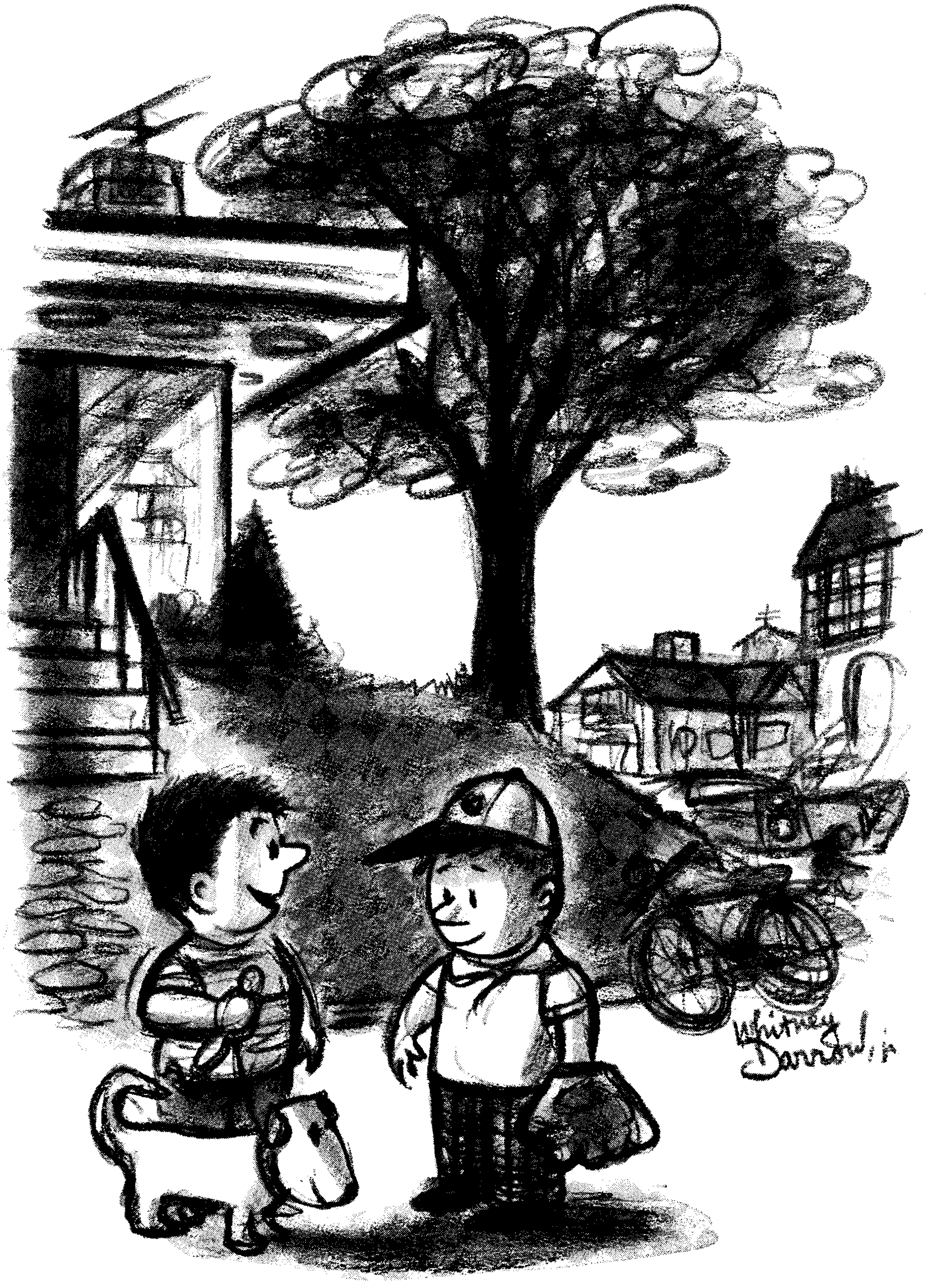
One of two or three brief stops we made that afternoon, without going ashore, was at Ithaca, the home of Ulysses—a hard, rocky little island, with much character but with little aspect of comfort about it. Even when it is merely glimpsed from a boat in the harbor, Ithaca makes one sympathize both with the wanderer's expressed longing to return to it and with his delaying ten years before doing so. That night, we turned east into the Gulf of Corinth, which cuts the Greek peninsula almost in two, and at dawn we sighted the Corinth Canal, a ditch dug in the nineteenth century to sever the Isthmus of Corinth—the narrow link between the northern mainland and the great bulge of the Peloponnesus to the south. The hint of dawn that had been visible in the east as we approached the canal was dimmed when we entered the steep-walled waterway, with its flanking electric lights. By the time we emerged from it into the Aegean Sea, the dawn spread out clearly before us, pink and green, and the roosters in third class were crowing.

The canal is both narrow and shallow, being geared to the cozy scale of domestic shipping and incapable of handling the generally larger vessels of foreign shippers, who sometimes complain that it is deliberately limited to its present width and depth to keep them out of Greek waters. Foreign boats are not actually banned from the canal, and I have seen a few Italian and Turkish ones—unusually small, by the standards of their nations—passing through it, but their captains may well have been grumbling, for alien craft that meet the canal's specifications are said to suffer unreasonable delays while complying with regulations rigged against them by the Greek authorities. Such complaints are commonplace wherever one nation controls a vital maritime passage, but the point here is one of size. The canal is small, Greek ships are small, the Aegean is small, the islands in it are small, and all of them exist in a small world of their own, whose true capital, in the minds of many of this world's inhabitants, is Piraeus, which is also small. In fact, to the eye of a hasty tourist impatient to move on to Athens, Piraeus seems hardly more than a miniature Hoboken, yet to large numbers of people in Wet Greece the nation's official capital is a mere shadow of Piraeus.

PIRAEUS stands at the southern extremity of the so-called Athenian plain, which, lying in the heart of the diminutive promontory of Attica and centering around Athens, stretches gently upward for about fifteen miles to the foothills of four mountains—Mount Aegaleos, on the west, Mount Parnes and Mount Pentelikon, on the north and the northeast, respectively, and, finally, Mount Hymettus, famous for its honey, on the east. By the time we docked at Piraeus, it was a good sunny morning, and I had a fine view of this landscape as I rode in a taxi from Piraeus, through Athens, to Kifissia, a resort in the heights above the plain, some nine miles north of the capital. I had made reservations in Kifissia at the Cecil Hotel—a wide, shallow slab of a structure, six stories high, each floor of which has a straight, wide central corridor running the entire length, with rooms opening off it on either side, much as in a hospital. The hotel stands in a verdant section of Kifissia, not far from Mount Pentelikon, where a great deal of the marble in the buildings of the Acropolis was quarried, and many of the floors, stairways, and terraces are made of marble from the same source. The hotel is nearly deserted during the winter months, and when I arrived only the lower floors were heated. I got a room with bath on the third story—or second, as these things are reckoned there—for two dollars a day. It had a parquet floor, a lofty ceiling, a high, narrow bed (also hospital-like in its severity), and French windows facing south toward Athens and the Aegean. Sometimes, as the winter progressed, I could open the windows and take sunbaths, but we had snowstorms, too, and then big flakes would hover dreamily outside the panes.

The hotel had reduced the size of its staff for the winter—in the dining room, for instance, only a headwaiter, a waiter, and a busboy were on duty—but the morale of the few employees who were around seemed very high, and I can't describe how kind they were to me. Some Greeks say of themselves that as a nation they are afflicted with xenomania, or madness for foreigners. I have detected no signs of madness in the Greek attitude toward foreigners but only a vast amount of courtesy, cheerfulness, and hospitality, and this was especially true at the Cecil, even though the management did not pay the help much. The concierge, George, a wispy, nervous man with a long nose, bushy brows, and thinning hair, which he kept smoothly brushed, was highly voluble—touchingly so—in both French and English. I became fast friends with him, according to a custom that Americans have overseas, and that Englishmen are apt to find baffling; schematically speaking, the American gesture is to shake hands with a concierge on sight, while the British one is to raise an eyebrow at this spectacle. On view at the Cecil, in fact, was a photograph of a celebrated American, the late Tyrone Power, shaking hands with George, which had been taken some years ago, when the actor was staying at the hotel and George had the task of protecting him from female admirers, both Greek and American. George had no such task to perform for me, alas, but he was always lending me money and telling me how to get things done in Athens. He used to tell me about his personal affairs, too. I think he was happy, on the whole; at least, he had good cause to be, for he had married off a couple of sisters—an onerous undertaking in Greece, where dowries are the rule—and was raising two fine little non-dowriable boys of his own.

The food at the Cecil, in my opinion, was only so-so—or *étsi-k'étsi*, as the Greeks say. Most of the items on the menu were feeble likenesses of dishes associated with Western Europe, and the



"He's only four weeks old, and he can already say 'arf.'"

"What's the matter, Mac? Can't you read?"

same was true at the more costly hotels down in Athens. The Greeks have a fine cuisine of their own, but they seem to feel that foreign visitors would turn up their noses at it. And perhaps, come to think of it, some of them would, so the tourist places may be only playing it safe. To my taste, however, the food in the cheap restaurants of Athens was better, as a rule, than the food in the expensive places; I don't recall ever feeling that I was dining to advantage in a big Athenian hotel except at the Grande Bretagne, and even then it was only for the fine collection of *mezédes*, or Greek hors d'oeuvres, that were wheeled around at lunchtime. So, in general, I would recommend such hotels only for bed and breakfast. But, to get back to the Cecil, in addition to its Western attempts, it did offer a few Greek dishes, including a stew of lamb or veal cooked with vegetables in olive oil, and the chef was unusually good at preparing *moussaká*, a dish in which several layers of ground beef or veal, with either eggplant or zucchini sandwiched in between them, are drenched with olive oil, then topped off with a little cheese and dough or mashed potato, and baked. A lot of restaurants in Greece prepare their *moussaká* in big pans, baking many portions at a time, with the result that most of it stands around in the kitchen so long that it gets cool, but the Cecil always served its *moussaká* up piping hot, freshly baked in individual dishes. Even if a dish of it was left in the oven longer than it should have been, the oil could be relied on to keep it juicy. Olive oil is the great catalyst in Greek food, sloshing about wherever cooking is in progress. One gets addicted to it, to the detriment of one's figure; on the other hand, one doesn't have to worry much about butter, which is scarce in Greece.

AFTER getting settled in the Cecil, I began taking Greek lessons from Miss Sophie (or Sophia, meaning "wisdom"), a young lady of radiant complexion and the purest character imaginable, who had taught herself both French and English, and who agreed to come in twice a week. In the mornings, she ran a nursery school, and in the afternoons she gave her Greek lessons, riding from one pupil to another, rain or shine, on a bicycle. As a boy, I had studied ancient Greek, after a fashion, but I had since forgotten most of it. I am not at all sure, as a matter of fact, that a knowledge of ancient Greek, as it is taught in American colleges, is a help in learning the modern version; even a knowledge of the Greek alphabet, which may be all one remembers from those long-ago classes, is of doubtful value, because the sounds of the letters today are so different from those we were taught. For one thing, the hard "b," "g," and "d" of classical Greek are all soft. The letter "*β*," or "beta," which used to be pronounced "b," is now pronounced "v," and this means that—to take a word at random—"*βορεάς*," or the north wind, once known to us as "Boreas," is now pronounced "Voreas." It also means that, for the sake of some words borrowed from other languages, a new symbol, "mp," has been devised to denote the sound of the hard "b," and thus the word "bar" (meaning a dispensary of drinks) is written "*μπάρ*," which, transliterated by the system used in our schoolrooms, would be "mpar." And so it goes, with the result that many of the signs in downtown, cosmopolitan Athens are likely to bewilder a classical scholar, who, when he sees "Wagons-Lits Cook" written as "*βαγκόν-Λί Κούκ*," tends to read it as "Bankon-Li Kouk." This is far from the whole story, for many vowels and diphthongs in Greek have changed, too, but it is enough to give an idea. All in all, modern Greek is a difficult language however one looks at it. Not the least of its tangles is the conflict between *dimotikí*, or demotic Greek, the idiom of the streets, which is a vast corruption of the classical form, and *katharévousa*, a statelier medium, which has been kept much more closely in line with the ancient tongue. Since the clergy, the legal profession, and the bureaucracy in Greece all use *katharévousa*, its position would seem to be secure and lasting, even though the uneducated can't handle it and the young intellectuals are dead against it, as is indicated by the fact that most modern Greek fiction and poetry are written in *dimotikí*. Respectability is on the side of *katharévousa*, youth and change on that of *dimotikí*. Sentimentally, I would have favored *dimotikí* anyway, I suppose, but I was also determined to study it in preference to *katharévousa* on the more practical ground that I knew I would pick up, at best, only a smattering of modern Greek, and I wanted to be able to use this in conversing with peasants, waiters, bus conductors, and the like, rather than with the educated, many of whom are fluent in English. Miss Sophie went along with me on my preference for *dimotikí*, though somewhat, I think, against her better judgment.

Frequently, on days when I was not expecting Miss Sophie, I would leave the hotel and either walk through the countryside beyond Kifissia or go down

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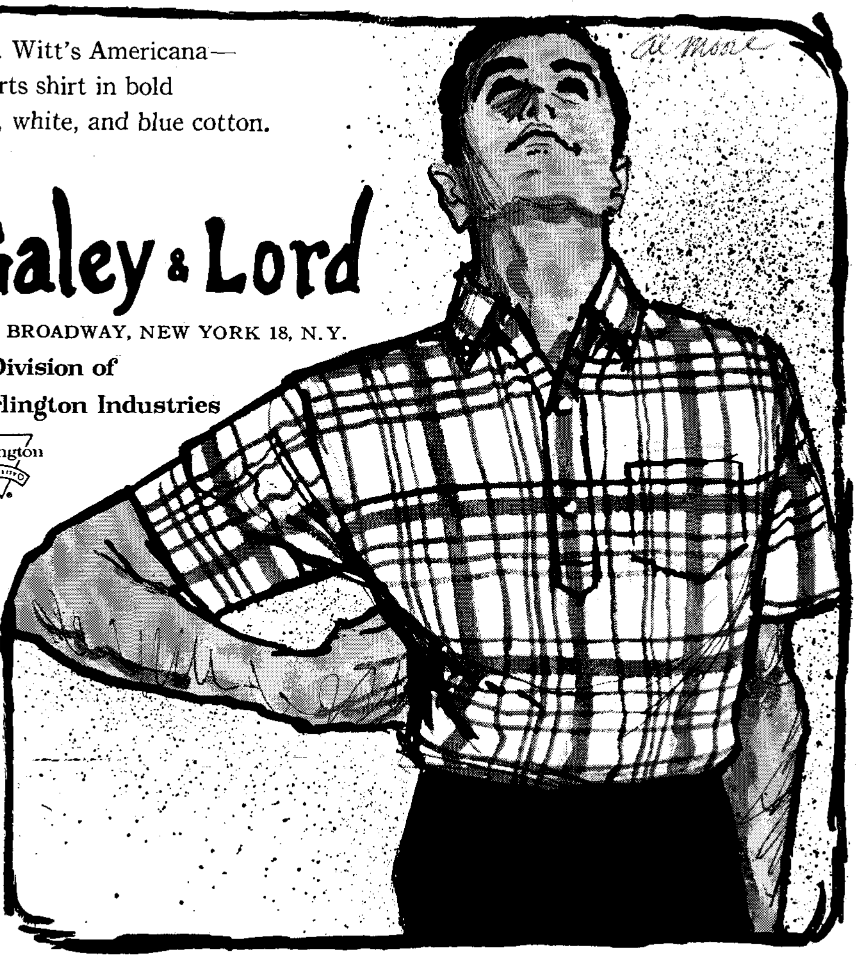

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INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

to Athens, journeying there and back on a small electric suburban train. Some of my trips to the city were exploratory, while others were merely for shopping around, and would culminate, perhaps, in the purchase of a book that I'd heard or read about. Occasionally, while I was in Athens, I would stop in at the American School of Classical Studies, our nation's archeological outpost in Greece, under whose auspices the ancient Agora, or market place, lying in the shadow of the Acropolis, has been excavated. My usual purpose in visiting the school was to consult a work that I consider the best available guide to Greece—the "Description of Greece," written by Pausanias in the second century A.D., and freshened up in the eighteen-nineties with a new translation and a commentary by James G. Frazer, of "The Golden Bough" fame. The discouraging fact is that the guidebooks written nowadays about Greece are mostly poor. The great Baedekers of an earlier time included one on Greece, but it is out of print now, and much of it is very out of date in any case. The most obvious modern candidate to succeed it is the "Guide Bleu," published in French and English by the Libraire Hachette, of Paris, but it is sketchy about some things and so enragingly pedantic about others that many people give it up in disgust. There are more readable candidates, too, among them one edited by Fodor and also published in French and English in Paris, as well as in New York, but while these offer interesting impressions of Greece as a whole, they do not go into much local detail. Aside from products of subsidized enterprises like our federal guidebook project—and even that was way back in the thirties—a dearth of first-rate works of this sort seems to be a worldwide weakness of the present era, and one suspects that the times are too uncertain to justify the considerable expenditure of effort and money required for any such publishing venture. So one gets hasty improvisations instead of the detailed, well-proportioned works one would like—works for which the "Description of Greece" stands as a model. Pausanias travelled through all the more celebrated parts of ancient Greece and wrote voluminously on them, and Frazer, following in his footsteps some seventeen centuries later, commented still more voluminously on what had happened to the places in the intervening years; sometimes he even took off and wrote about things that Pausanias had not mentioned at all. Between them, these two men produced a building-by-building—almost a stone-by-stone—job of coverage, but it fills six chunky

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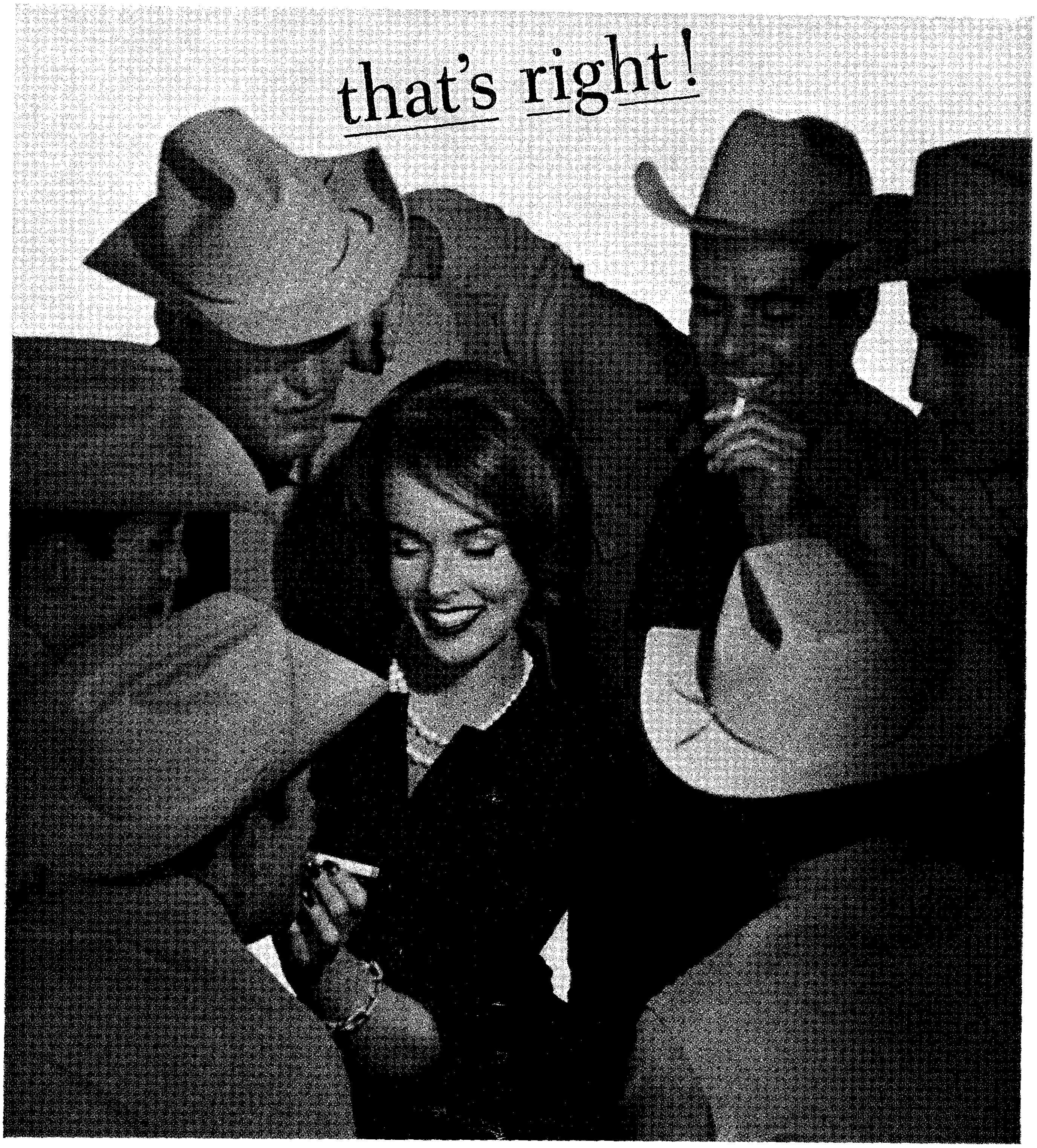
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volumes, and sets of the work are hard to come by. It is not, in short, something the casual tourist can carry around with him and brandish among the ruins, but it is an excellent addition to libraries, where not only scholars but low-speed travellers, like me, may dip into it.

Pausanias wrote that in his time there were bears and wild boars on Mount Parnes; Frazer reported that when he checked up, the boars, at least, were still to be found, not only there but on Mount Pentelikon as well. I don't know from personal experience about Mount Parnes, but I do know that when *I* checked up, there were no longer any boars on Mount Pentelikon, parts of which are still quite wild, but which I was able to explore pretty thoroughly. The mountain, by the way, was being quarried as never before, to meet the demands of a building boom in Athens; from my hotel, I could hear the sounds of drilling and blasting up there, and the peak's visible side was scarred with great areas newly whitened by heaps of fresh marble chippings. Sometimes, walking on that side, I would look down at the Acropolis, ten miles away, and try to picture how the work on it must have gone under Pericles, when the massive blocks of marble were moved down the mountainside on tracks or skids, leaving marks that can still be seen in stone surfaces along the way. At least one famous Athenian sculptor—Phidias, I think—used to trudge up to Mount Pentelikon and order direct from the quarries the marble best suited to his taste; I suppose the trip took him half a day, and then he probably had to camp there for a while, until he found what he wanted.

Greece is a good country to walk in. Although it is being rapidly motorized, with new highways and speedways shooting out in all directions, a great deal of its life still moves on foot, and can be seen only on foot, and this is true even in the immediate vicinity of Athens. I found this aspect of the region so inviting that even heavy rain or snow rarely deterred me from my walking. Winter and summer, on the upper slopes of Mount Pentelikon, one finds herdsmen tending flocks of goats—living with them, sleeping near them under the open sky, sharing their lot in all sorts of weather. In the winter, the herdsmen wear big, heavy woollen capes, and when I was walking on stormy days I would see them squatting motionless in these garments, with their backs to the wind. The life of the goatherds in Attica seemed to me more primitive than that of the shepherds, who

Q

What Are the Stock Averages?

A

The averages are considered the barometers of stock-market activity, the means by which you can gauge what the market as a whole is doing. And viewing a chart of the averages over a period of time can give you some idea of the trend of the market, whether it is moving upward or downward or staying about the same.

The two best-known averages or indexes of stock-market activity are the Dow-Jones and Standard & Poor's, both of which are widely used in the financial community and much quoted in the newspapers. The Dow-Jones Average is actually not one average but four, one made up of 30 industrial stocks, one of 20 railroad stocks, one of 15 utilities, and a composite of the 65 stocks in those three averages. All the stocks are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. The four Dow-Jones Averages are computed and announced to brokers, who usually post them in their board rooms, at 11 a.m., noon, 1, 2, and 3:30 p.m. New York time, when the New York Stock Exchange closes.

The stocks used in computing the Dow-Jones Averages are mostly blue chips, stocks of some of the country's largest and best-known companies. Originally, the Dow-Jones Averages were determined by simply adding the prices of the stocks and dividing the total by their number. However, substitution of issues and stock splits and other factors necessitated an adjustment in this method, so a formula was devised to compensate for these changes.

Probably the most quoted of the Dow-Jones Averages is that for industrials, which in recent months has fluctuated from below 600 to above 700. Dow Jones & Company, which originated the Dow-Jones Averages, publishes the country's leading business newspaper, the *Wall Street Journal.*

Standard & Poor's, the largest securities research organization in the country, also publishes a well-known set of indexes based on the prices of 500 listed stocks, including a 500-stock composite made up of 425 industrials, 50 utilities, and 25 rails, announced daily at 11 a.m., noon, 1, 2, 3, and 3:30 p.m. The formula for computing this set of indexes involves multiplying the price of each stock by the number of shares outstanding to obtain the figure representing the current market value and then relating the total market value for the group to the base-period average (1941-43), which is taken as 10. Standard & Poor's 500-Stock Index has recently been in the 50's.

The New York *Times* and *Herald Tribune* also compile their own daily stock-market indexes and publish them on their financial pages.

No stock index is infallible. Because of the method by which it is computed, it is possible (though rare) for the Dow-Jones Industrial Average to go up while the aggregate value of all the shares that comprise it goes down—or even when the market as a whole has obviously sold off. The reverse is also true. Most indexes do not represent a true cross section of American business, since they omit certain important industries and overlook the over-the-counter market altogether.

But despite their disadvantages, the averages are useful for sizing up the market at a glance. Certainly they make interesting reading, even if they don't tell the whole story of the stock market by any means. Just remember, you don't buy averages; you buy individual stocks.

NEXT WEEK: *How Are Stocks Bought and Sold on an Exchange?*

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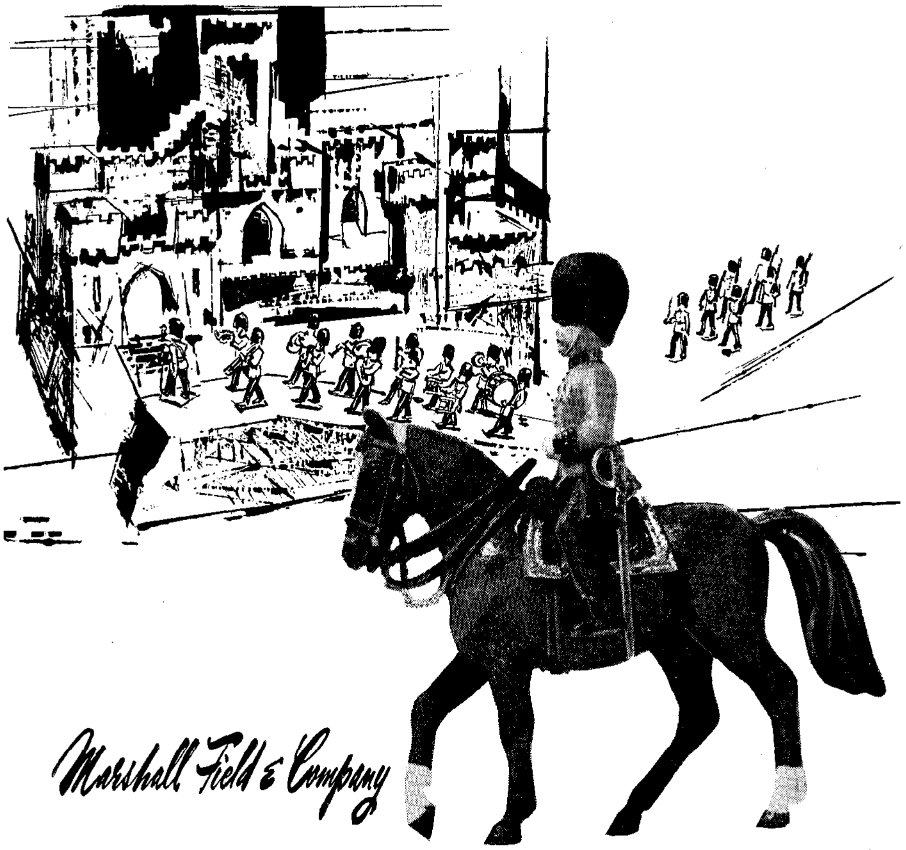

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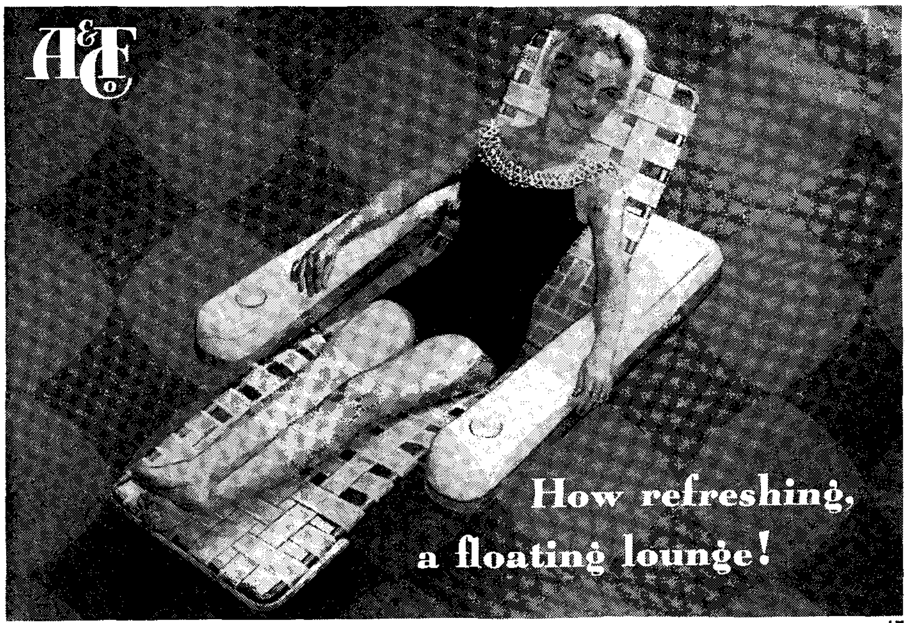

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were to be found down in the foothills, closer to the plain (and to the amenities), because their animals could not subsist on the sparse vegetation of the uplands. My impression was that the goatherds stayed out in the open for days, if not weeks, at a stretch, but they did have bases to which they could retreat from time to time, chiefly on the northern side of the mountain, facing the plain of Marathon, where the Athenians stopped the Persians in 490 B.C. At these bases, both herds and herdsmen found shelter of a sort—the former in circular pens made of pine boughs and roofless except for an overhanging fringe of protective cover, like a lean-to, around their perimeters, and the latter in small, rectangular brush huts that were fully roofed but otherwise were not much of an improvement over the goats' pens. Actually, it is illegal to keep goats on Mount Pentelikon, because their indiscriminate eating habits prevent the growth of new forest cover, which is badly needed on those heights. A deskbound Greek planning expert once assured me that the only goats I would find on the mountain would be a few single, tethered ones. But he was wrong; I used to see flocks of over a hundred there. The goats were mostly black, and somehow, with their horns and all, they were apt to have a weird look, like that of spindly insects, as they nibbled at the stiff green brush. Some of the biggest flocks were accompanied by two herdsmen and also by two or more dogs. These were large, nondescript animals, seemingly fierce, growling and barking and baring their teeth as I passed by, but if I picked up a stone and merely tossed it in their general direction, or even did no more than show that I had it in my hand, they would slink away. Thanks to Miss Sophie, I knew enough Greek to be able to converse with the goatherds a little—generally to ask them the way. They would answer partly by means of a wonderful system, apparently indigenous to Greece, of pointing out directions with three-dimensional gestures—swooping a hand up and down, for instance, to indicate that I must cross a ridge at some stage of my journey, or jabbing an arm forward and then curving the hand to left or right to show that, after walking straight ahead for quite a distance, I must make a turn. Some of the paths on Mount Pentelikon, and elsewhere in Attica, are wide and much travelled, and others are so narrow as to be hardly discernible. Many of them represent a store of knowledge acquired through centuries—millenniums—of

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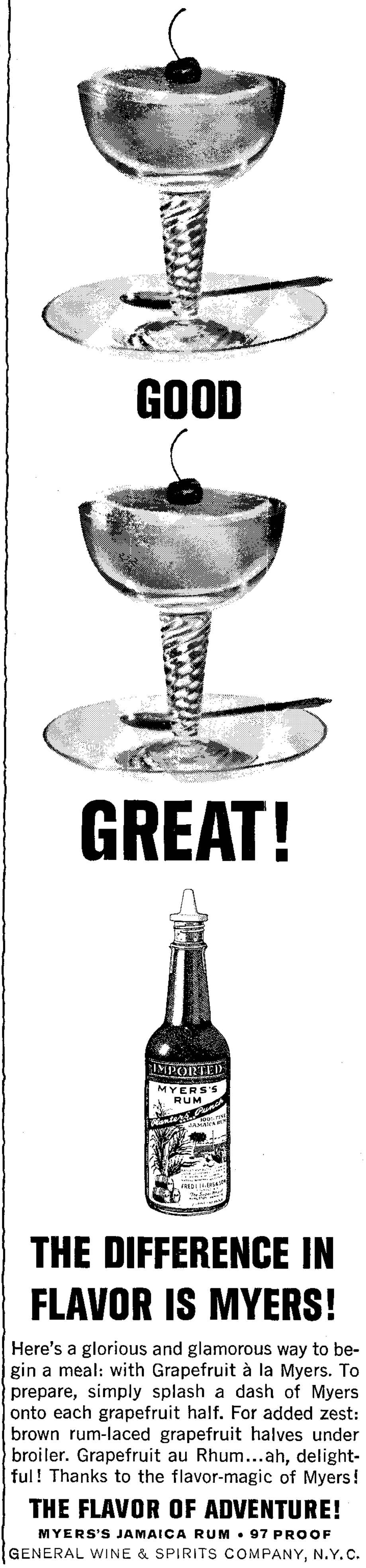
thought and experiment, and can be depended on to follow the most favorable course from one spot to another. On my walks, I was often tempted to disregard the paths and strike out for myself, and usually when I did so I soon found myself trapped in thick brush or in a dead-end ravine. One does well not only to stick to the paths but to learn to distinguish, by the animal tracks found in them, between types of paths. A path used by donkeys and mules nearly always leads from one settlement to another, whereas a path used by goats is likely to be a snare, leading into wilderness and petering out at last on a cliff top.

As spring approached, the air became balmy for days on end, fruit trees bloomed on the plain, and crocuses came out all over Mount Pentelikon. Green leaves sprouted on the gray branches of fig trees, and green tendrils on the grapevines, which had been pruned back for the winter to stumps the length and thickness of a man's forearm. I began taking longer and longer walks, leaving the Cecil at noon on Saturday, perhaps, and not returning until Sunday evening. On such trips, I would carry a knapsack with a change of clothes, a bathing suit, and something to read, and usually I would take to the paths along the southern foothills of Mount Pentelikon, bound for Rafina, a little port with a good beach, on Attica's east coast—a walk of about six hours, counting a stop for lunch. My way would take me first through a cheap suburban section of minute masonry summer houses, like sugar cubes, but soon I would be in the near-wilderness of the mountain, and not until I had been walking for a couple of hours would I come to a road descending toward the coast. In Rafina, I would go to the Diana, an unpretentious small hotel, with bare rooms and white enamelled bedsteads, and either have a hot bath there or—as the days grew longer and the evenings warmer—change into my bathing suit and take a swim in the Aegean Sea. Afterward, I would go to one of several plain but excellent seafood *tavérnas*—as the Greeks call their small, simple restaurants—on the waterfront, all of which served a great variety of fish, and also shrimp, lobster, octopus, and squid. In such unassuming restaurants along the Greek coast, the guest ordinarily just points out the food he wants from what is on the stove and in the icebox. From the latter he is supposed to pick the fish he particularly fancies, and many Greeks make quite a ritual of this—



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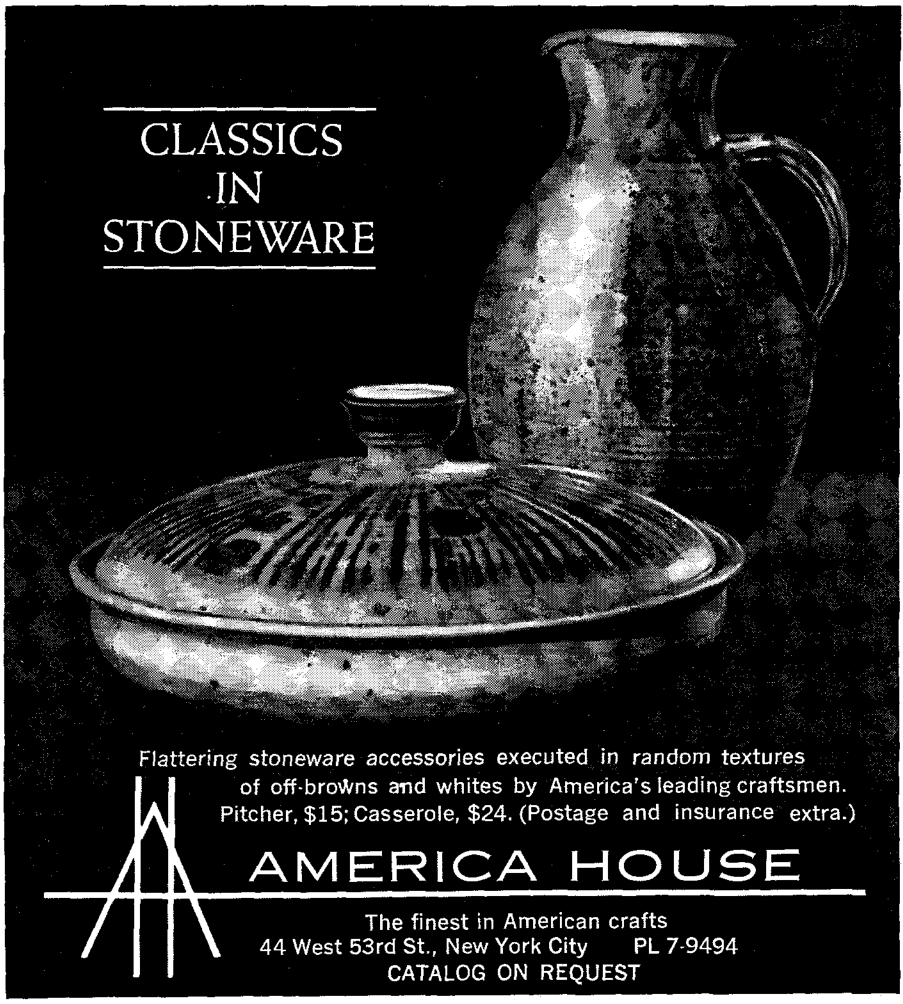

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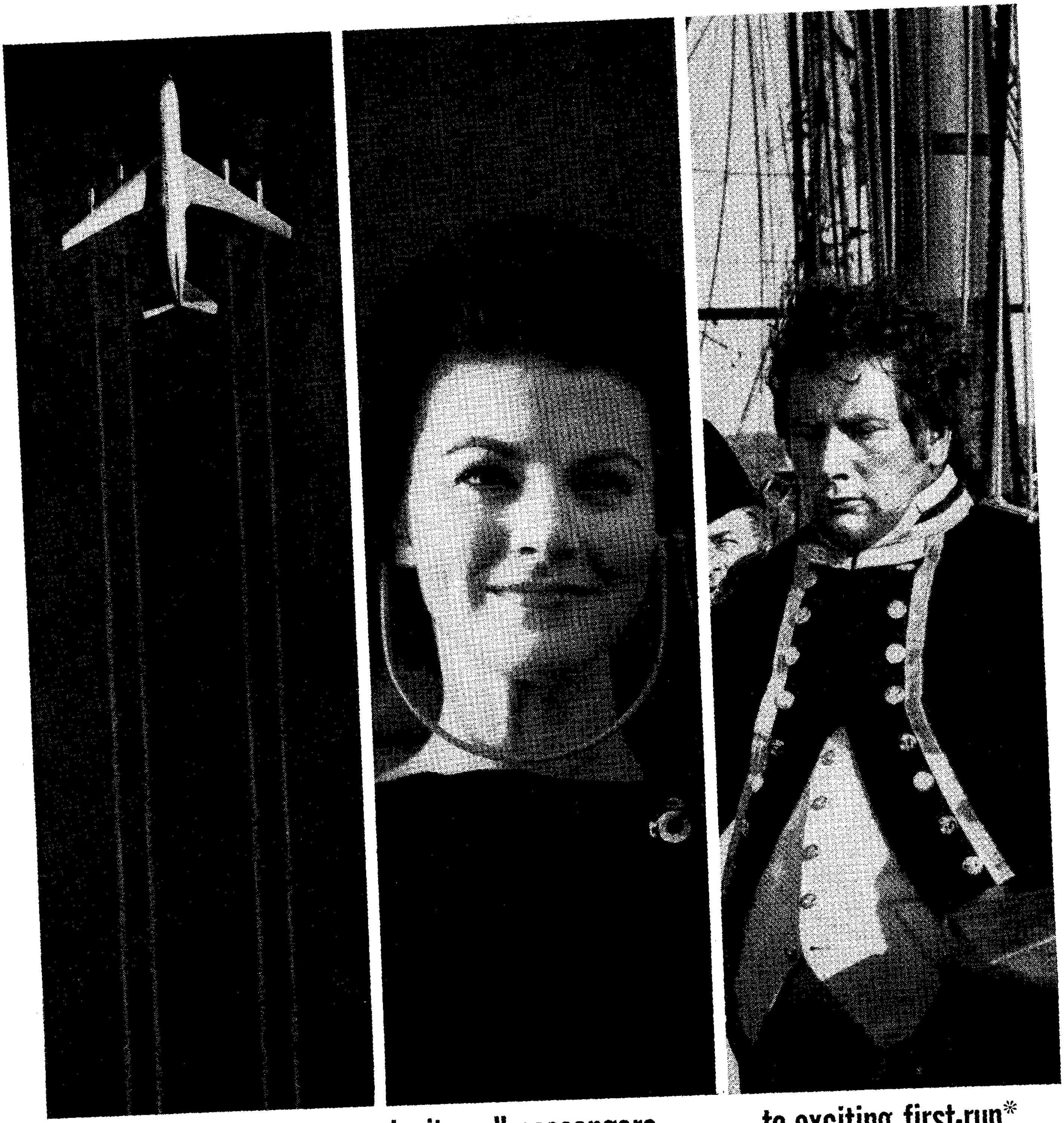
pinching each fish, tapping it, and gazing into its eyes, and thereby getting the choicest of the lot, or so they believe. Not being versed in this art myself, I would usually just have a quick look and point—or merely tell the proprietor the kind of fish or other seafood I wanted. Often I would have fried *kalamarákia*, or squid, which in a way are comparable to our fried scallops or clams, but better, I think. Or I would have red mullet—a tender, tasty, flaky fish—grilled over charcoal and moist with olive oil. If I had mullet, I would probably have some octopus before it. Octopus is regularly eaten in all Greek communities on or near the sea. The creatures hide among underwater rocks, and are speared when they venture out in search of food. The Mediterranean kind never grows very big, its body ordinarily being scarcely larger than a baseball and its arms no more than two feet long. These octopuses are not feared by man, although they are said to be very much feared by lobsters, which reputedly go all to pieces at the sight of one. Before reaching the kitchen, the octopuses are beaten with clubs or pounded on rough stones to make them tender, for they are so tough that cooking is not enough to soften their flesh; I once watched three men rhythmically hurling a whole catch of them, again and again, against the face of a cliff. Greeks prepare octopuses for the table in various ways, the most common of which is to boil them and then, after chilling them, to cut them into bits, which are served, with olive oil and capers, as hors d'oeuvres. The octopus has long had a place in Greek culture; portrayals of it abound in Minoan and Mycenaean art, dating back more than three thousand years. Artists regard it as a lovely subject because of the freedom and rhythm expressed in the movements of its arms, and it is especially suited to painting on pottery, since it can be made to embrace utensils in many satisfying ways.

After the fish, I would have a salad—of boiled dandelion greens or wild asparagus, perhaps, or a mixture of sliced tomatoes, peppers, ripe olives, and bits of *féta*, a crumbly cheese. Whatever my choice, it would be wet down with plenty of oil and a little vinegar, to be sopped up—as Greek etiquette permits—with bread, which in those restaurants would be the good, coarse-grained stuff of the workingman. For dessert, at that season, I would usually have cherries—delicious whether red or white. And accompanying the whole meal would be a resinated wine, called *retsína*, drawn from casks on the premises and served in



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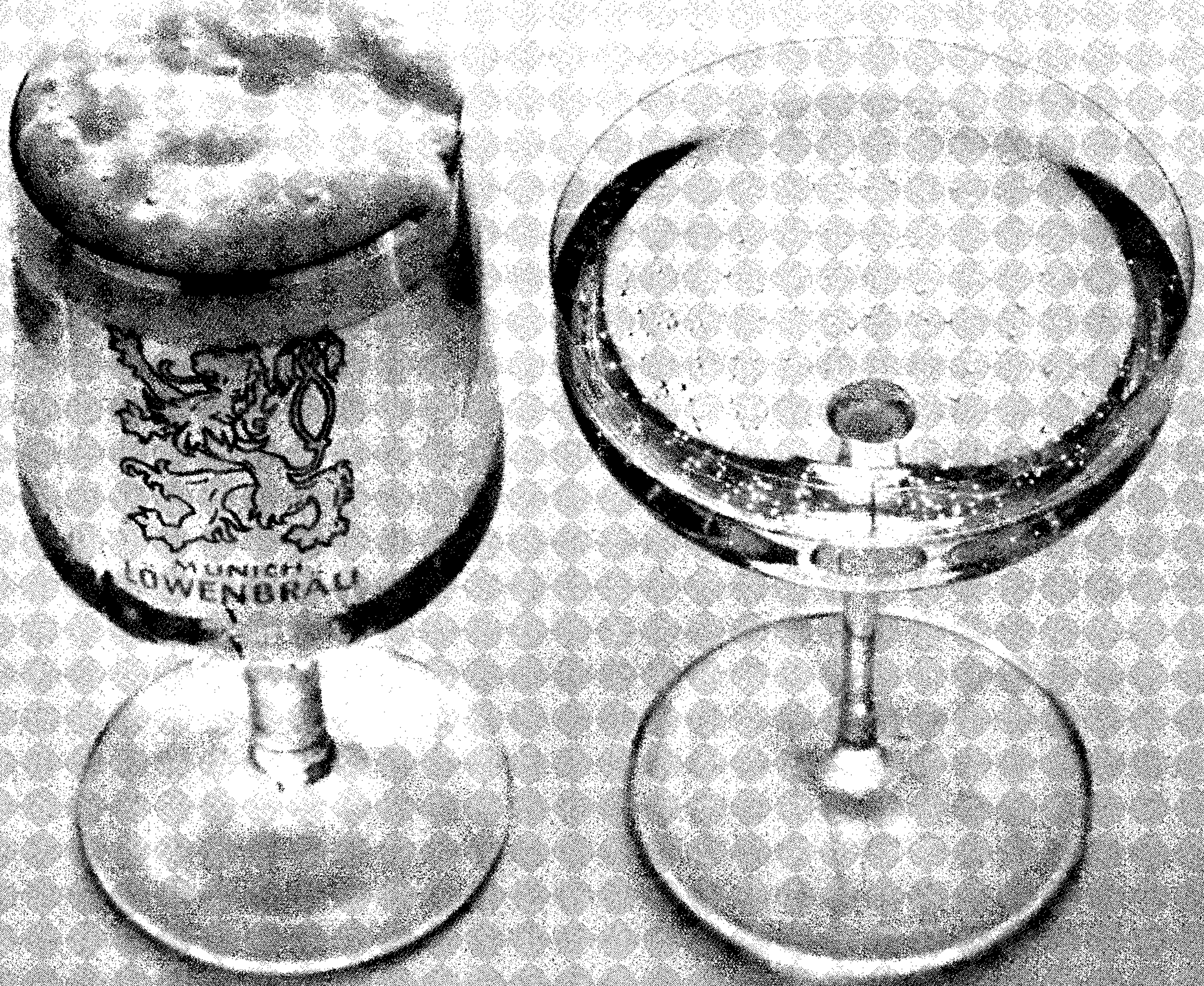
THE PLAZA

carafes. *Retsína*—mostly white, though sometimes pink—is overwhelmingly the favorite drink in the *tavérnas* of Attica. It is cheap, being made from grapes grown right there on the Attic plain, and flavored with resin from Attic pine trees. In the foothills of Pentelikon, I often passed trees that had been tapped for their resin; a gash is made in the trunk with an axe, and a tin can nailed just below it, to catch the gummy sap as it seeps from the wound. Deliberately adding resin to the wine appears to be the currently accepted way of making *retsína*, but I have been told that originally its peculiar flavor was unintentional—the unavoidable result of having to store wine in casks made of pine, the resin in which served as a preservative during long periods of storage. That was in ancient times, and though other preservatives are now available and pine casks are no longer used, a taste for resin, passed along down the centuries from generation to generation, seems to have been indelibly implanted in the people of Attica and of many other parts of Greece. Some Americans don't like *retsína* (a Southern lady I know says it tastes like the Georgia woods smell), but I grew fonder of it the longer I stayed—although I have many times found, I must confess, that my palate is apt to be governed by the degree of my enthusiasm for a country. Those sympathetic to *retsína* can experience pleasant sensations by merely passing under pine trees. Sometimes, in Greece, smelling pines, or even just hearing them, would make me very thirsty.

Waking at Rafina, with all of Sunday ahead of me for walking and swimming along the coast, I might proceed north to Marathon and lunch at one of its numerous bay-front *tavérnas*. These places—small, and mainly outdoors—were delightful in early spring, but as summer drew near they became increasingly crowded with holiday folk from Athens. While these weekenders were still not as fully meshed with the machine age as, say, a crowd at Jones Beach, they were sufficiently so to be wild about little transistor radios, with which they would invade even the loneliest places and sit listening to scratchy versions of whatever happened to be on the air. With the weather growing warmer and warmer, more and more of these radios began sprouting on the tables of coastal *tavérnas*—each competing tinnily with all the rest—and from then on nothing seemed the same there.

One of my Sundays on the coast coincided with an annual celebration of some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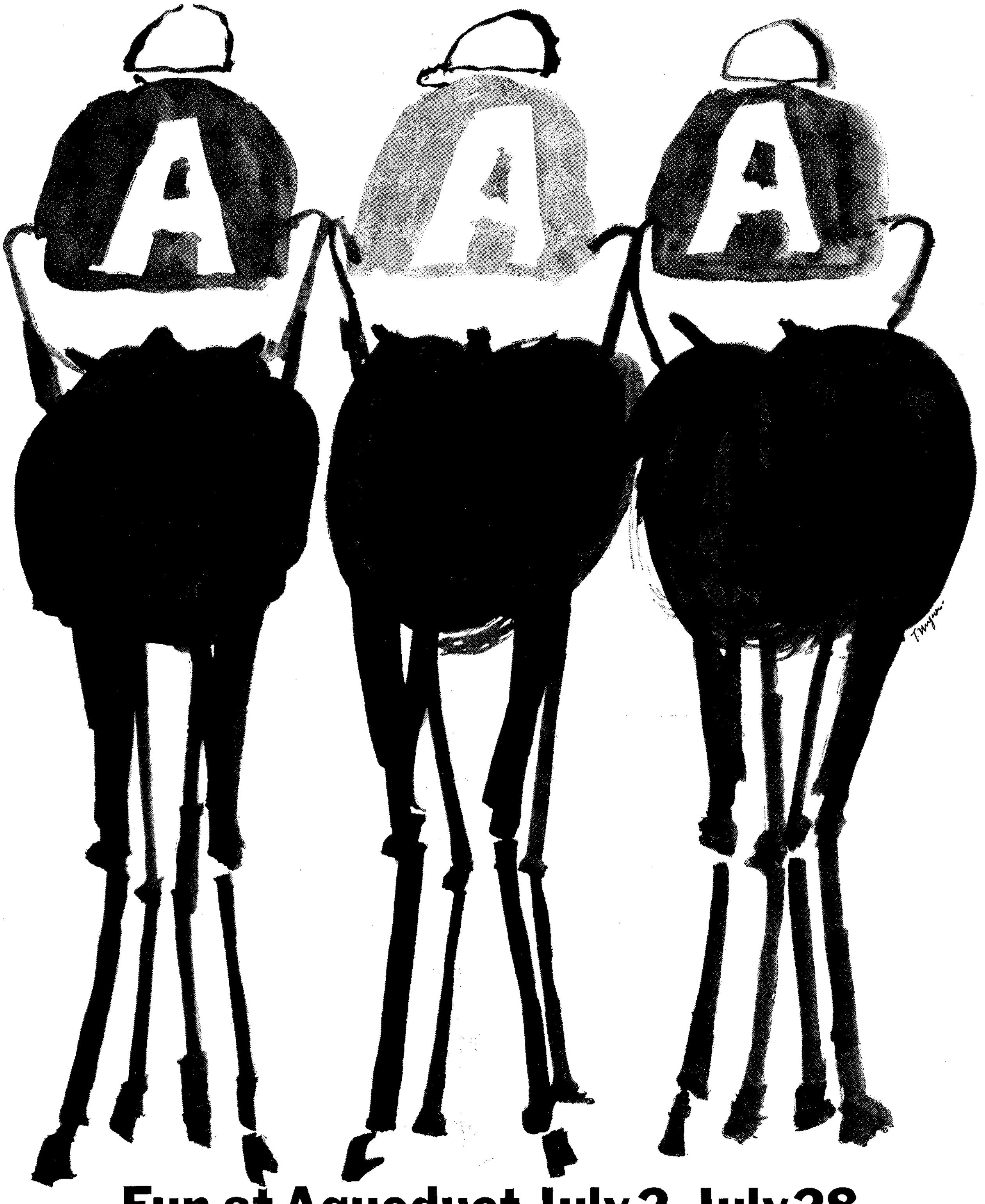

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sort when people swarmed to the beaches with exceptional fervor. Not having been forewarned of this, I proceeded as usual, and by the time I reached Marathon, early in the afternoon, the place was in pandemonium, with autos pulling in, dust flying, children crying, radios blaring, and people swarming everywhere through the *tavérnas*. I managed to find a table, though, at which I lunched eventually on octopus, grilled lamb, tomato salad, cheese, and pink *retsína*. I say "eventually" because the service was agonizingly slow that day—a common condition, as I came to learn, at resort *tavérnas* throughout the summer. Such places hire little extra help to see them through the season, and even if their business increases fiftyfold the same old staff of waiters must stagger on unaided under the new load.

The day was hot, and after lunch I was of two minds whether to walk home or take a bus. Having settled on walking, I struck out inland across the plain, past a big mound where the Greeks who fell at Marathon lie buried, and then through some olive groves and open grainfields, looking for a path I had heard was a good way to cross Mount Pentelikon. On the southern edge of the plain, I met a shepherd with his flock, and told him that I wanted to go to a village called Stamata, which, I explained, pointing upward, was "*apáno*," or "on top." He said I was on the right track, and I left him and pushed on a mile or so to the hamlet of Vrana—a poor and primitive-looking place, which, according to Frazer, stands on the site of the ancient town of Marathon. Just beyond it, I met an old woman, dressed in widow's black, who wanted to sell me some eggs. I told her no, thanks, I wasn't out shopping, and again inquired the way to Stamata. She pointed to a path, tracing its progress with her finger to the top of a nearby hill, and then informed me, with more of those eloquent three-dimensional gestures, of its course thereafter. I started up it, and had not gone far when I met two German boys with knapsacks coming down, who told me that the path soon ended in a trackless waste. But I kept my faith in the old woman and climbed onward, losing sight of the path as I passed through a cluster of empty goat pens, and then finding it again. It turned out to be a fine path; although it was steep and rocky, its grade was never really trying, owing to a series of nicely calculated switchbacks. It had an air of permanence and great age about it, leading me to surmise that it might

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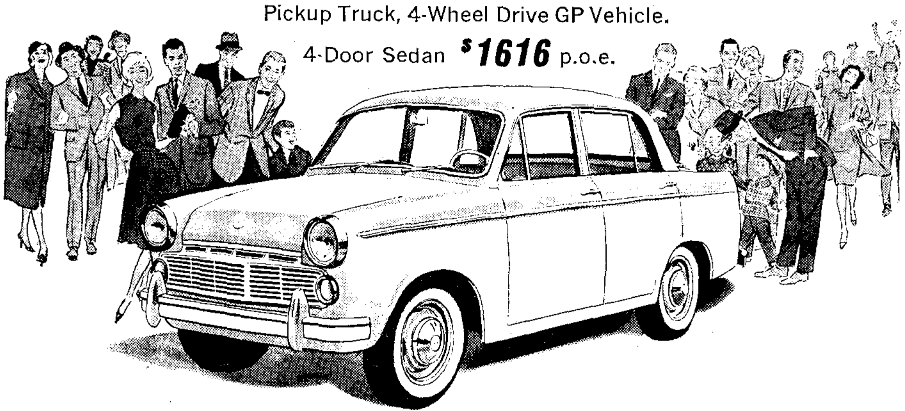

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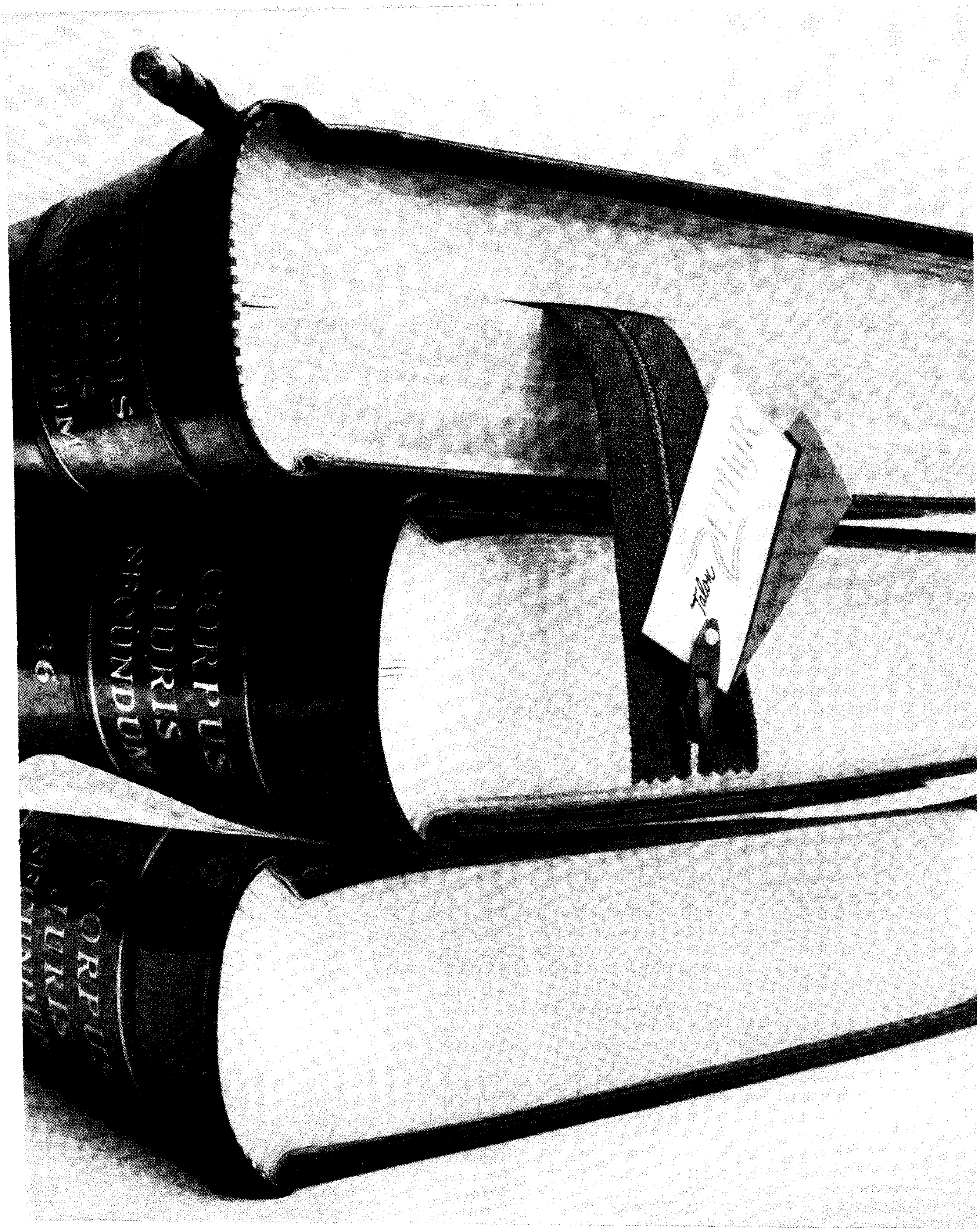
once have been the main route between the heights and the plain of Marathon—and then, as my fancy soared, that it might even have been the path that Pheidippides took to bring the news of Marathon to Athens. I was on no such urgent errand, and so, instead of running up the hill, as he did, I walked slowly, and stopped at one point to rest and read awhile. Finally, the path levelled off, and, after I had skirted a tiny cultivated field surrounded by gray rocks and scrubby brush, with not a sign of habitation, and then had crossed a stony, barren expanse, I reached the edge of a swale of tall, green, succulent wheat. It looked like a rich farming region, yet one that was linked in no visible way with modern times. After another mile or so, and after climbing another hill, I found myself in Stamata, and it, too, looked like a holdover from an earlier age. But leading from the far side of the village was an asphalt road, and soon I began encountering cars on it. I was back in civilization.

WITH the arrival of June, though the hilly coolness of Kifissia was increasingly welcome, I began spending a greater part of my time down in Athens, where the tourist season, after gathering steam gradually since Easter, had now burst in full force, especially on Constitution Square, which is the center of tourist life in Greece. (As such, it is also the center of official hopes that the day will yet come when tourists will visit Greece in such numbers that the money they spend will be sufficient to offset the annual deficit produced by the nation's chronically unfavorable balance of trade—a day that the government is trying to bring closer with a headlong program of building new roads and hotels for the supposed greater comfort of its guests.) The Square is large and oblong, with a lengthwise slope. Greece's House of Parliament stands at its upper end, but otherwise the buildings that front on it are given over to trade and tourism. These include two of the city's five big cosmopolitan hotels (two of the others are less than a block away), the offices of the leading travel agencies and of several airlines, the city's foremost international bookshop, and four or five cafés, all but two of them so tourist-minded that they serve only Western coffee (of a sort that they ominously, and not misleadingly, label "French" coffee, or else Nescafé, which is popular nowadays wherever tourists gather). They don't even have Turkish coffee available, although that is the kind that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Greeks drink. (Often, in a spirit of nationalism, they call it "Greek" instead of "Turkish," but, whatever it may be called, it is the good old Middle Eastern stuff, with lots of grounds in the bottom.)

In June, the Square would be dead from two to five in the afternoon, for the Greeks would be taking a siesta then and many of the tourists would be off on sightseeing bus tours, leaving the place a glaring emptiness. But in the mornings and in the evenings it was full of life. In the forenoons, tourists would be out doing the sort of errands that, either of necessity or from personal inclination, they soon came to regard as inseparable from their chosen form of relaxation—checking on reservations, buying souvenirs, mailing postcards, and arranging for side trips or embarking on them. Most of these activities were pursued along a hundred-yard stretch of sidewalk on one side of the Square, with the Hotel Grande Bretagne, the King George Hotel, two or three cafés, the bookstore, a small curiosity shop, and the local branch of the American Express Company for a backdrop. By midday, dozens of tourists would be milling about there or sitting at tables in front of the cafés, dressed in cool, foreign-looking summer clothes and carrying guidebooks or cameras. They were, in fact, so altogether different from Greeks that they could be easily spotted by even the most untutored observer, let alone the knowing guides, salesmen, and various sharpers who also circulated there. The majority of these predators wore business suits and affected the look of innocent bystanders while waiting to single out likely victims, but a few could not hope to camouflage their callings—the most prominent among the latter being a vender of sponges who carried his wares strung together and hanging from either shoulder in such profusion that the entire mass of man and merchandise was wider than it was high.

In the evenings, the Square would be calmer but no less crowded. The tourists would start converging on the cafés around seven o'clock, and would be almost ready for bed by the time the Athenians showed up in force. The Athenians live a double day, especially in summer. They rise early, work all morning, have a late lunch, subside for a few hours of siesta, work again in the early evening, and at nine or so appear on the streets to promenade or sit at outdoor tables until they feel like dining, which may not be until eleven. It is a pleasant routine, the fruit of long experi-

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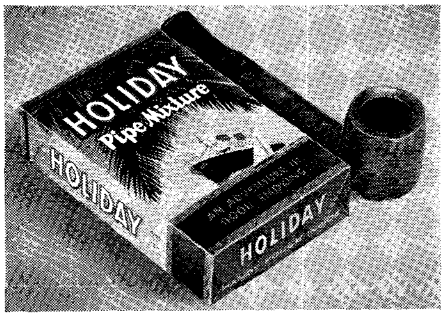

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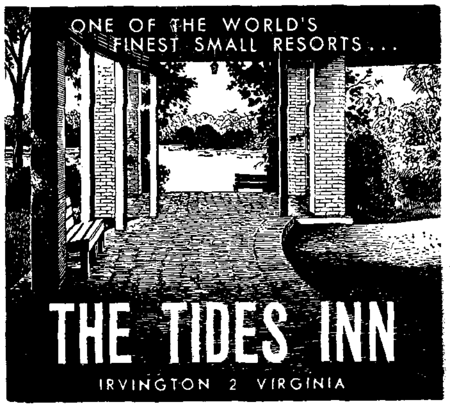

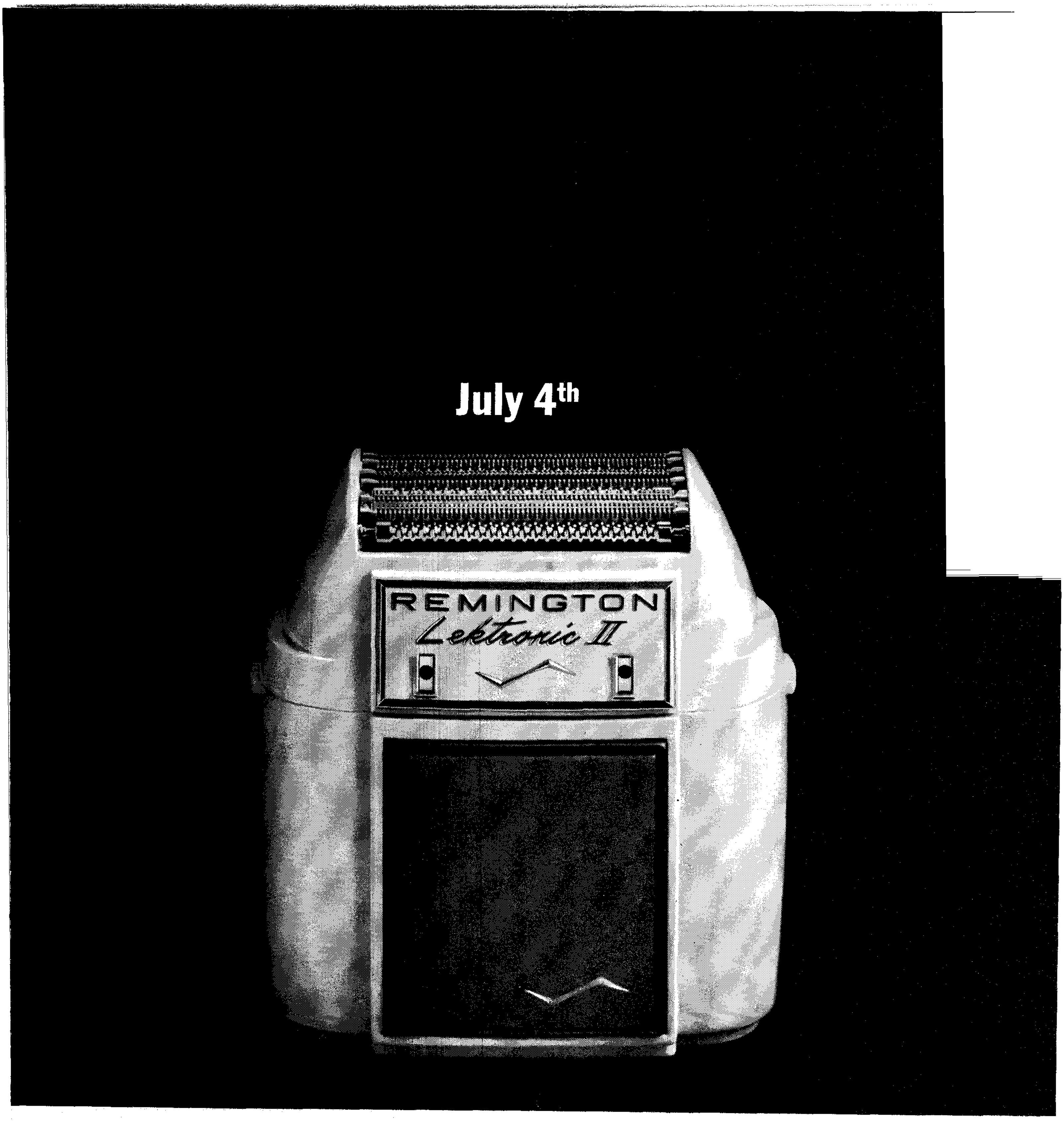

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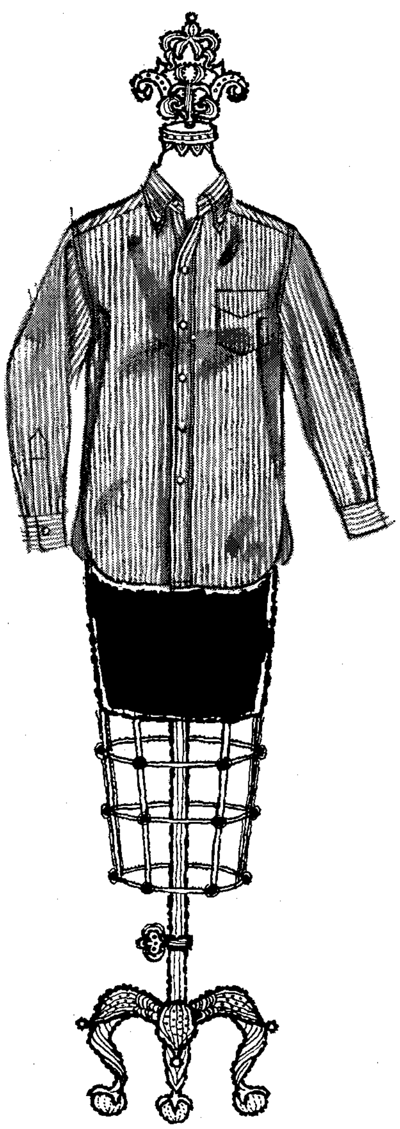

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ence, but it is a hard one for tourists from northern countries to adapt themselves to. No matter how long they may put off going out to a *tavérna* for dinner, and no matter how long they may linger there—no matter, that is, how wildly late they may think themselves in rising from the table—on their way out they are pretty sure to meet a stream of Athenians just entering. In view of my feeling about the food in the tourist hotels of Greece, I considered it fortunate that within a fifteen-minute walk of the Square one could find many *tavérnas*, most of them with cool gardens where one could dine on good Greek food and wine while listening to Greek popular music. And all of them have at least one or two employees who can speak English, though this is of no great importance one way or the other, since the customers in these places, as in their coastal counterparts, are expected not to order their meals but to pick out what they want from the stove and the icebox.

The night life in the vicinity of the Square is fairly drab, consisting largely of a number of inconspicuous holes-in-the-wall that, though they are called night clubs, are actually mere clip joints, in which lone men are encouraged to buy drinks, real or fake, for the house girls, and some of which are not above keeping runners out in the Square to rustle up business. A truly clippable man may be enticed to stay in such a joint until closing time by the implication that the girl he is buying drinks for will leave with him—which, in the end, she may or may not consent to do. After midnight, the Square gets more and more deserted as the crowd thins down to a scattering of night-club runners, a few girls from the joints that have closed up early, a policeman or two, and here and there a late-prowling diehard celebrant. Elsewhere around the city, Athens affords a certain amount of more formal and conventional night-clubbing, but it is all pretty routine, except for a special kind of gaiety that one encounters in places featuring a type of music called *bouzoúkia*—a modern form that originated with the people themselves, much as our jazz did, or the calypso of the Caribbean. Just *where* it originated is not clear. Some say that it was brought over from Asia Minor when more than a million Greeks returned from there in the nineteen-twenties, after Turkey had won a war with Greece, while others say that it got its start right in Athens and Piraeus. Neither side, I gather, can prove much by the sound of the music itself, which

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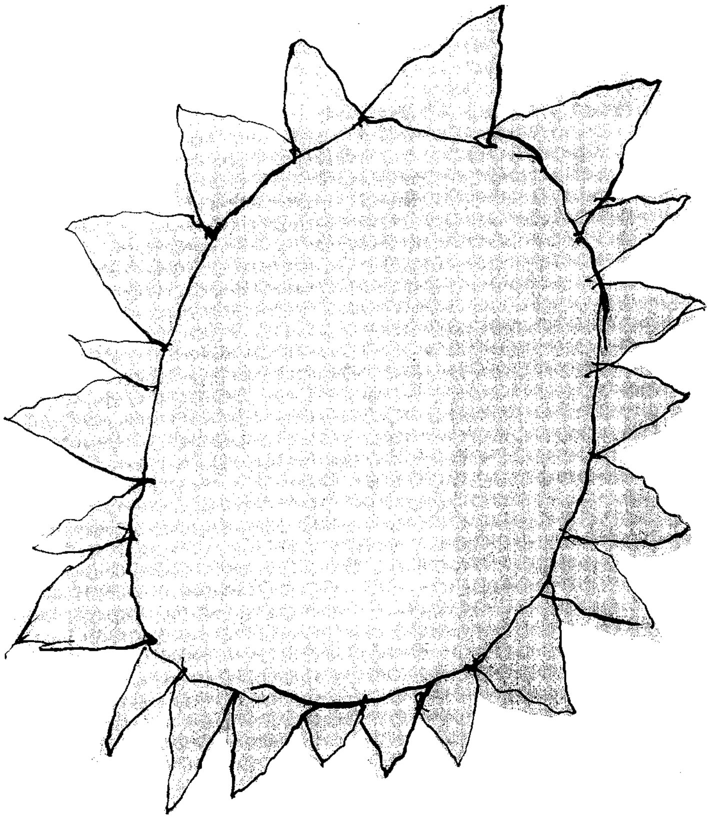

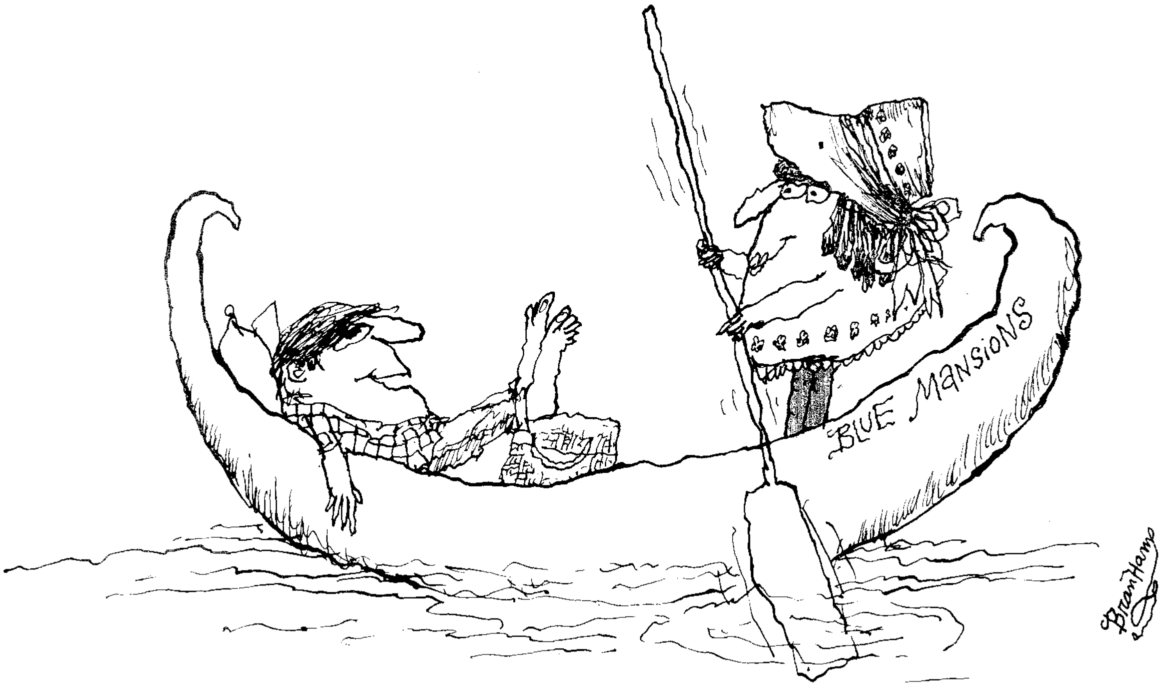

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seems to be a blend of Greek and Oriental. It is named after the leading instrument in the ensembles that play it—the *bouzoúki*, which is like a tapered mandolin, but which, so it was explained to me, is endowed with an exceptionally brilliant tone by means of sympathetic strings. The ensembles are made up of two or more *bouzoúkia*, some other stringed instruments, often a piano, and perhaps an accordion and set of drums, and the musicians, sitting in a single row or in tiers, play with the serious mien of the jazz masters at Eddie Condon's. Usually, one of the *bouzoúki* players is a soloist of sorts, and improvises cadenzas while the others follow. *Bouzoúkia* joints, both big and small, are scattered all over town and in the suburbs, and they are at their best very late at night—early in the morning, really. They are rich in sound and in appearance, and even in broken glass, for the customers are permitted to throw tumblers around, provided they will foot the bill. The larger establishments are likely to have a couple of *bouzoúkia* singers on hand, too—usually a man and a sexy girl—and in nearly all of them there is much dancing by the clientele, solo and in couples, along traditional Greek lines.

From time to time during the summer, the Greek National Theatre Company obliged visitors to Athens who wanted something more substantial in the way of after-dark diversion—and were willing to venture outside the city to find it—by putting on a number of classical plays in an open-air theatre at Epidaurus, the site of an ancient sanctuary of Aesculapius. Epidaurus is only thirty-five miles in a direct line from Athens across the Gulf of Corinth, but the geography of the region is such that to get there takes about three hours. I attended a performance of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex" at Epidaurus one night, leaving Piraeus at three o'clock in a fast passenger boat, crowded with other theatregoers, which whisked us across to the Peloponnesian coast, where we were met by buses, which carried us the rest of the way. The evening was soft, and the blue sky was darkening as we arrived. The theatre—a perfect half bowl of curving stone seats, with a capacity of roughly fourteen thousand—was half full by then, and people were still drifting into it, quietly. Behind the stage, in full view of the audience, were a grove of pines, then some tawny fields, and, in the far distance, an almost bare gray ridge rising against the horizon. The air was still, the countryside was still (I had heard that donkeys were banished from the neighborhood when

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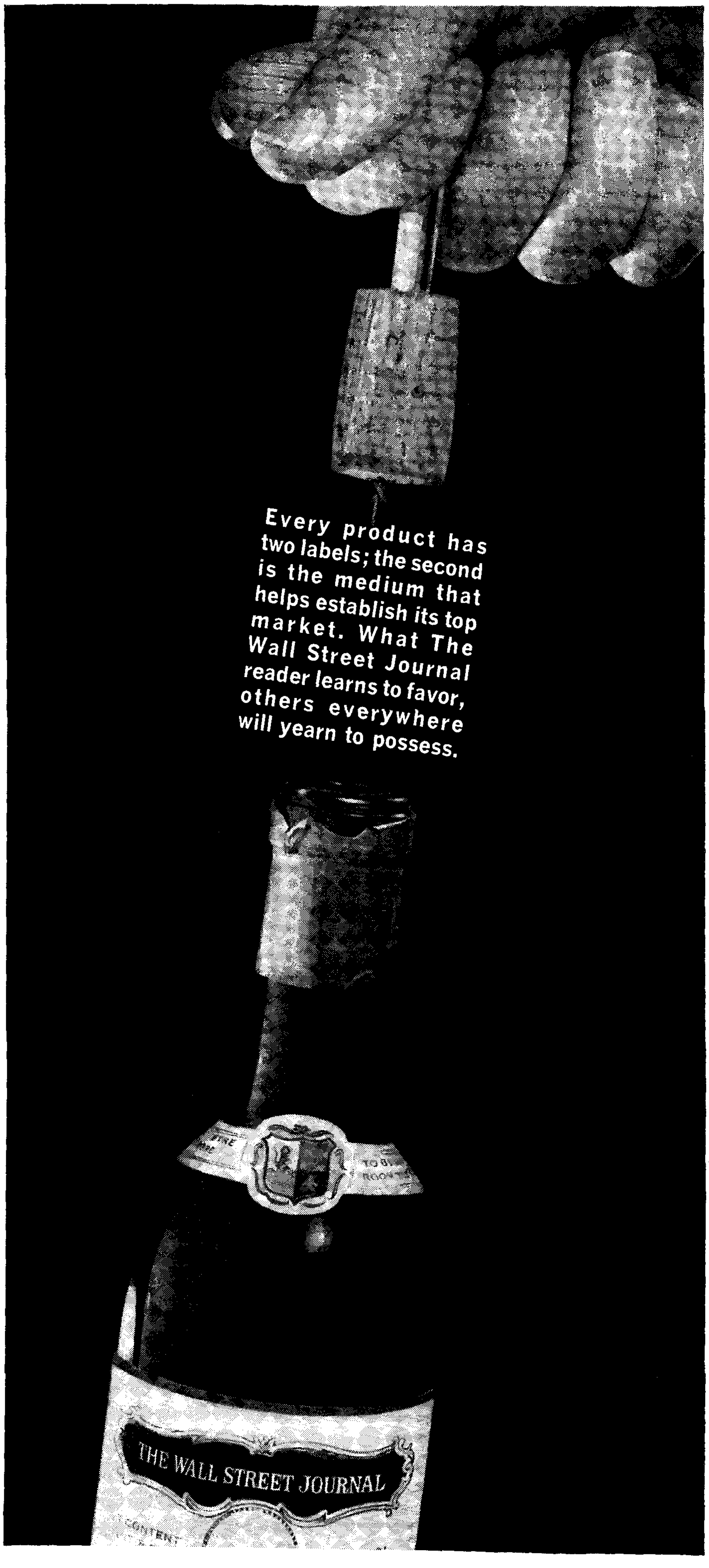
the theatre was being used), and dusk was falling. Soon spotlights were turned on, and the play began. I am not competent to comment critically on this celebrated play or on this performance of it, which was in Greek, but I will say that by resorting to many varied and expressive movements the chorus—made up of fifteen men, wearing gowns of a dull green—effectively conveyed the moods of excitement, sadness, and expectancy inherent in the work, making the whole thing dramatic and at the same time bringing out its religious, ritualistic aspect. As a ritual, the tragedy proved to be neither long nor tedious; it was over in somewhat more than an hour. Then we walked away through the night, rolled off in our buses, and transferred to our boat, and soon after midnight—having meanwhile refreshed ourselves with wine and sandwiches in the saloon—we were back in Athens.

AS I wandered about Athens that summer, I got the feeling that, despite the monumental reminders of its great age on and near the Acropolis, it was, as a whole, more like an American city than a European one—an impression that may seem odd, but not, I think, so odd to anybody who gives a little thought to the topsy-turvy history of the place. In ancient times, Athens was a far from small city, and it is a big one now—with a population in the city proper of more than half a million and in the metropolitan area, including Piraeus, almost two million—but over a prolonged period between those days and these it shrank so drastically that by the eighteenth century it was scarcely more than a village. Its revival dates from 1834, when, after Greece had won its independence from the Turks, Athens was chosen as the capital of the new nation. The city thereupon began expanding rapidly, and today it is growing at a furious rate. Owing to those centuries of near-oblivion, however, it is almost wholly devoid of the medieval remnants—the crumbling walls and twisting narrow streets flanked by tight-packed rows of venerable, cramped, but still occupied houses—that are familiar fixtures of many European cities but that Americans must cross the Atlantic to see. The few vestiges of this kind that do exist in Athens are to be found mainly in the old quarter called the Plaka, which spreads out along the half mile between Constitution Square and the Acropolis, and which is said to have been inhabited continuously since classical times. The oldest houses in the Plaka—small stone-and-plaster ones built during the four



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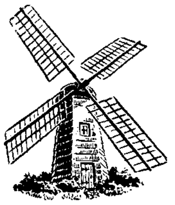

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centuries of Turkish occupation—are on a slope near the base of the Acropolis, and can be reached only by steps and alleys. Below them, the Plaka starts levelling off, and here the houses are of more recent construction, having been built soon after the end of the Turkish period, in a neo-classical style rather like that of Greek Revival buildings in our northeastern cities. These houses in the Plaka are chaste and graceful, with many ornamental details taken directly from classical models, such as palmette finials along their eaves, like those on ancient temples. All over Athens, when I was there, new apartment houses were shooting up between old mansions and hovels, and the Plaka had not been wholly spared, but enough of it was still untouched to make it a lovely place to stroll through.

Not only was much of Athens being rebuilt, but the city was spreading out—fast and chaotically. The capital was no longer physically separate from Piraeus, though the centers of the two cities are five miles apart. On the northern stretches of the Athenian plain, the capital had spilled against the bases of Mount Pentelikon and Mount Hymettus on the east, and also of Mount Aegaleos on the west, where there were patches of new industry, and it was threatening even the more distant Mount Parnes. From the smoke of these newly industrialized patches, as well as from the haze and dust of Athens itself, there arose a brown pall that on most days amounted to smog, often much impairing visibility over a city famous in history for the clarity of its atmosphere. Perhaps a more encouraging indication of the way Greeks are embracing the twentieth century is the fact that, simultaneously with modernizing their almost incredibly primitive road system, they are beginning to submit, however reluctantly, to the restrictions that the new roads necessarily place on their driving habits. Traditionally, Greek drivers have been daredevils, knowing no law. Until recently, for instance, it was common practice for two cars to travel abreast as they approached a curve on a two-lane road; if, at the turn, they met two other cars, also side by side, the four drivers would engage in a bluffing match, in which the losers would be the two who first jammed on their brakes or took other evasive action. There would seldom be a serious accident, for each driver would be expecting the wildest irrationalities from all the others, but foreigners who happened to be actively or passively involved found such tactics rather try-

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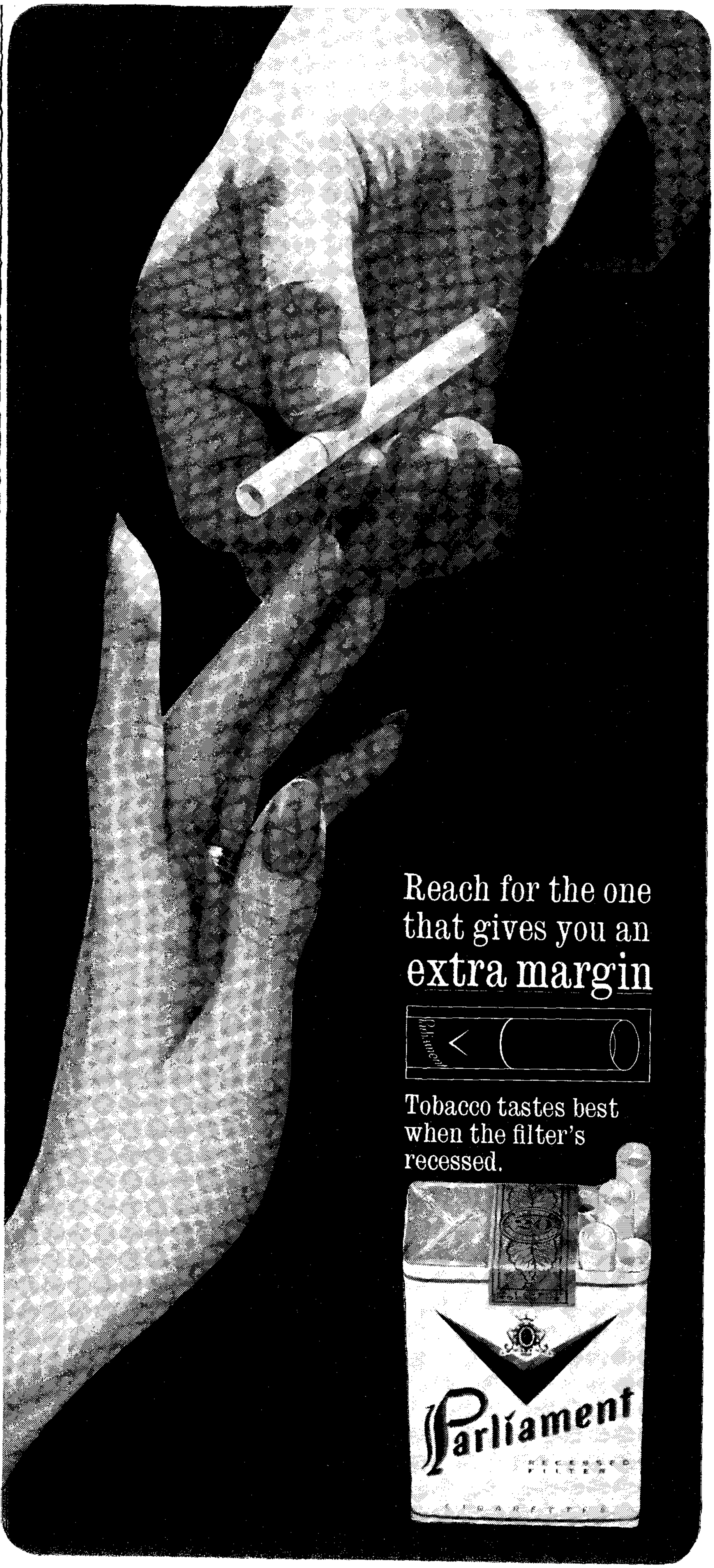
ing. Now those carefree days appear to be about over. Though many people thought that such a thing could never come to pass, traffic lights have been imposed on downtown Athens, and, furthermore, drivers have learned to respect them. As for the new highways, whatever regrets they may inspire in some quarters, they do further economic progress, and they seem therefore to be welcomed by the poor; peasants anywhere do not as a rule complain that their villages have been "spoiled" by at last having gained proximity to a good road.

LOOKING up at the Acropolis from the Plaka, one can see little more than a rugged gray-brown cliff with a masonry wall at its top. The cliff is much too steep to climb at that point; the easiest, and most travelled, route is a winding flagstone path that starts from the south side of the elevation and curves upward to the Propylaea, the columned entrance gate on the west side of the sanctuary. This and the other structures up there—the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, and the Temple of Athena Nike—exceed most foreigners' expectations under almost any conditions (though I can't say that I consider the Acropolis much of a place to visit when it lies hot and glary under the summer sun), but the Acropolis is especially beautiful seen by the light of a full moon, which is wonderfully effective in bringing out the tones of the marble and in making the lines of the architecture sharp and clear. On the four nights when the moon is at its fullest, the Acropolis, which is ordinarily closed to the public at five o'clock, is open until midnight, and hordes of people visit it. The marble surface underfoot, though broken here and there by strange old corrugations and cuttings, is smooth and shiny, and in the moonlight it gleams. The visitors steal about silently, avoiding one another and thinking their own thoughts, until closing time arrives and the guards sound bells and whistles to get them out.

On certain other nights, the Acropolis becomes the scene of *son et lumière* performances, of a kind now common in Western Europe—and especially effective, I understand, in dramatizing the châteaux of the Loire Valley. Changing searchlights, in warm pastel colors, are played on the temples while paying customers watch from the Pnyx, a nearby hill, and non-paying audiences take in the show from other vantage points about the city. The spectators on the Pnyx hear a sound-track discussion, re-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peated in Greek, French, and English, of the ancient structures, complete with musical accompaniment, but it is a dubious privilege, for this phase of the proceedings is corny in the extreme. The use of searchlights, though, has the merit of showing off the great old architecture in unexpected ways, and because of them the Acropolis now dominates Athens by night as well as by day.

I roamed over the Acropolis many times—by day and by night, in hot weather and cool, alone and with all sorts of companions. Once, I even tagged along for a couple of hours with some five hundred tourists who were being shown about the place as participants in one of four annual Swan's Hellenic Cruises, which originate in England, under scholarly auspices, and cover various parts of the Mediterranean Basin. Having heard from a friend of mine who had signed up for this particular cruise that it would be arriving in Athens on a certain day toward the end of the summer (with Cyprus, Turkey, Lebanon, and Yugoslavia still to go), I went down to Piraeus and met the cruise party when it landed. The guides—if the word is exalted enough—on this particular Swan's tour were scholarly indeed. There were at least seven of them—archeologists, classicists, and other authorities on Eastern Mediterranean culture—all so accomplished in their respective fields that they were deemed worthy of listing by the British *Who's Who.* My friend and I boarded the last of eleven buses that carried the party into Athens and up to the Propylaea, and by the time we got there one of the guides, Canon Guy Pentreath, of Rochester Cathedral, was already launched on a talk about the structure. His listeners were very British-looking, dressed in smart casual garb representing a variety of tastes: shorts, slacks, suits; sandals, sneakers, shoes. I even saw a couple of shooting sticks.

When the Canon was through, we went, as we were directed, to the south side of the Parthenon, where we found the archeologist Sir Mortimer Wheeler awaiting us on the steps. He was tall and thin, with curly gray hair, a gray mustache, a pipe, a brown porkpie hat, a gray suit, and brown suède shoes. "A charming lady of our party," he began, "said to me on the boat, 'I suppose you love looking at ruins.' I answered, 'No, Madam, I *hate* looking at ruins, whether archeological or human.' " From this I took it that Sir Mortimer might turn out to be a showy speaker, and so he did, though in an appropriately erudite way.

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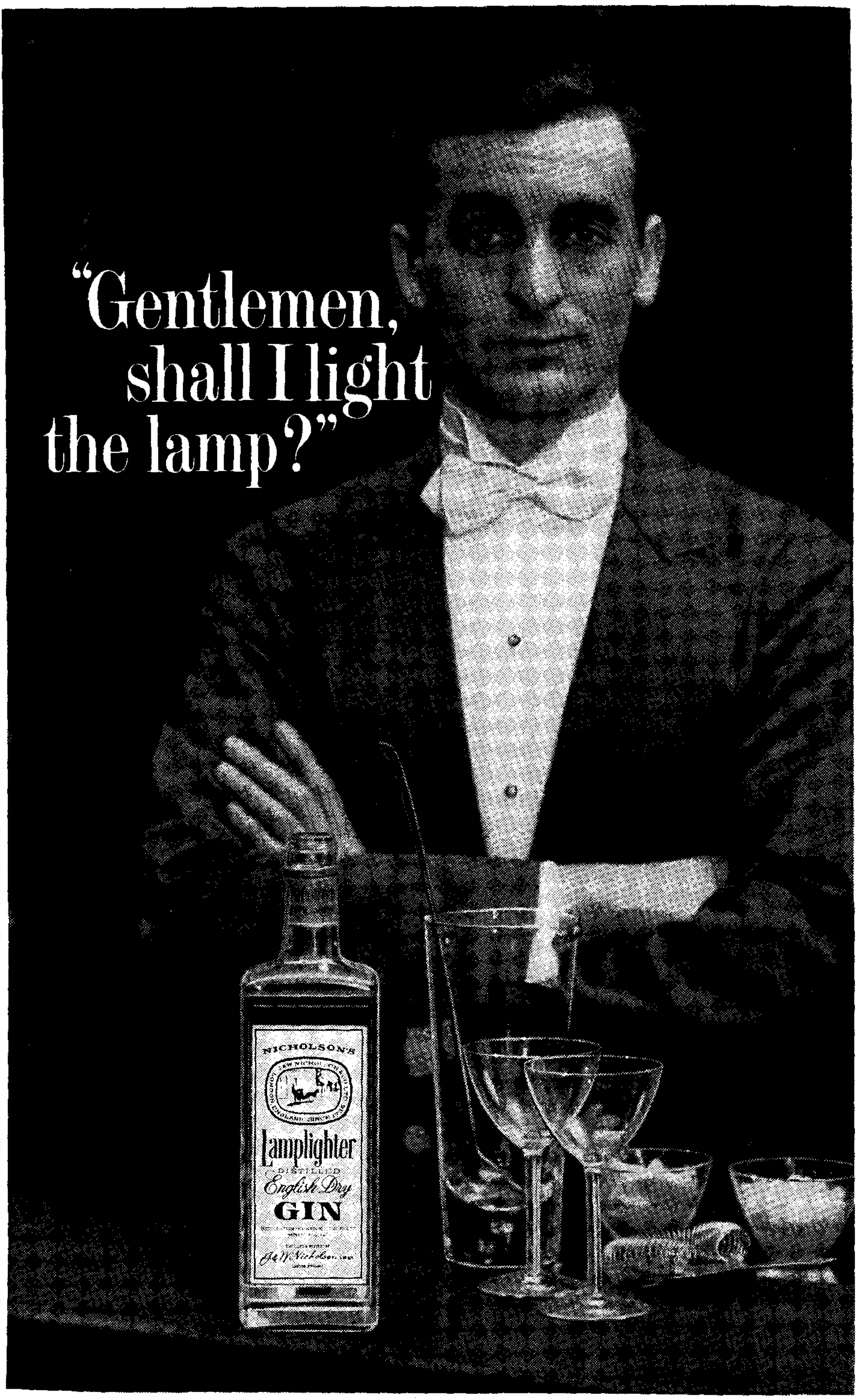
"The Parthenon can best be described as petrified intelligence," he said. "There is intelligence in every line of it." Since the Greek mind of the classical era was essentially mathematical, he continued, it had endowed the temple with a wealth of mathematical subtleties, which gave it life, and he cited a few of these—too abstruse to go into here. "Of course," he went on, "the Parthenon is now only a broken frame from which the picture has all but disappeared." He mentioned some of the missing parts of the picture, including the frieze that once adorned it. "Most of that frieze is in another place," he said, delicately referring, as everyone there knew, to the many marble sculptures that Lord Elgin removed from Athens in the early eighteen-hundreds and that are now in the British Museum. "And it owes its preservation to that fact. If, when you get back home, you go to a certain museum, you will see some good things in that frieze, and some that are less good." He advised his hearers to discriminate. "As Hellenists, we are apt to be snobs," he said. "There is nothing wrong in that. Not all classical things are good." Then he spoke disparagingly of another temple, the Theseum, which can be seen from the Acropolis, and which he felt had none of the Parthenon's virtues, and also of a very different sort of structure near it—the Stoa of Attalos, an old market building that was restored by American archeologists a few years ago and is now used as a museum. "The Stoa was rebuilt by my friend Homer Thompson," Sir Mortimer said. "He did a good job of it. But *why*? What was the use, with such a dull building?" Sir Mortimer shrugged elaborately and made a face.

After Sir Mortimer had finished, a number of Greek guides took charge, each of them ranging, with a small train of tourists in tow, over the whole Acropolis. I went along with a party led by a lady guide, who appeared to resent Sir Mortimer a little. "That is the Theseum, which Sir Mortimer Wheeler doesn't seem to like," she said. "And that is the restoration of the Stoa of Attalos, which also doesn't seem to appeal to Sir Mortimer." Her tone was dispassionate, but I felt that this was her way of making a temperate reprisal against what she considered Northern condescension. Besides, any reference to the Elgin marbles is likely to get Greek backs up.

I MADE a number of trips to Wet Greece during the summer, living for a time on some of its islands, but I re-



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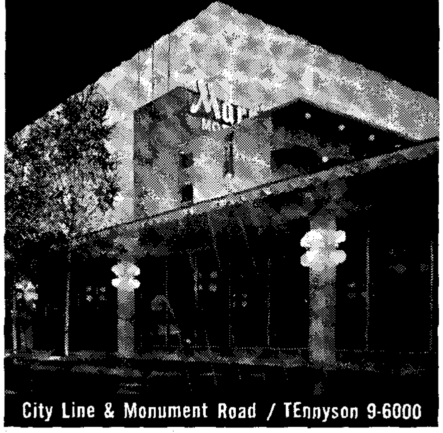

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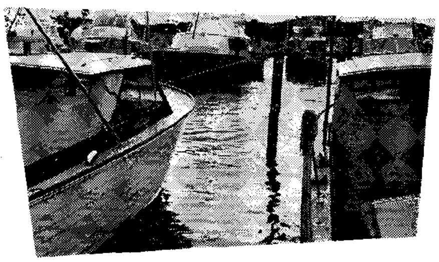

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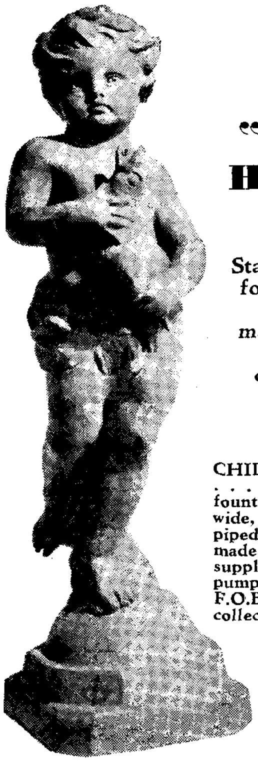
mained based at the Cecil, which was jammed throughout the hot-weather months with Greeks up from Athens. The Kifissia nights were sweet and cool, and in the evenings the place was a fairyland of rustling aspens, babbling irrigation ditches running along the sides of the streets, brightly lit taverns and cafés, and many horse-drawn carriages, most of them waiting in long lines to take passengers on calls or joy rides, but few of them actually en route with fares. I had most of my evening meals at the Cecil, on a terrace out back of the hotel, usually arriving there at about eight-thirty, which, for Greece, was so early that my only fellow-diners were apt to be small Greek children accompanied by their governesses, some of whom were British—pretty and lively young women, not at all like the old-style nannies, teaching the Queen's tongue and their conception of table manners to their charges. Generally, the adult Greeks summering at the Cecil seemed to be well dressed, inactive, and fairly elderly, content just to play cards, drink little cups of coffee, and talk.

At the beginning of September, I finally left the Cecil and moved down to Athens, having rented an apartment there for the remainder of the year in a section called Ilissia, half an hour's walk from the heart of the city. But it was still hot in the capital then, so I made a few more excursions—both to the islands and on the mainland—and it was not until the first week in October, after most of the visitors had left Greece and the season was pretty much over, that I really settled down in my apartment. New buildings were going up in that district, too, but even so it was moderately quiet. The air over Athens is calm in October, the sky is blue, the colors are bright, and in an outlying section like mine one can hear a dog bark half a mile away. My flat had a terrace—a tranquil place, fine for reading and writing, or for just basking, since it faced southeast and got the sun from early morning until teatime. It also faced the long and bulky silhouette of Mount Hymettus, whose nearly straight ridgeline, three or four miles away, formed most of my horizon. Part limestone, part marble, the mountain is covered with a meagre sprinkling of earth—just enough to support a coat of scrubby vegetation, on which feed colonies of bees, producers of the same sort of honey the ancients so admired. In the clear October sunlight, a plant resembling heather was blooming there, and when I took a walk among



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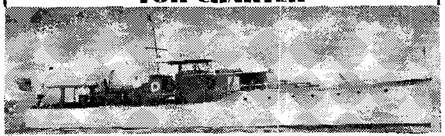

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those heights I would find each clump of it abuzz. To the Athenians of classical times, not only was Mount Hymettus a source of honey but it—or, rather, the clouds that, with the advance of winter, gather above it—served as a reliable guide in forecasting the weather.

As for the weather that autumn, it continued warm and sunny all through October—so much so that if I was out walking at midday I would feel hot and burned. The seasonal rains were late in arriving, and farmers started to complain of a drought, for the ground was so hard, below a few inches of surface dust, that they could not begin their accustomed fall plowing. But when at last the rains did come, in November, they were so copious for a while that the farmers soon caught up. After the deluge, Athens enjoyed many clear days, but these were somehow different, and it never did recapture the endless, still, sunny magic of its earlier autumn. By the beginning of December, winter had arrived; though the city continued to have its sunny days—and these were clearer than in summer, for the rains had helped cleanse the air—in between them came big storms. I could spot them in advance—much as the ancients did, I suppose. The wind that brings Athens fair weather all summer and well into the fall blows from the north, but in winter the wind blows from the southeast most of the time—driving in, rain-laden, from the Aegean—and Mount Hymettus stands directly in the way of its onrushing course toward the city. I would be warned of approaching storms by the sight of clouds peeping over the mountain's ridge—small and white the first few times, but growing bigger and darker as the year waned, and, after winter had really set in, looming and lowering there before they moved rapidly on the city. The life of Athens was now deep indoors.

Although the number of transient tourists was negligible by then, I was far from being the only foreigner in the city, for it has a large year-round population of Western expatriates. Lovers of the past—and haters of modernity—are drawn to Greece. So are do-gooders, beatniks, miscellaneous escapists, and quite a few serious writers and painters and archeologists. The Athenian foreign colony, in fact, is numbered conservatively at several thousand. Some of its members are overly precious or given to cultism, but others make stimulating company. The colony is divided into many subsections, which work out their own relations with one another and with the Greeks, and some are so close to the latter that intermarriage is common. This is hardly surprising, since the people of Greece are among the most cosmopolitan on earth, both welcoming foreigners to their country and going abroad in droves to live among them.

With a few exceptions, the public entertainments available in Athens during the winter are not distinguished; its theatres, movies, concerts, art exhibitions, night clubs, and the like, mostly follow Western lines, and sometimes Western lines of only provincial quality. Making the rounds, I could not help recalling the natural simplicity and artistry—the general air of propriety and of belonging—that characterized the production I had seen at Epidaurus. In December, as my year in Athens was drawing to a close, I did learn of one forthcoming event that sounded promising—a program of Greek folk dances—and I hopefully went around to see it. Most of the dances were staged and executed by a professional troupe, and I thought they were expertly done, with costumes and music and performers all seemingly perfect. But I felt that this perfection was almost a flaw, and I much preferred some dances that were put on, as a small part of the program, by a group of relative amateurs just in from one of the islands. What their performance lacked in polish it more than made up for in vitality and *joie de vivre*, of a sort that none of the professionals could simulate. Greek life, like the Greek landscape, tends to have a coarse and grainy texture, and to try to smooth it out is to court disaster. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

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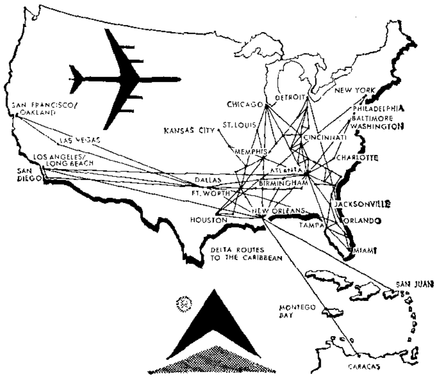

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Overstuffed

If enough is as good as a feast, too much can be worse than a famine. This celebrated Umbrian apothegm is perfectly illustrated by "Boccaccio '70," which consists of three independent episodes, directed by Federico Fellini, Luchino Visconti, and Vittorio De Sica, and starring, among many others, Anita Ekberg, Romy Schneider, and Sophia Loren. The picture, which might possibly have provided us with a breezy hour and a half's entertainment, has been allowed to go on and on and *on,* for a total of a hundred and sixty-five minutes, and we slope away from it engorged and exhausted. The title, a model of perverse ellipsis, springs from a hoped-for resemblance between the film and the "Decameron," the producer of the former having envisioned applying the techniques of the producer of the latter to "cinematic comments on various segments of Italian society, appropriate to 1970." Why 1970? Your guess is as good as mine.

The first episode, directed by Signor Fellini, recounts the attempt of a middle-aged Roman bluenose to have an enormous billboard of Anita Ekberg removed from an open square across from his apartment. The difficulties he encounters pitch him headlong into hallucination, in the course of which the sexy Miss Ekberg comes to life, in her billboard dimensions, and wantonly pursues her detractor. By trick photography, we are enabled to watch the tiny puritan caught up and laid to rest uneasily upon the broad surface of Miss Ekberg's most famous feature; this is really Signor Fellini's only joke, and he makes the mistake of telling it several times. One sees readily enough that he is avenging himself on those who have found his movies too risqué, but the revenge is self-indulgent and uninventive, and to me there is something cruel in the use to which he puts Miss Ekberg, who is on a sufficiently formidable scale as God made her.

The second episode, directed by Signor Visconti, tells with diffuse relish the sordid tale of a young wastrel of a Milanese count who prefers expensive call girls to his beautiful young wife but remains with her because her wealthy father is his sole means of support. To secure the attention, if not the love, of her worthless husband, the wife arranges to bestow her favors on him for pay. How very short this story would have to be in order to prevent us from feeling the full weight of its nastiness! Here, the two things that make it bearable are Miss Schneider's beauty and the calculated opulence of the settings. Signor Visconti is a veritable Tolstoy of interior decoration, and his upholsteries speak louder than words. As for the bathroom in which he contrives to have Miss Schneider take a long time undressing, no American home should be without one.

The third episode, no more tasteful than the others, concerns a carnival girl who has been talked into selling chances on her body as a sideline. The lottery is won, of course, by a notorious mama's boy, and the rest of the plot can be easily imagined. What's hard to imagine is why Vittorio De Sica consented to direct this not very funny graffito, and why Miss Loren, at the very peak of her success, consented to appear in it. Poor Boccaccio! Poor 1970!

Admirers of that volcanic Japanese actor Toshiro Mifune will be eager to watch him erupting in "The Important Man," where he plays the part of a Mexican peasant. All the other actors are Mexican, which makes Mr. Mifune's task all the greater and his success all the more remarkable. The picture recounts the miserable life of a village drunk who brings his family step by step to ruin; we begin with the death of a child for whom he has failed to summon a doctor and end with his wife committing a murder that he has indirectly prompted. A grim story, made grimmer by the literal-mindedness of the direction and photography, but Mr. Mifune's performance is worth the suffering one undergoes. Now that I've seen him as a middle-aged Mexican peasant, I can hardly wait to see him as a young Danish prince.

—Brendan Gill

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WHAT LUCEPAPER D'YA READ?

The island got its name—*Isla de los Alcatraces,* meaning Isle of the Pelicans—from the 18th century Spaniards, and only pelicans have ever been free to come and go easily.—*Time, June 22nd.*

Though many attempts have been made, only the soaring seagull, after which Alcatraz is named in Portuguese, has been known—thus far—to fly free of the Rock.
—*Life, June 22nd.*

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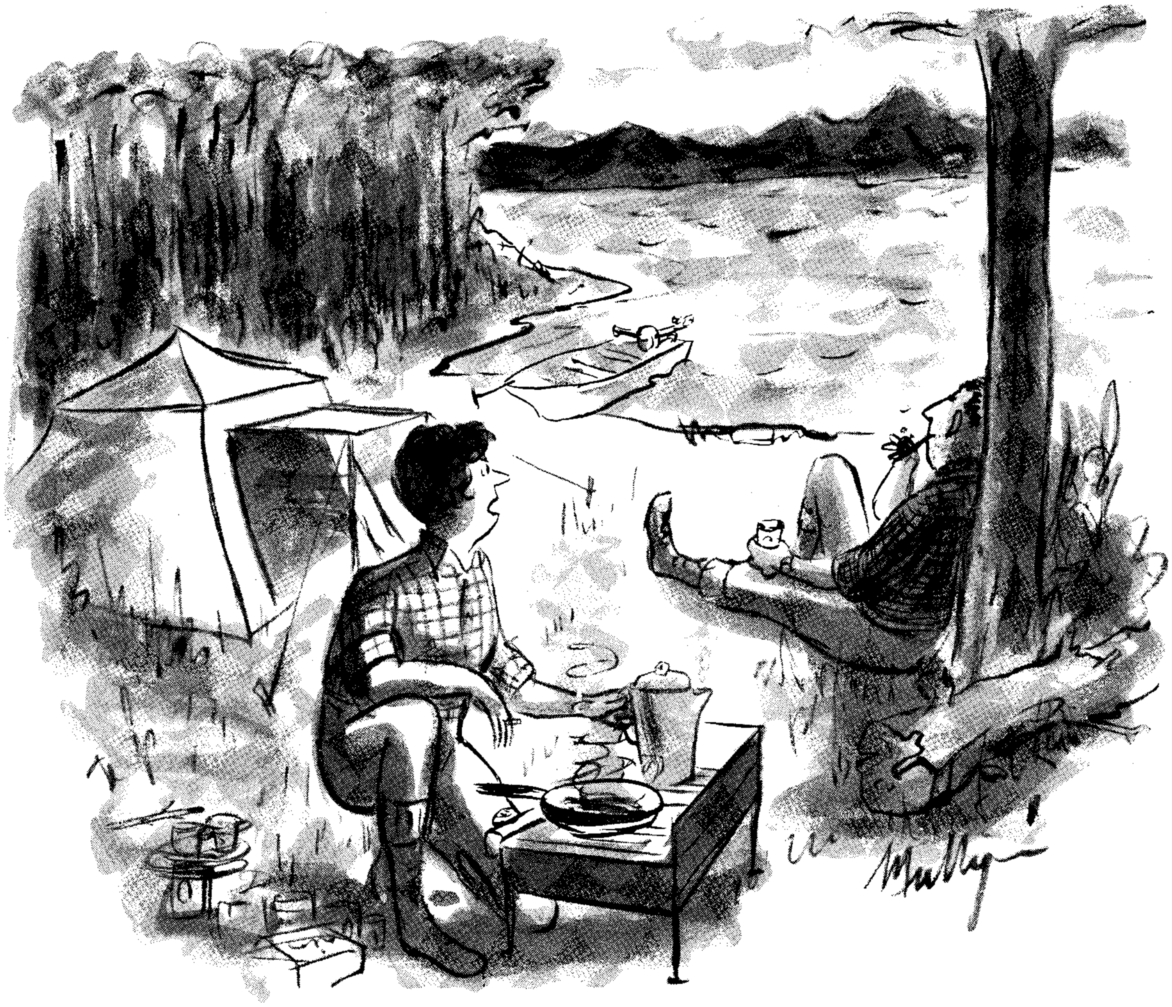
LETTER FROM PARIS

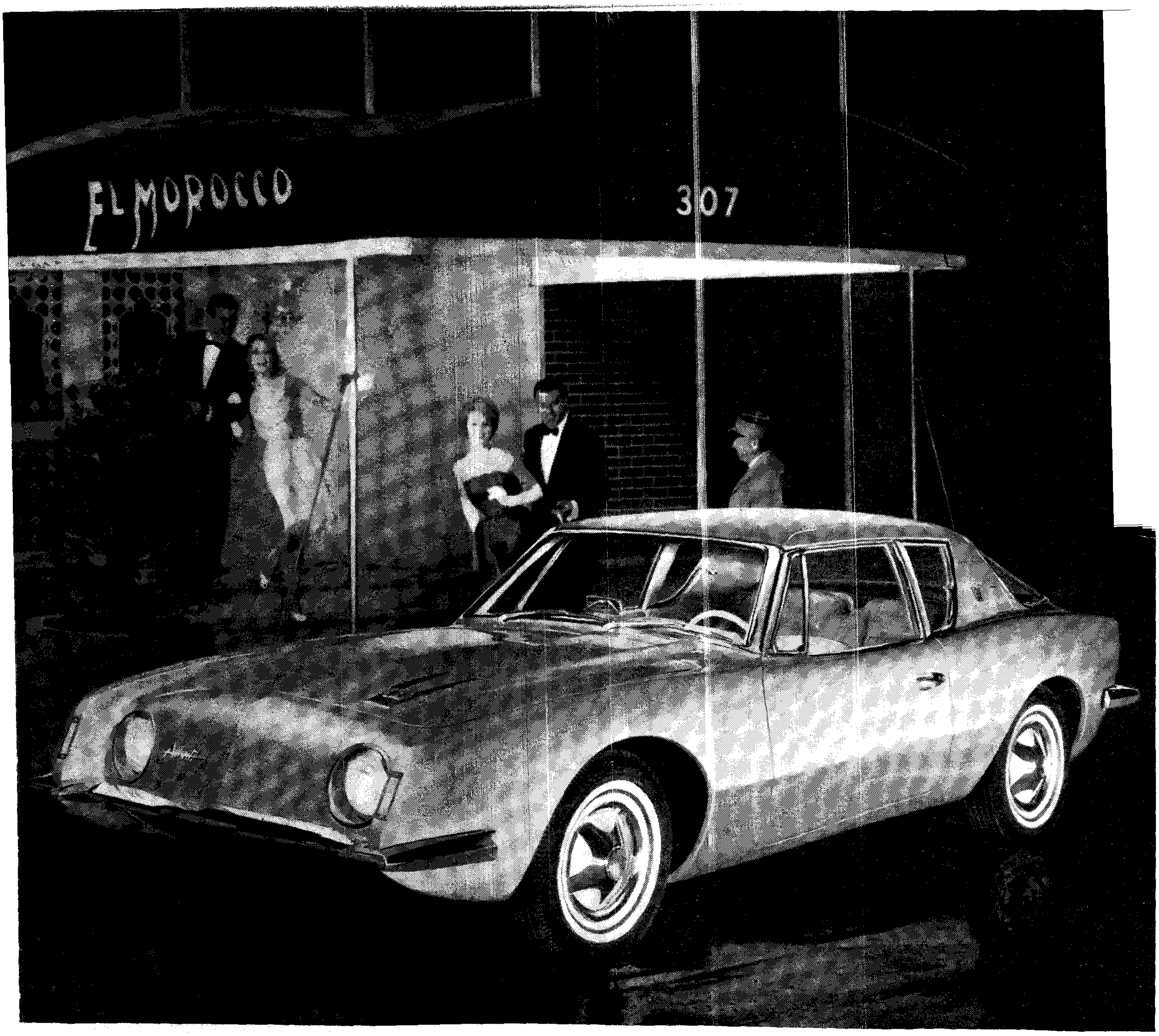
JUNE 26

ROSAMOND and Georges Bernier, editors of *L'Œil*, most intelligent and beautifully edited monthly art review here, have opened under its name an elegant new picture gallery in a huge, romantic Left Bank mansion at 3 Rue Séguier, around the corner from Picasso's atelier in the Rue des Grands Augustins. *L'Œil's* initial exhibition is a tribute to another art magazine, the famous, influential *Minotaure*, of the Paris nineteen-thirties. It was unique as the avant-garde progenitor and purveyor of the ideas of the Surrealists, then in their second and matured period—that militant group which, as you may recall, for the two decades between the wars was the strongest, most stimulating power combine in the French artistic field of new painting and writing. *Minotaure* served as a luxurious illustrated almanac—as often as there was enough cash to print it, which meant irregularly; in its nearly seven years of existence (from 1933 into 1939) there were only eleven issues, all bibliophile items today. Its founders were André Breton, Surrealism's Pope; the poet Paul Eluard; and two leading art-book publishers of Paris—the Swiss Albert Skira and the Greek Tériade. *L'Œil's* exhibition is made up of twenty-nine paintings and some sculpture, all of which were either reproduced in *Minotaure* or created during its regime by artists who were working Surrealistically at the time—by Picasso, Max Ernst, Tanguy, Arp, Miró, Chirico, Dali, Duchamp, Man Ray, Magritte, Brancusi, Giacometti, Masson, and Matta. Seen all together, they make a rare, historic show. Dali, of course, was expelled from the group as he approached the level of department-store decoration; Chirico left it for his private medieval limbo; Picasso moved on to his production of monsters; and Duchamp ceased painting. Aragon, the group's literary chief and the bitter rival of Breton, departed from its discipline to become a Communist Party *éminence grise;* one or two Surrealist writers were suicides; and those of its major disciples still alive today are either venerated authorities or aging artists of international repute. In the gallery's foyer is displayed a row of medallion photographs of their faces when they and Surrealism were young, in the early twenties—faces of vivid, youthful heretics, with the heavy-jowled Breton already looking like a pope in exile, Dali like a picaresque Spanish male beauty, Ernst like an early Dürer drawing.

There are four Picasso contributions to the exhibition, all un-Surrealistic in style—nor is it sure that he was ever a Surrealist at all. Miss Gertrude Stein once authoritatively said, "Surrealism was no help to him." There is a grandiose, virile pastel, from his mythological period of 1933, of a minotaur crouching over a nude goddess, and also his "Portrait de Lee Miller" (now in the London collection of her husband, Roland Penrose), with her features randomly scattered about her face and yet with her identifiable 1937 likeness as the Left Bank American beauty invincibly held captive by his genius. Magritte's "La Reconnaissance Infinie," of 1933, penetrating the future—which is today—shows a full moon and, posed on it, a tiny man in a gray business suit, who, years in advance, looks like spaceman Gagarin. A Brancusi bronze "Bird in Space" is on view, lent by Baron Philippe de Rothschild, who had never heard of the sculptor when he bought it but, as a racing-car enthusiast, responded to its suggestion of speed. There is an excellent, very small painting by the photographer Man Ray, and some of his "rayograph" experiments, and also Brassaï's early photographs of city wall graffiti, then a jolting novelty. The three Max Ernst canvases—the gigantic "Paradis," "La Joie de Vivre," and "Les Jardins des Hespérides"—demonstrate his superior aptitude for Surrealist art: his power of painting like a poet; his mastery of enigma, of the debris of dreams; his modest eroticism (libertinage being one of Surrealism's tenets); and



"No, as a matter of fact this doesn't beat staying at some resort hotel surrounded by mobs of people drinking and carrying on."



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his deep attachment to nature and its mimeticism.

Surrealism is démodé now, but it has left visible marks on French culture and American advertising. It was *au fond* a literary movement that aimed at paralleling itself in art—a doubled intimacy unknown here before, even in the time of the Symbolists. Created around 1924 by Breton, it has been his fame and will be his epitaph. Under his guidance, it seized on elements of the new century, which it aggressively popularized among the intelligentsia, rich or poor, if only by the scandals of its brawls in favor of all that it chose to be interested in. This included the interpretation of Freud, whom Breton personally knew; the sociology of Trotsky, another friend; automatic writing; oneirology; the irrational, the unconscious, and the psychosomatic; hypnotism, hallucinations, and free association; and ethnology as almost an esoteric study. Most of these are conversation pieces everywhere today, but they were not then. The dead writers the Surrealists were closest to were the Marquis de Sade, Rimbaud, Gérard de Nerval (who hanged himself in his top hat), and the so-called Comte de Lautréamont, who was their fetish for his malefic, imaginative creation "Les Chants de Maldoror." An acute international art critic has just commented, "The chief tenet of Surrealism was that contemporary art must be subversive, menacing, and a shock." Though the Surrealists were regarded by the French bourgeoisie as anarchists, they operated as prophets, for prophecy is what most modern art over the past forty years has turned out to be, even when not Surrealistic.

BRITTANY is now going through its second artichoke war, Artichoke War No. 1 having taken place about this time last year. The plethora of artichokes around Saint-Pol-de-Léon, in Finistère, where they are tenderer and have bigger hearts and less spiky leaves than those raised elsewhere, has once more led to surplus, bitterness, a *jacquerie* among the farmers, and strikes among packers at the railroad stations, with some peasants dumping their artichokes by the thousand on the village streets rather than sell them below the established price. What is worse, the discarded chokes have been used as vegetable grenades in the resulting street fights, producing bloody rural faces, calls for the riot police, and official appeals for calm by the Ministry of Agriculture. In nearby towns like Brest and

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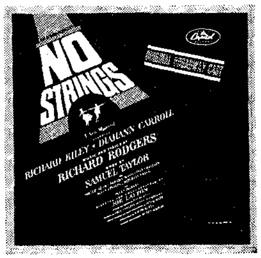

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Evgs. incl. Sun. at 8:30; Fri. & Sat. 7:30 & 10:30

in the regional cigarette factories, tons of the surplus vegetables were offered last week to workers and townspeople for nothing, but they aroused hostility rather than gratitude. One smart worker said to a Paris reporter, "The Saint-Polliens have the air of offering us charity. In reality, the chokes they hand out don't cost them anything, because they are subsidized by the government. So it's only a way to unload their stuff, and we taxpayers are the ones who pay." Last year, some members of the Primeuristes Indépendants, or the Independent Growers of Early Vegetables, trucked their artichokes down to Paris and sold them at neighborhood street markets with the old hawker cry of "*Voilà mes artichauts, tendres et beaux!*" Last Wednesday, their more powerful rival, the Société d'Intérêt Collectif Agricole, cut down the telephone poles outside Saint-Pol, Plouescat, Plouvorn, and other villages, and laid them across the roads to prevent anybody from bringing his glut of artichokes to town to sell at less than the minimum price of forty centimes a kilo—about four American pennies a pound. The Primeuristes Indépendants, who had apparently planned to do just that, then telegraphed President de Gaulle, declaring that they "placed themselves under his high authority" to preserve their safety, "imperilled by the Collectif's reign of terror."

There is also a glut of sardines. Both in Brittany and down in the Vendée, the fishermen have been dumping tons of them back into the sea because the canning factories have been busy canning peas. The recent strikes of railroad men and electrical workers made it risky to ship the catch to Paris, where it could be eaten grilled—and nothing seasonal in the fresh-fish line is cheaper or more tasty, with a squeeze of lemon. For several years, the sardines had deserted French waters. Now that no one is prepared for them, they have mysteriously returned, in huge, silvery schools. No French law can be passed about the way sardines act. But the promised new laws to deal with rural problems and controlled prices are expected to be voted by Parliament before it closes its present session; otherwise the farmers will be up in arms. The cost of living is steadily mounting in France. The farmers are hard-pinched by the low prices given them by the produce markets for what they raise, just as the consumers are pinched by high prices for what they eat. The past month's repeated strikes in the public services

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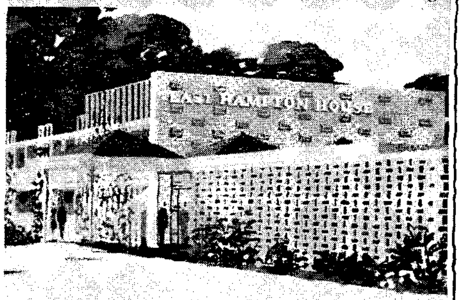

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are for better wages for the government's employees, to whom Premier Pompidou has just given a measly raise of a fraction over one per cent, with a promise of going into things in a bigger way in the autumn. He better had. Poor salaries for its employees (always less than industry pays its people) and a grumbling peasantry have lately added to the spreading criticisms of the General's Fifth Republic.

THERE have been a certain number of *hommages* recently rendered to Claude Debussy and Maurice Maeterlinck, separately and together, this year being the centenary of their births—that of the musician on August 22, 1862, in Saint-Germain-en-Laye, just outside Paris, in a delightful little Gothicized house, still standing in its garden behind a wall on a hill, and that of the Belgian mystic a week later in Ghent—and their talents having finally united them in the chef-d'œuvre of their lives, "Pelléas et Mélisande." The first honor offered Debussy was at the Sorbonne, where a program of tedious professorial praise preceded a rendition of "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," played on horns, trumpets, and other brass, and in uniform, by the Paris Garde Républicaine band—surely the most unlikely, ambitious musical effort ever attempted by a French police band. The official governmental compliment was held last month at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, where the State Radio and Television Orchestra, directed by Charles Munch, as a homecoming pleasure from his Boston Symphony post, gave an inspiringly, poetically performed all-Debussy program, which rather too naturally featured the ever-popular "Fêtes." However, it also included the first public performance in forty years of Debussy's Fantaisie for Piano and Orchestra, which he himself, out of dissatisfaction with it, had suppressed. Here it was at last played again, and brilliantly, by Nicole Henriot, though it mostly proved that Debussy had been right in wanting it unheard. The most propitious *hommage* so far was last week's concert of Debussy chamber music and his settings of the "Cinq Poèmes de Baudelaire," held at the Petit Palais amid the Tuck art collection, given to the City of Paris by the late American Francophile Edward Tuck. This was ravishing. There was the Sonata for Flute, Viola, and Harp, and the Sonata for Violin and Piano, which was written in 1916 and 1917, when he was dying near Arcachon and knew it, and which indicated his

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"inquiétude ambiante" by a faint shroud of melancholy that covered some of his final, sparkling musical light.

Debussy's anniversary has made it clear that his musical genius is deeply admired by the French and that his music is not very popular with them. "Pelléas et Mélisande" is given as rarely as possible at the Comique, nor can it fill even that small house with listeners. It is appreciated here that Debussy's is noble, impressionistic music, rather like the impressionistic paintings, and, like them, taken from nature, which has been creatively improved, as in his tone poem "La Mer." What disoriented him from the Teutonic Wagnerian stream in which most other European creative talents were then trustingly swimming, floating, or foundering was his chance exotic experience with the whole-tone scale, which he may have picked up from a Javanese gamelan orchestra at the 1899 Exposition Universelle in Paris. It seems more likely, though, that he first heard it in Russia, where he was a young tutor to the children of Frau von Meck (the Egeria of Tchaikovsky), and where he was exposed to the works of the provincial composer Vladimir Rebikov, who took the whole-tone scale from the folk music of his locality. This blurred, fascinating dissonance—or so it at first seemed to Parisian ears—was the opening sound of modernity. There is a Paris anecdote that when Debussy began composing with the whole-tone scale he said, "There must be something wrong with my ears—I don't hear correctly." He was hearing the novelty of his own genius. At the Bibliothèque Nationale, there is an exhibition of manuscripts, photographs, souvenirs, and letters of "Pelléas et Mélisande's" two creators. They are more melancholy than exciting.

CONTINUED bloodshed, the blowing sky-high of buildings that represent and house civilization in cities, the miscarriages of justice, and the second thoughts about where justice is even to be found in a great country like France, which has seen the dignity of ending its own war removed from its control and given in part to men in prison—all these confusions, whether going on here or in Oran or Algiers, are like an amateur script for some kind of coarse, comic charade in which even anger, hatred, and desperation are the qualities of buffoons. The letter that ex-General Salan wrote a few days ago from his solitary-confinement cell in Fresnes Prison, advising the O.A.S. terrorist army he created and led to

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befriend the new Algerian independence, and begging the Algerian whites *to stay by their cities and their land*, largely ruined at his orders, was an ironic sequel to the earlier one from the same prison by ex-General Jouhaud, who offered the same solemn good advice—but to Salan himself, and at a moment when such good advice seemed a comrade's treachery. These elements have almost made judges out of the two criminals and traitors in finally settling France's war. Though it was France that the Arab rebels fought for seven years in pursuit of their independence, it is with the army of France's new enemy—the white French O.A.S., formerly high in France's own army—that the F.L.N. Arab forces have lately been agreeing to negotiate the peace. There is no common sense in the vital seriousness of all that has been going on. That the vote in the referendum to be held in a few days in Algeria will be overwhelmingly in the affirmative is right now the only seemingly certain consequence of this long colonial war, so often referred to by General de Gaulle as "*cette guerre absurde*." The making of the peace has been permitted to be far more absurd. —GENÊT

•

CHICAGO (UPI)—Gregory Bliznick and John Sadlo were just driving along, minding their own business, when all at once there was that peacock.

The rainbow-hued bird was walking—and pecking—the yellow center line of Diversey Avenue.

Mr. Sadlo, 19 years of age, stopped his car. His companion, 16, jumped out and gave chase.

Down the street went the peacock, fanning his broad tail in the nippy early-morning air. Young Bliznick ran close behind with young Sadlo bringing up the rear.

Startled motorists did a doubletake and slowed down to a halt.

After much running and reaching and grabbing, young Bliznivk votnrtrf volotgul ptry.—*The Times.*

That's where he made his mistake.

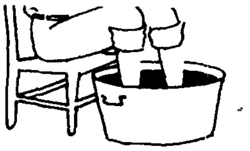
•

"Little Boy Blue, Come Blow Your Horn,
The Sheep's in the Meadow, the Cow's in the Corn . . ."

These verses, known to nearly every youngster, came back to the minds of Tomahawk's adults last Wednesday upon the death of Mr. Elmer D. Foster, 68. A Tomahawk resident for 48 years, she was the last direct descendant of poet Eugene Field.

"Little Boy Blue" was perhaps the most famous of the poems which earned for Field a reputation as the "Children's Poet" of the latter 19th century.—*Tomahawk* (*Wis.*) *Leader.*

Well, there was "Jack Sprat could eat no fat."



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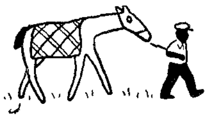

To be dispassionate about the Coaching Club American Oaks, in which Bramalea beat Cicada, is easier said than done. When Cicada took on colts in the Florida Derby last March and just missed winning by a nose, and followed that up with victories in the Kentucky Oaks, the Acorn, and the Mother Goose Stakes, an aura of glamour settled around her. Most racegoers, including your correspondent, came to believe that she was second to none among the three-year-old fillies. However, a cool review of the recent classic at Belmont Park compels the conclusion that Bramalea was simply the best that day. To my surprise, Flaming Page, who usually starts off slowly, and who made such a spectacular run to win the Queen's Plate at Woodbine the week before, was first to show in front. She was closely followed by Bramalea, while Cicada seemed to be going very well in third place, with the half-dozen other runners strung out behind her. They remained in that order down the backstretch, around the turns, and going into the straight. Here Flaming Page tired and Bramalea took the lead, but the race was far from over, for Cicada came bearing down upon her, and went ahead less than a furlong from home. Then, in the last fifty yards, Bramalea came on again, to win by half a length. Cicada saved second place by mere inches from Firm Policy.

It seemed to me that several things worked against Cicada's chances. The early pace was slow (in the Acorn and the Mother Goose it had been fast), and she lost ground on the turns. Although she took the lead in the stretch—and she's as high-mettled a racer as we've seen in years—she couldn't hold it, which makes me wonder if a mile and a quarter isn't beyond her powers. She's had a lot of racing, too—sixteen starts as a two-year-old, and nine to date this season—and I doubt whether she's been really out of training since the autumn she was a yearling. Be all that as it may, even the most critical observers could find no fault with her condition at saddling time. Well, she's expected to meet Bramalea again a week from Saturday in the Delaware Oaks at Delaware Park. That should prove a most interesting event, for its

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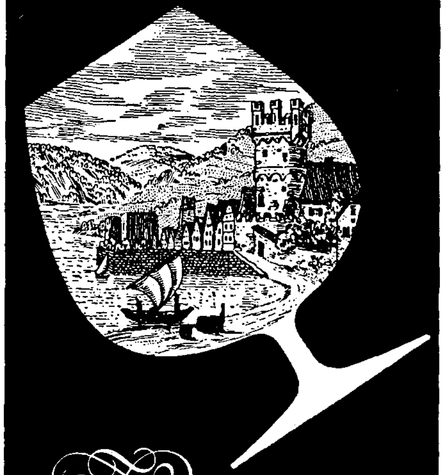

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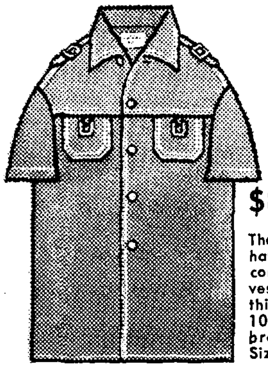

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distance is a furlong shorter than the race at Belmont. You pick the winner.

Bramalea, bred and owned by John W. Galbreath, is an attractive medium-sized, very dark bay filly. By Nashua (she's one of the better Nashuas, somebody remarked) out of Rarelea, who is a daughter of Bull Lea, she has a gilt-edged pedigree. Her form last year was moderate, but early this season she won the Jasmine at Hialeah and, in preparation for the Oaks, two overnight events, all in fine style. Jim Conway, her trainer, deserves the greatest credit for sending her to the post in such a splendid state of fitness, and Ussery rode her exactly to orders.

ANOTHER filly that everybody had high hopes for fell by the wayside last week—the two-year-old Affectionately, who had been undefeated in six previous starts, including the filly division of the National Stallion Stakes. The Wheatley Stable's No Resisting, trained by Jim Fitzsimmons, beat her by two and a half lengths in the Colleen Stakes at Monmouth Park on Wednesday. No Resisting had run third in the National Stallion. Oh, well. By the way, the division of the National Stallion for colts and geldings was won by O'Calaway, who, unless my eyes deceive me, walked gingerly going to the post. Tom Cat, who was second, has a streak a foot wide of his grandsire Mahmoud's temperament, and Much Motion, who was third, acted as if he were about to buck his shins. Though Belmont closed last Saturday and we won't return there till October, I must clap hands for the management's putting more benches in the paddock walking ring. They were appreciated.

I CAN'T name a horse—not even Man o' War—who was as big an idol of New York racegoers as Stymie was in the forties, and the news from Kentucky of his death last week saddened us all. He was such a joy to look at, and his runs through the stretch, though he didn't win them all, were enthralling. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Everywhere we turn we see news reports that American boys are being trained for guerrilla warfare.

To us, guerrilla warfare means rough and ready fighting under all sorts of tough, natural conditions.

It also means camouflage. During the last war the cosmetics business, to a certain extent, did get into mass production of creams for camouflage under various conditions. Perhaps this opportunity will open again.—*Beauty Fashion.*

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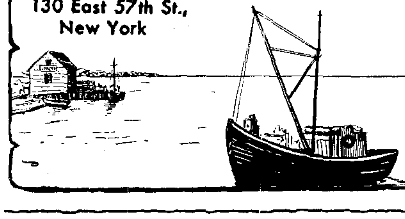

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HUMORESQUE

BEATRICE, with three syllables, lives diagonally across the street from where I live and directly across from the plot I call my garden. Beatrice thinks she can play the piano. She sits in a room with three huge mirrors, and nods to the other members of her piano quartet; they nod back at her and the room. My house and my garden are flooded, inundated, drowned in a golden honey gravy of romantic (used in the popular sense) music.

"Painting the Clouds with Sunshine" becomes "Every Cloud Must Have a Silver Lining" becomes something about a "golden daybreak" becomes "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" becomes "He Can Make the Sun," or whatever it's called, all with the same three-beat bottom hand, and each one pouncing, without a thought for key or transition, into the next. One can pull weeds to this music, or dust for aphids, or squash Japanese beetles, and never once break the incessant dignity, the overwhelming dignity, of one, two, three/ one, two, three/ one, two, three.

The key of C: Theme and variations for one piano and three mirrors. Etude for white keys and leave the black ones be. Music for weeding, spraying, and waltzing in rubber boots, too. Also lawnmowing music. When Beatrice begins with "Painting the Clouds," her husband, ordinarily a mild enough man, slips from the house and begins cutting his lawn with a power mower. Now and then the tone-deaf, gasoline-engine machine comes between the music and my garden, but not often. Beatrice may or may not know about me and my garden. Once, I had to go inside the house to get a drink of water and she got stalled on "He Can Make the Sun," or whatever it is, until I got back at work.

After the religious songs, quote/unquote, there is always a thunderous pause, as though she had taken a look outside to see the world she had charmed and seen instead that the sun had walked out on her and that it was too dark to mow any longer (or weed or dust), and then, as though in a whisper, as though the mirrors had fallen, comes the single, child voice of an early piano lesson before the bass notes had overcome it—the fragile, quiet, tiptoe melody of "Humoresque."

Always the same. I pick up my hoe and other tools, always the same way, and walk slowly to the garage. Her husband goes back into the house; perhaps he says something to Beatrice, pushing the piano bench back under the piano, about how beautiful the sunset was.

—FRED MOECKEL

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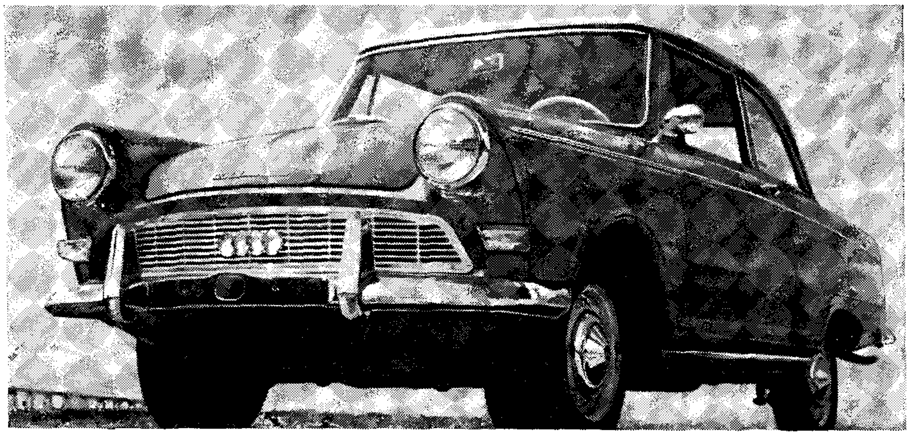

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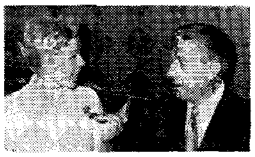

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THE SPORTING SCENE

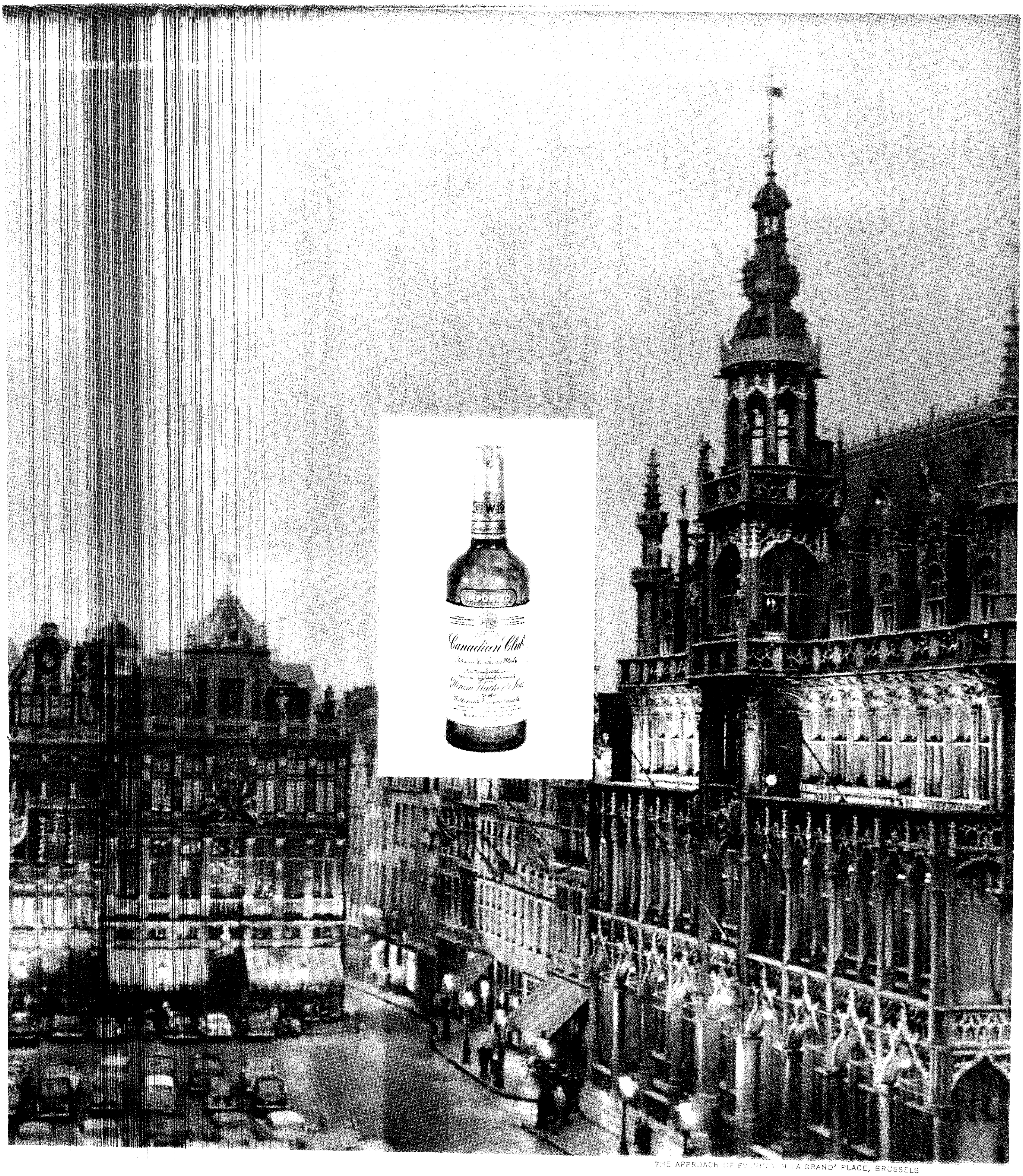
FUN~LOVER

A FEW days ago, I took a ride up to a resort hotel called the Pines, at South Fallsburg, in the Catskills, to have my first look at Charles L. Liston, the challenger for the world heavyweight championship, who is training there. Early in the spring, Liston and Floyd Patterson, the champion, were sure that the New York State Athletic Commission would let them fight for the title here in late June, so Liston engaged training quarters. Then the Commission barred the match, and it had to be postponed while the promoter, Championship Sports, Inc., picked a site in another state. (It is now set for September 25th at the White Sox ballpark in Chicago.) But Liston had meanwhile started to train, and he decided to continue, as if for two fights; he planned to reach peak form in July and then knock off for a couple of weeks and "slop in," as the fancy phrases it, after which he would go back to training, with not so much ground to regain as if he had spent all the interim loafing. Mr. Liston had been described to me by a colored fight trainer I know as "a big, hard, heavy-handed man," and one who loafs as intensely as he works.

My interest in the contemplated contest is cultural, and has nothing to do with the Commission's reasons for exiling it, which have a political look. There is a gubernatorial election in the fall, and the prize ring has had a bad press lately. Besides, Liston has been called a hard case, although his mother, down in Forrest City, Arkansas, recently told a reporter that he was always a good boy. I was never one to lowgrade a mother, so when Mr. Hal Conrad, a press agent for C. S., Inc., invited me to the Pines, I was glad to go. I had heard disparate evaluations of the challenger; one qualified observer had told me he was the best big man since Joe Louis, and another had said he was too slow to compete with the champion, who is less big but gets around faster. All I can say after seeing Liston is that he is as strong as an ox but considerably more agile, and that his stern exterior conceals surprises.

The Pines is a resort of only moderate size compared to the really big hotels in the Catskills; a place called the Concord, which I saw from the expressway going up, looked like the Palace of Chapultepec. I found Liston's training quarters in a split-level pavilion there called the 19th Hole, because of its proximity to a putting course. The lower floor of the 19th Hole is given over to bedrooms, and the upper to a long lounge, with kitchen and lunch counter, which is operated as a canteen in the full summer season. Three members of Liston's faction were on the putting green, trying to talk one another out of putts. They adjourned their game at Conrad's hail, and told us that Liston had gone cycling—a rough test for a bike, since at this stage of his training he weighs nearly an eighth of a ton. Conrad introduced the largest of the three putterers as Willie Reddish, the challenger's head trainer, and I tried to pump him about his principal's disputed talents. Reddish is a big, light-colored, good-natured man who was a pretty good heavyweight himself in the thirties, though never of the top grade. It is often possible to gauge a winning fighter's temperament by his trainer's, which will be just the opposite—a process like mirror-reading. A moody fighter or a worrier does best under an easygoing type, who can make him laugh at himself; the good-tempered fighter needs a martinet to remind him that life is serious.

One reason it has been hard to learn much about Liston is that all but one of his fights since his novice days have been extremely short. Ten of the last eleven have gone an average of three and a fraction rounds, or about ten minutes, apiece, and two of the victims were pretty good fighters. In the one exception, a highly cautious fellow named Eddie Machen lasted twelve rounds by continuous evasive action, but he left Liston as much of a mystery as before. The ten knockouts showed what kind of a puncher Liston was, Reddish told me—"a couple could have gotten tough, but he made them easy by knocking them out." The fight that went the distance was even more conclusive, Reddish said, because it proved that Liston wouldn't tire: "He went twelve rounds at high speed, chasing a man running away from him, and he finished the twelfth as fresh as he started the first. When a man come to stay, if he got experience, he is hard to take out." I asked him what Liston did best in the ring, and he said, "Everything—short punches, long punches, either hand." The assistant trainer, Joe Polano, a grizzled type in a visored cap,



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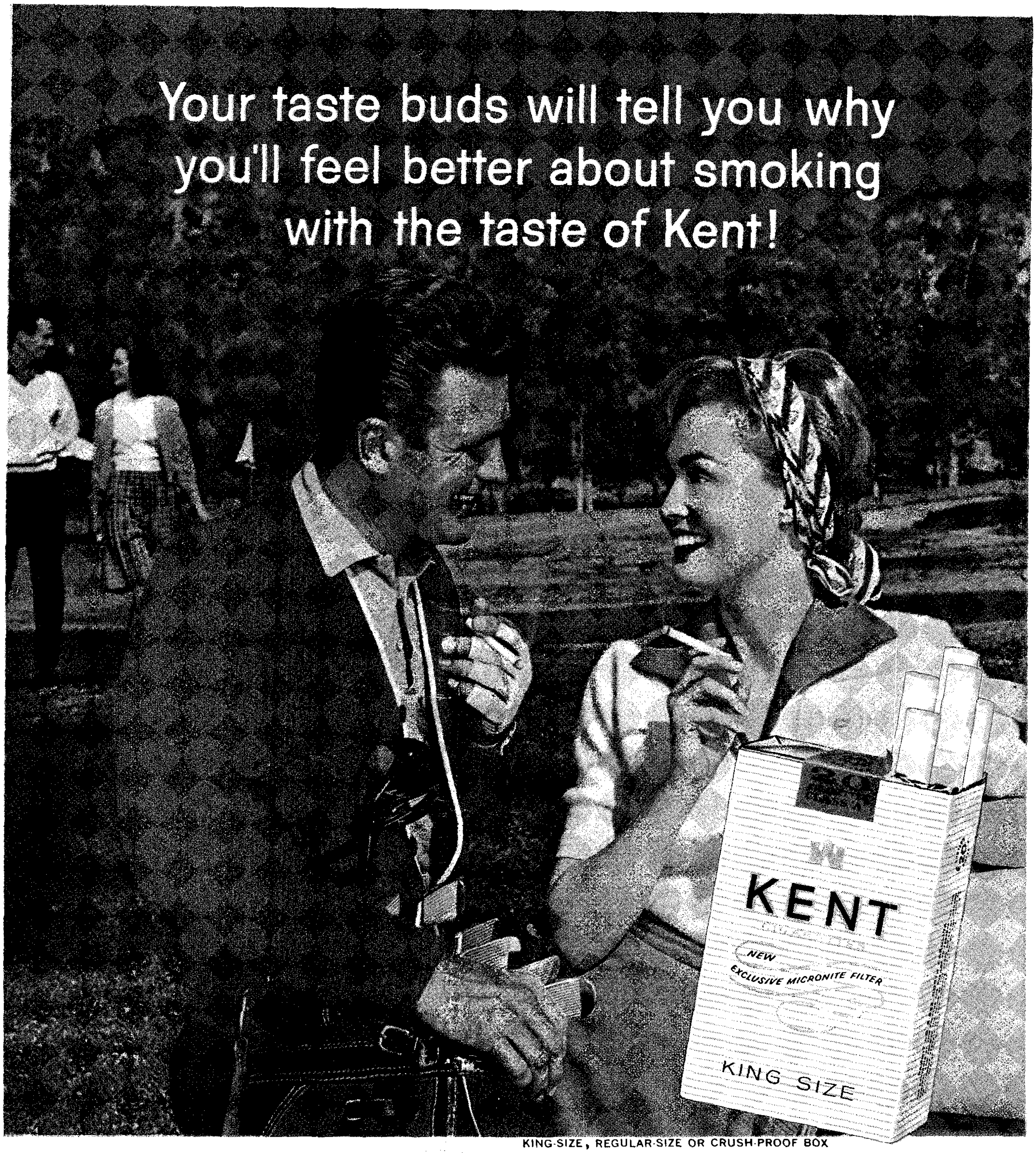

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who is an expert at repairing cuts between rounds, said he had never had to perform his specialty for Liston's benefit, because Liston never cut. (In ring language, the verb "to cut" is often passive in sense.) "Still," Mr. Polano said, "you never know when they're going to start." The third putter, a slim young colored man named Ray Munson, said he was the challenger's personal secretary and had no technical information to impart. Liston's faction also includes a sparring partner, Jim McCarter; a camp secretary, Archie Parolli; and a factotum, Ted King. Reddish, Munson, McCarter, and King all sport downturned pencil mustaches that follow the curve of the upper lip, and when I saw Liston I was not surprised to note that the camp mustaches were discreet copies of his. (This is a practice that began, I believe, when all of Archie Moore's sparring partners sported imperials like his, and all of Ray Robinson's grew long sideburns.)

CONRAD and I walked over to the main building, half the distance of the Belmont Stakes, for a dairy lunch, and when we returned, at half past two, Reddish and Polano were laying out the gear for a workout in a gymnasium, with a raised regulation ring, that had been set up under a new small-circus tent. Since it was a weekday and the full resort season had not yet begun, there were only a few spectators—non-paying, like me. The others included the hotel proprietors and a couple of small, fat boys. Reddish had said that Liston wouldn't do much, because it was only his second day of sparring and he had only one partner. The partner, McCarter, now quietly bandaging his own hands, told me that he had played fullback for the University of Washington and had been an alternate on the Olympic boxing team that went to Melbourne in 1956. He had turned professional only lately, and had had eleven fights, winning eight, all on the Pacific Coast. Liston then entered, a big, hard man if ever I saw one—six feet one, with wide shoulders, long arms, big hands, a torso like a tree, and calves stuffed with muscle. He was wearing green tights and heavy sweatclothes, which made him look even bulkier, and he was scowling as if he enjoyed it. If he wins the title, he will be the first scowling champion since John L. Sullivan. He, too, began to bandage his hands, with a care that indicated the amount of power he puts behind them; he used endless yards of gauze bandage, wrapping a small sponge be-

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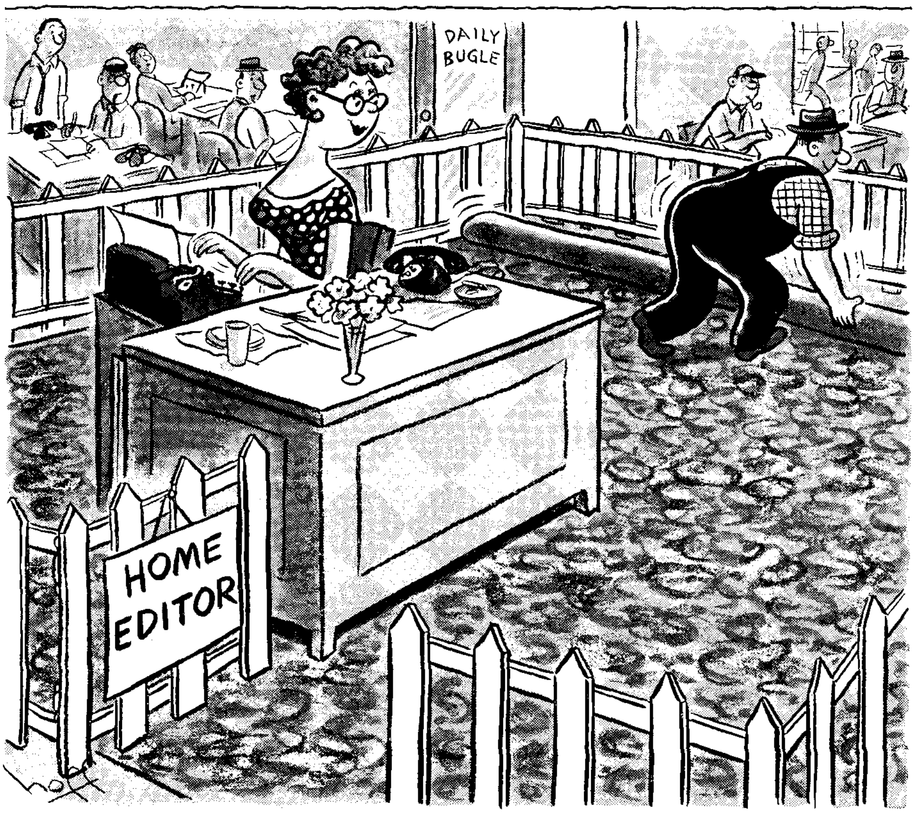

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tween two layers over the knuckles of each hand.

The two men warmed up with two no-contact rounds without gloves—feinting and motioning punches, which they checked in the air. All I could see was that Liston was a well-schooled conventional boxer, standing even straighter than Louis and using a long left that resembled a thick-bodied snake with a darting head. The man looked ponderous but the hands fast. There was hardly more to see when the men put on gloves and sparred three rounds, conventionally but carefully. Liston gave an impression of power, but he was not trying to hurt, and McCarter was content to keep the big man moving. Often, after a straight left, Liston would drop his body and throw a left hook to the ribs. It was evident, though, that, unlike Johansson, he was a two-handed fighter.

Liston followed the sparring with a long, earnest attack on the heavy bag—*nothing fancy, but at times vindictive.* The light bag was less in his line. Hundreds of situps followed, then rope-skipping for two sides of a long-playing record. The second selection was "Night Train," and he pounded out the sound of the wheels running through the night, his feet coming up just high enough to let the rope pass under them, as if he were treading a body into the floor. During the rope-jumping, he flared up in mock anger at King, the camp clown, who had been snapping pictures of him. "You fired!" he shouted. "You working for me or for the publicity department? Let them pay you!" King pantomimed despair but seemed not much concerned. He gets fired often, but is always rehired. Liston went on to do more hundreds of situps, with his legs strapped to a board slanting steeply upward, then let Reddish carom medicine balls off his iron torso, and wound up with a specialty—standing on his head and hands, swaying like a bifurcated pendulum, and taking all the weight on the top of his head and the muscles of his neck. Physically, it was a tremendous workout, and he was not breathing hard at the end of it.

When it was over, he put on a heavy robe and motioned to me to approach and ask him questions. He reacted to them as if they were medicine balls thrown at his middle; he let them bounce. I asked him when he first knew that he could knock out a man with a short punch—the great test of a hitter. "When I hit Williams," he said. (Cleveland Williams, on March 21, 1960.) Thinking that he might con-

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fess a boyhood doubt, I asked him whether he had ever worried before a fight. He said "No." I asked him whether he had ever worried *during* a fight, and his answer was the same. "It's enough if one man worry," he elaborated. I asked him if he had a model, and he said "Joe Louis." The conversation languished.

Everybody moved over to the 19th Hole lounge, where Liston led me to a seat on a banquette against one wall, and we had tea while he sweated. Members of his faction were on stools strung along the lunch counter, and I heard Munson say to Polano, "Did you give Sonny the two dollars I gave you for him?" ("Sonny" is Liston's *diminutif.*) Polano said "Yeah." At that, there was a roar of animal wrath, and a huge shadow whizzed by my shoulder as Liston rushed toward the cut man. "You lie, you hound!" he shouted. "Gimme my two bucks!" A vast fist shot out, and I heard a tremendous smack as Polano went down, amid a shower of teeth. Pulling a pistol from a pocket of his dressing gown, the challenger, reverting to the alleged errors of his youth, blazed away twice. Groaning, Polano struggled along the floor toward me, imploring protection. Liston aimed again, then, changing his mind, pointed the pistol at me and fired a third time. I threw up my hands and, in doing so, spilled my tea. Everybody shouted happily.

"The man from the Baltimore *Sun*, he run into the fireplace when we done that," Polano said proudly from the floor. "The teeth is white beans. I catch the punch on the palm of my hand, see? That makes the smack."

Liston was jumping up and down as if skipping rope. "It's blanks, see?" he said, showing me the pistol, which was, in repose, a pretty obvious toy.

I told them that they were the best show off Broadway, and Liston, who had stopped scowling long since, said, "You come see us again, hear? You come back!" He had on a broad, unpublicized grin.

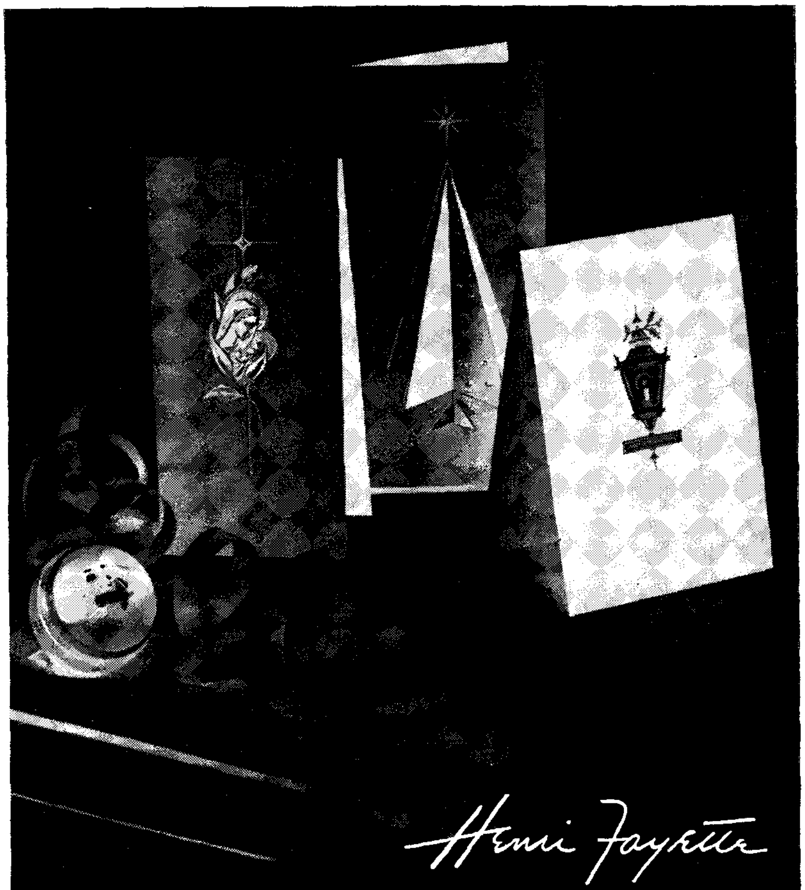
Willie Reddish said, "We got to make a little fun so the time pass. That fight seem far away, but it'll be here."

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

Phyllis Newman, a featured performer, is as vivacious as Eva Tanguay must have been. And she has no clothing problem. She ɥʇolɔ uıol ɐ ɥʇıʍ ɹǝɥʇoq ʇ,usǝop but wears a blue towel quite charmingly.—*Baltimore Sun.*

No veiled writing, please.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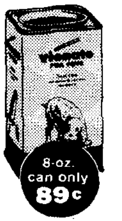

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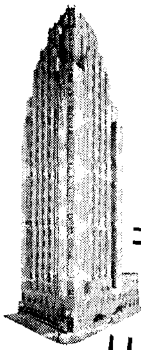

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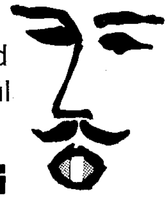

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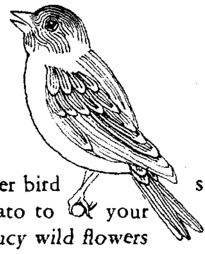

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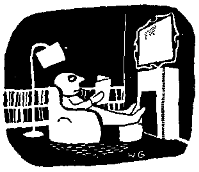
BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SOLDIER AND THE ROSE, by Marcel Haedrich, translated from the French by Monroe Stearns (Putnam). M. Haedrich brings an air of indifference to his writing, as though he took it for granted that the reader had already met all these people of 1940—French soldiers, Germans, refugees streaming in all directions and going nowhere, doomed French generals looking for a last ditch so that they can go on fighting, and collaborationists of all classes watching to see what they can snatch for themselves out of the chaos. And M. Haedrich is quite right—we *have* met all these people before, in stories and in the movies, but they remain interesting, and although their fate has been settled many times, their fate still remains in doubt. They age, but their possibilities remain alive. This is an episodic novel, full of impatience and more than a little slipshod. Many stories are touched upon, but most important, perhaps because most decorative, is the love affair of Mathilde and Marc, whose passion for each other is only heightened by their knowledge that they are going to have to part, because the good fortune that is certainly waiting for both of them will manifest itself only after they have separated forever.



CHILDREN OF HEAVEN, by Christiane Rochefort, translated from the French by Linda Asher (McKay). The story of a Paris slum child who grows old and knowledgeable before her time. The child, Josyane, is pathetic but irritating. She tells her story in a breathless and self-conscious manner, revealing everything about herself, including the fact that she is going to be a very dull woman. The time is the present.

GENERAL

THE YORKIST AGE: DAILY LIFE DURING THE WARS OF THE ROSES, by Paul Murray Kendall (Norton). In the course of writing two earlier works—an excellent biography of Warwick the Kingmaker and a biographical brief for Richard III—Mr. Kendall gathered enough material about the second half of the fifteenth century in England to make a book, and here it is. It is scholarly. It is also bright—ranging from vivid to lurid. And (reader beware) it has a thesis; namely, that the period of the Wars of the Roses was far from anarchic, and that it was a time of growth in which the general population—the baron-in-the-street—scarcely noticed the struggle for the crown. Englishmen were busy struggling among themselves—knocking one another on the head, grafting from municipal corporations, scheming for rich wives, and, in short, taking care of No. 1. Mr. Kendall's thesis is plausible; private lives have always coexisted with public dramas, and all eras see change. It is a pity that he links his notion to denunciations of Tudor propaganda masquerading as history. Anti-Tudor propaganda is something less than history, too.

FACT AND FICTION, by Bertrand Russell (Simon & Schuster). There are a few nice flashes of wit in this collection of short pieces—talks given on the B.B.C., magazine articles, fantasies, and aphorisms—and that's about all. One wishes, for instance, that Earl Russell wouldn't muddle fact and fiction—his stories about the United States, offered as facts, are fables—to justify runaway opinions. And one wishes, too, that he wouldn't write for an audience of non-philosophers in Pablum prose—particularly when his subject is as complicated as nuclear disarmament. Though Earl Russell may be one of the world's grand old men, he should not think that the rest of us are teeny-weeny boys and girls.

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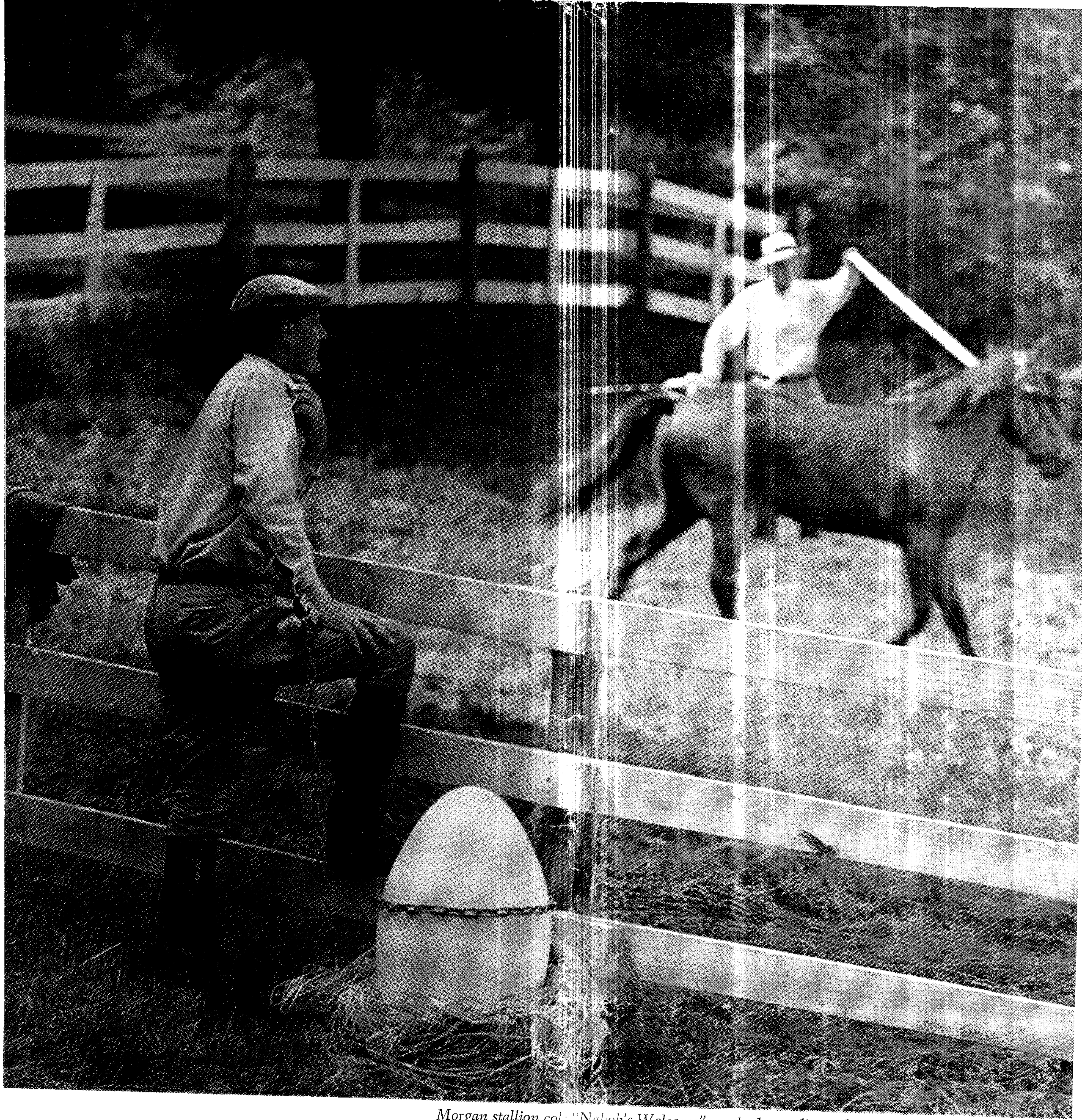
The Rev. Lawrence B. Larsen, rector of Christ Church, Pelham Manor, received his Seminary's highest honor yesterday. This occurred at the annual Commencement ceremonies of the General Theological Seminary in Chelsea Square, New York City, when the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology was conferred upon him.

Recognition of this magnitude is born only of searching appraisal of a devoted priest and rector and signifies the fulfillment with distinction of one man's priestly dedication to a career of spiritual service to God and man, the Pelham Sun learned.
—*Pelham* (*N.Y.*) *Sun.*

Anonymous telephone call?



Morgan stallion colt "Nabob's Welcome" on the lunge line—photo by Mark Shaw

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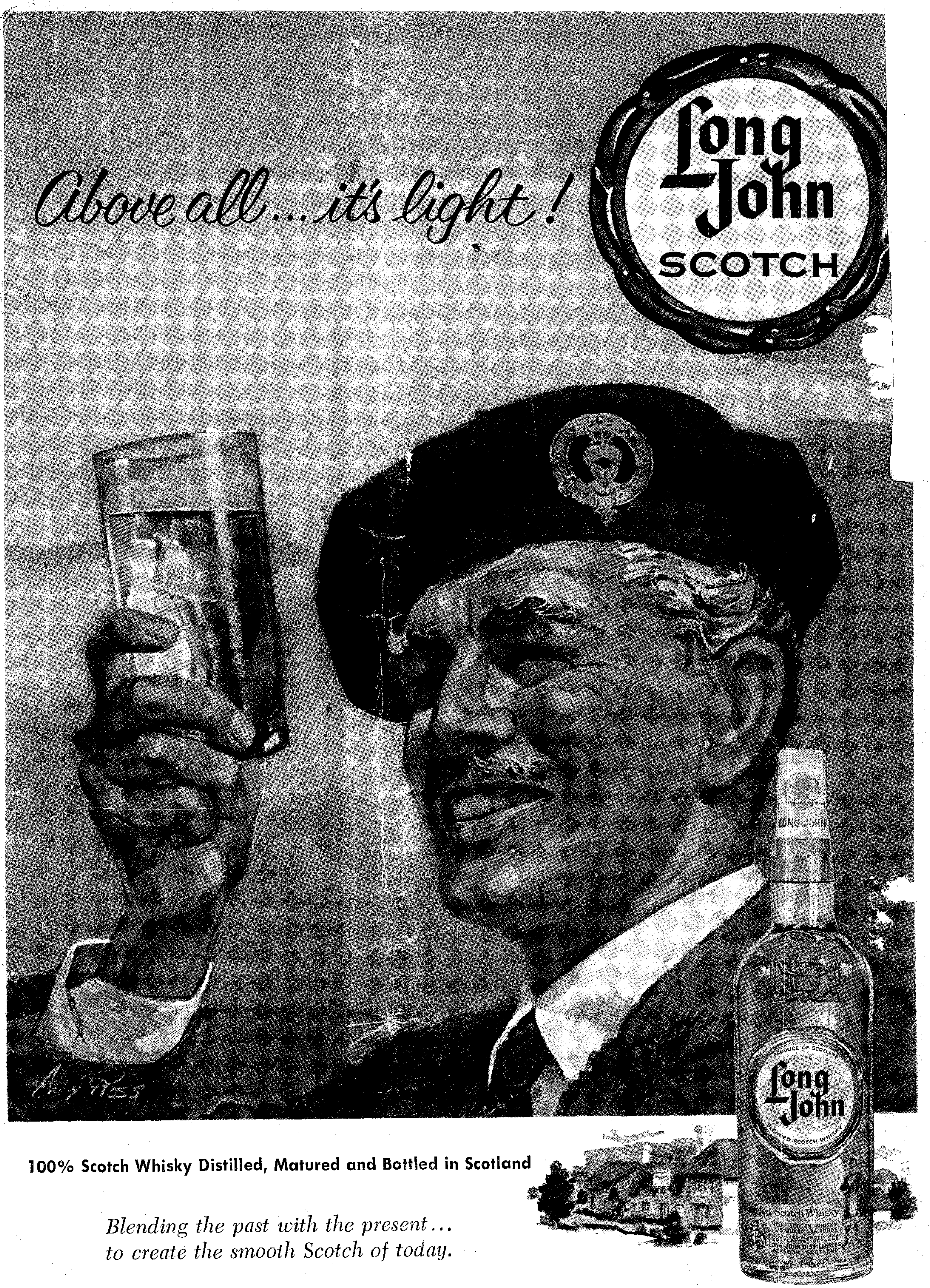
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